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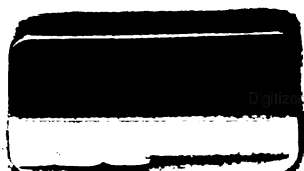
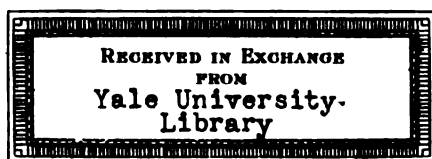
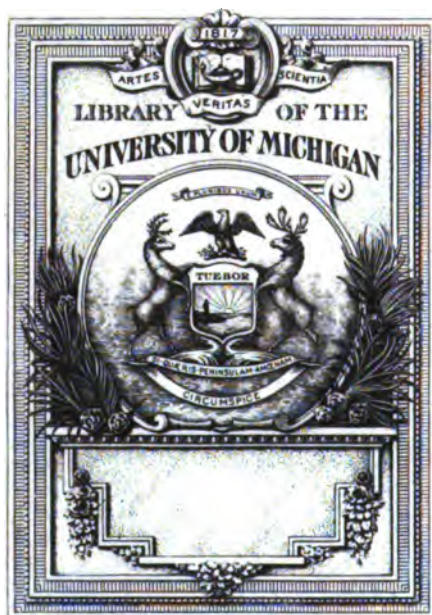
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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED
BY THE
Students of Yale College.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSIS
Cantabunt SOBOLES, unanimique PATRES."

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ERRATA.

Page 34, first line of "Myths", for "philologist" read "philologist". P. 36, l. 22, for "so pagan, so childish" read "so vague, so childlike". P. 37, l. 13, for "June" read "July"; line 24, for "expulsion" read "suspension". P. 42, for "Copp's weight 191", read "161". P. 43, l. 12, for "steamed" read "streamed". P. 45, l. 3, for "remedy" read "remark". P. 46, l. 35, for "Barber" read "Barker". P. 59, l. 12 from bottom, for "better" read "bitter". P. 85, l. 30, for "His" read "Its". P. 86, line next to last, for "starting" read "slashing". P. 87, l. 28, for "1853" read "1858". P. 89, line third from last, for "Those" read "These". P. 165, l. 10 from bottom, for "Samuel" read "Theodore". P. 179, "Toilers of the Sea", for "Downes" read "Douvre", and for "Demchette" read "Deruchette", wherever the words occur. P. 206, l. 6, for "imper-

vious" read "imperious". P. 206, l. 17 from bottom, for "Corning" read "Cornell". P. 209, l. 15, strike out "ago". P. 232, l. 3, for, "overtute" read "virtute". P. 239, l. 21, for "truth" read "ruth". P. 258, l. 15 from bottom, for "Bayant" read "Bryant". P. 261, l. 19 from bottom, for "now" read "not". P. 299, l. 8 from bottom, for "or" read "nor". P. 304, l. 13 from bottom, for "suppositious" read "supposititious". P. 310, l. 15 from bottom for "competion" read "competition". P. 311, l. 24, for "members" read "numbers". P. 315, first line, for "got" read "gat"; line 28, for "27" read "25". P. 374, l. 8, for "belief" read "behalf". P. 391, line next to last, for "Dickens" read "Dickens's". P. 409, l. 8 from bottom, for "Berkely" read "Berkeley". P. 419, l. 4 from bottom, for "36" read "39."

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THE
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CONDUCTED
BY THE
STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSIS
Cantabunt SOBOLES, unanimique PATRES."

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**OCTOBER, 1868.**  
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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXIV.

OCTOBER, 1868.

No. 1.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '69.

LYMAN H. BAGG,

HENRY V. FREEMAN,

EDWARD G. COY,

HENRY W. RAYMOND,

EDWARD P. WILDER.

The Law of Decay in Nations.

NATIONAL personality is complete in the union of four elements:—blood, language, institutions and religion.

Ties of blood and language, alone, may associate individuals in a common life and in common pursuits, as in the case of the numerous tribes that pitch their tents on the wastes of Arabia or that hunt their food in the “continuous woods where rolls the Oregon.”

But the idea of a nation comprehends more than this. It is that of a *political* society,—the *organic* union of mankind. Universal history is the biography of nations,—the record of their birth, growth, decline and death. Yes! their death. For, it is indeed the record of the dead, far more than of the living. Look over the pages! Here it tells of Rome, as looking over the world in vain for a rival unsubdued, and proudly styling herself, “Empress of Nations.” But the din and tumult of the *Eternal City* are now merged with the hushed voices of time’s long pathway. And there it speaks of Tyre, “Queen of the Seas;” but now, fishermen spread their nets on her deserted shores, and the waves dash upon her broken columns. So of all those great empires—Persia, Egypt, Greece, Macedonia. They

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I

D.W.

are not. The owl hoots in temples once sacred to the accents of praise and worship, and the night-winds make sad music through the rents of palaces once the abode of festivity and song. Yet blot from the world's history the record of this dead past, and how much will remain?

But while we contemplate the ruins of these states, and ponder over the accounts of their growth, prosperity and decay, must we trace these vicissitudes to the influence of a blind fatality? Are states embarked upon the rapids of fate, which hurry them along to the top of the fall and then dash them down below; while upon the right hand and the left, are banks toward which they try to steer and pull in vain?

Such is the theory of men of no mean talents. Clotho, Lachesis and Atropos with spindle and shears, are thus supposed to spin out and assign, the length of the thread of a nation's life, to be cut when the destined era arrives. Images of youth and old age too, are often applied to the body politic. There is in fact, no maximum more commonly received than, that the constitution of a state, like that of the human body, has of *necessity*, its periods of growth, maturity and decline:—that nations like men, grow old, and drop into obscurity borne down with age.

The image is indeed apposite, and from the coincidence and resemblance of a few striking particulars, may seem to easily account for the downfall of former nations. But a careful study of the growth of civil society, shows no natural law limiting the duration of a nation's life.

Moreover, the case of the individual and the community, are not at all analagous. We *know* that the body contains within itself the elements of disease and decay, that it is worn and exhausted by the continual demands of active life; that fate has decreed its dissolution.

We have no such definite knowledge of the constitution of a state; and unlike the human body, society receives a constant influx of new life with every generation. The places of the dead are supplied by continual additions of the living. Especially in the case of our country also, though the nation stock greatly degenerate, the stream of health and strength pouring in through the tide of immigration, would seem to compensate for the weakness and decay that might be connected with mere length of days.

Who, also, would dare to prophesy concerning the future of any one of the great powers of to-day? Not one of the most earnest adherents to this fatalistic belief has faith enough in it to expect at any period, more or less remote, the natural decay and death of either the United States or England. Though the theory may seem plausible in its application to the history of ancient governments, yet, there is something in the character of some modern ones, and in the distinctive civilization of our age, which is wholly inconsistent with such doctrine.

Individual leaders sometimes apparently possess a wisdom and a virtue that can control fate itself; an energy of will that can resist the hand of time; that can, as it were, restore life to the dead; and "snap asunder the links of the chain of destiny even when multiplied by the toil of centuries."

Judgment then, would reject this theory, and would seek for the cause of a nation's death by looking into the national life, as it would in the case of an individual, by acquainting itself with the personal life. National, like individual life, has two parts,—the *ideal* and the *real*. The former is the *aim*; the latter is the *effort* to attain it. The former then moulds and determines the latter. The former is the patriotism, the *national heart*, the stimulus of a people to a progressive and higher *life*. Without the inspiration of an ideal, there is no national activity, no exertion. And the moments of *rest* and *obscurity* are the same. "The lustre which a nation casts about it, to captivate, or engage the attention of the world, like the flame of a meteor, shines only while its motion continues."

The ideal then becomes the source of national vigor. It is the motive that prompts every national sacrifice, every deed of national glory. It is the incentive to such splendid efforts as those of renowned Thermopylæ and Platæa. It is that which gives its character to every national endeavor. It thus makes the memory of Morgarten cherished for the ever precious example of noble deeds; and still further distinguishes Zama and Waterloo, as consecrated memorials of the restoration of peace, security and freedom to the world.

Therefore, before a nation can die, its spirit must be broken, since it is universally conceded that decay is preceded by stagnation. Its ideal, that is, the source of its activity, and hence its vitality, must be either lost or destroyed.

A nation may exist without an ideal; and like a ship with sails, mast and rudder gone, may drift about for a long time if it encounters no storms. But such a craft cannot weather a gale, nor hope to reach the port. However, in proof of the theory just stated, that the ideal is the influence, creating, strengthening and sustaining a nation's life, let us review a bit of history.

The Athenians while their national spirit remained, survived even the destruction of their loved city, and having returned to its desolation, rebuilt it in more than former beauty and grandeur. But when their *hopes* had been crushed, and the ideal of their national life was forgotten, and their love for freedom and thirst for national glory had given place to selfish ambition, and to an indulgence of passion for refinements which are the offspring of luxury, no wonder that Athens became an easy prey to a foreign power, which rather purchased her in the market, than subdued her by force of arms.

While patriotism was still alive at Rome, while the ideal of an empire that should cause the world to tremble at the mention of its power, still inspired her national life, she could hear undismayed the martial step of Hannibal upon the Alpine battlements. The misfortunes that otherwise would have made Cannæ decisive of her fate, then only aroused her to a more desperate resistance, accumulated her whole strength, and Zama was won.

How different the case when the barbarous hordes from the north rushed down upon the empire. The source of its national inspiration was there lost. Flushed with the arrogance that attends repeated conquests, the indifference that ensued the enjoyment of the supposed security, brought the citizens at last, in the words of Cato, "to value their houses, their villas, their statues, their pictures, at a higher rate than they did the republic."

Thus, as a tree whose trunk had been eaten through and through, the sap no longer circulating in a life-giving current through every branch, and the limbs one by one dropping off for lack of nourishment, it hardly needed a blow to prostrate it.

So much for the past. The history of existing states is equally to the point. France was humbled at Waterloo but not destroyed. Though all the trophies of her conquests perished, and all her conquered territory; though the greatest idol of her pride was compelled to throw himself upon the mercy of his enemies, and

was ordered to imprisonment on lonely St. Helena ; though forced, by a most disastrous defeat, to ignominious terms of peace ; hope was still cherished of one day becoming the central power among European nations. Though the sword was broken, France still grasped it, her pride was severely wounded, but her national spirit was undaunted still. She clung to the national ideal, and kept clinging to it until she attained it, and stood until recently, unrivaled in international authority.

Further historic reference would only augment the proof that not until the *spirit* of a nation is crushed, not until the *ideal* that stimulates its activity and inspires its life is lost or destroyed, will it die. While its ideal is kept, contemplated and worshipped, as the instituted source of its inspiration, no national misfortune is irretrievable, nor any political situation so desperate, that hope may not await a favorable change. Let this be taken away and the nation is beyond all hope, and no human power can prevent its hastening to ruin. Such is the relation of the ideal to the real.

How, then, does a nation lose the life-giving and sustaining influence of its ideal character ? It is by the operation of the same law through which "men do *not* gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles,"—a law which we know is true by the experience of men ever since the gathering of the first-fruit. Every tree bears its own fruit ;—a "corrupt tree cannot bring forth good fruit." Perfection in the real comes only from perfection in the ideal. Ideals formed from the impure and imperfect materials of mortal minds are either attainable and thus only transient incentives ; or they are so base in themselves that they generate the causes of their own destruction. And such ideals had these ancient nations. They thought with mortal hands, like the foolish men of Babel, to contend with Almighty and Immortal ; to build upon transitory foundations an abiding reclus from all storms and convulsions.

Antiquity was the era of force. The dominion of the sword was everywhere coveted. Might made right ; and power and success were the only standard of national greatness. The universal principle of war laid waste cities and fields, destroying the fruits of industry, filling the earth with cruelty and wrong. The freedom that God had given to man, "the liberty which lighteth every

man that cometh unto the world" was swept away; and in its place, was substituted that "Earthly liberty,

"Which aimed to make a reasonable man,
"By legislation think, and, by the sword
"Believe. This was that liberty renowned,
"Those equal rights of Greece and Rome, where men,
"All but a few, were bought, and sold, and scourged,
"And killed, as interest or caprice enjoined."

For example, the Spartan ideal was military renown. The prime object in the life of every citizen, was to cultivate a martial spirit, and to receive such training as would make the "*legion*" invincible in battle. And even woman shared the spirit and rigor of this culture. Hers were not the gentler responsibilities of domestic and household duties; but she was to give to Sparta a vigorous race of citizens. The tender love of the mother for her offspring became simply pride for a noble son. And should he die upon the field,

"No tear she shed, but shouted Victory!
Sparta, I bore him but to die for thee!"

The rigorous discipline of Lycurgus, through which this ideal superiority was to be reached, had the designed effect upon the manners and habits of the citizens; and Sparta enjoyed a longer period of prosperous duration than any other state of antiquity. So long as activity, enthusiasm and energy, were infused into the national life by the inspiration of this ideal glory, her power increased and her influence was extended, and at length, she stood first among all the Greek states.

Her *ideal* was then attained. The valor and invincibility of her arms was established. Henceforth, there was no ideal to arouse and support a noble spirit of emulation and to beget vigorous national effort.

The wealth of conquered Athens was sent home to Lacedæmon. Deluded by the thought that national security and repose were attained, she voted to receive it. Here began the corruption that finally ruined the state. Had Sparta at this time possessed a nobler ideal, forbidding her to be satisfied with success thus far achieved, and spurring her on to a more glorious career; which would have caused her to reject the pernicious measure that received the spoil of her vanquished rival, she might have continued to exist for ages, frugal, warlike and uncorrupted.

Rome, too, sought power. Yet, hers was not an honorable ideal. It was not by culture and conflict which should develop her own strength and resources that she strove to rise. Founded by a murderer, she was never content to defeat her rivals, but must destroy them. The spirit which prompted the rape of the Sabine women, still lived when later Rome, "transported to Italy the monuments and learning of Egypt * * * * * borrowed the philosophy and refinement of the Greeks," and enwreathed, as it were, her iron brow with the graceful chaplets of Athenian skill.

Thus an ideal, that was to be attained by the slaughter and enslavement of other nations, gendered the causes of its own destruction. Public men sought political elevation at home by the means their country had taught them to use for her aggrandizement. Patricians cut down the liberties of the people with the same sword that had conquered the world. Corruption, bred by the immense flood of wealth that poured in from conquered nations, civil wars, and servile wars, the result of the gigantic system of Roman slavery, broke down the pillars upon which alone the weight of vast empires can securely rest.

Had the might of her temporal power been built up and employed under the inspiration of a grand ideal, leading her into the glorious ways of truth and prosperous virtue, she might have lived great and honorable even to these latter ages.

Thus too, can we understand why nations in their infancy, enjoy a more rapid and healthy growth; and why progress and prosperity so often in the past, have brought decay and death. The old proverb, "distance lends enchantment to the view," here verifies itself. Patriotism, love for the nation's ideal, like all other affections, operates with the greatest power when it meets with the greatest obstacles. It grows from opposition, and is at its maximum amidst the greatest crises. The danger from foreign foes to which an infant state is liable, binds the people into a unity, that makes every national effort doubly efficacious. With the ignorance of inexperienced minds, and the confident hope of future success, they suffer no disappointment, nor obstacle, to check the ardor with which they struggle for national felicity and permanent glory. These circumstances, and this activity, "fortify the mind, inspire courage, and bring forth those exertions of in-

tegrity and resolution, which are to future generations, subjects of just admiration."

Under the influence of ancient civilization, China, however, may seem an exception, in the history of ancient nations. It is indeed an anomaly. Yet its boasted antiquity, and remarkable knowledge of the arts and sciences of refined society, are the merest pretension.

However, the fact of the continuance of the empire through the vicissitudes incident to the violent spirit of antiquity, is not to be passed by unnoticed. Yes! it has stood,—perhaps a thousand years, and that too, one may say, wanting utterly the inspiration of an ideal nationality.

The trunks, branches, and even leaves of great trees, are sometimes found among the mould of many years in the most perfect and delicate preservation. But strike them with an ax, and every appearance of tree is gone. They are trees, only in cast and form. In reality, they are the same as the decayed mass that is around them.

China, with all her boasted resources and learning and model civil polity, is in reality weak. Let the strong arm of one of the modern nations of Europe be drawn against her in war, and the marvelous strength and solidity of this ancient and model empire would disclose its real rottenness as quickly as the buried log, when touched by the spade of the ditcher.

From the preceding observations it will appear evident why ancient history is the biography of the dead, and modern history the record of the living. There has been introduced into the latter, the preservative element, Christianity. This has furnished the world with a perfect ideal, for individual and national life. While the ancient principle of force sought only a nation's security and power, modern civilization finds a worthy end for the life this preserved and strengthened. This end is to realize the perfect ideal of the Christian life, the glory of God, and the good of the whole human family. The narrow foundations of ancient nationalities could not have allowed even a complete structure, to rise beyond a certain height, stable and secure from tottering. "Here are spaces of labor wide as the world."

The wars of antiquity furnished fields where personal glory was won, and splendid deeds performed. In this war of intellect,

—of truth with error,—“There are fields of bloodless triumphs, nobler far than those in which warriors ever conquered.”

For eighteen centuries Greece has been a purveyor of the human intellect. Rome, taught by Greece and improving on her teacher, has been the source of law, government and social civilization. What neither Greece nor Rome has furnished,—the perfection of moral and spiritual truth,—has been given by Christianity.

No man may question the wisdom that has made this difference between the past and to-day. No man may say why the compass was withheld from the Romans, seeking to extend the principles of their culture over the world; but was at hand to guide Columbus to the shores of a new world, which was destined to be the stronghold of Christian liberty and equality to generations yet unborn; why the steam engine and telegraph, “triumphing over time and space, were denied the stirring spirit of the 16th century, and were reserved to display their wonders to the 19th;” why it was for our predecessors to plod along in the darkness of ignorance and unbelief, to be terrified, as anon the reality of eternal truth, burst upon them in the lightning and storm of conflict; while it shines upon our pathway with a clear and heavenly radiance. It is the working of the purposes of the Almighty, carrying out His grand Plan of Redemption, the beauty and perfection of which are beyond our power to conceive of.

The character of political society, however, is to-day very much what it was in ancient times,—the same in kind, different in degree. Nations to-day, naturally, have the same tendencies as of old. There are bad men still in the world, who strive to blind the people to truth, and to make tools of them, by which to elevate themselves. There are also various weaknesses in human character, because of which modern nations are brought to suffer the disturbing and destroying influences of corruption and violence. The possession of wealth breeds luxury, luxury corruption, corruption political slavery, slavery decay. Notwithstanding all that the world has gained by experience, attainments and revelations, there are a multitude of influences, still alive in the hearts of men, which sprang from the seed of the “Fruit of that forbidden tree.”

So that, though nations may have an ideal, to whose perfection they cannot attain, and whose purity is infinite, they may lose the power of its inspiration, and thus feel the influences of decline.

The best attempts of the world are but weakness. Mortal eyes are often dazzled by worldly success, and men unwittingly come to "rely upon their arts instead of their virtues, and to mistake for an improvement of human nature, a mere accession of accommodation or of riches." Thus do nations go astray in the pursuit of their ideal, deceived by the pleasant *appearances* of truth. The digression is often so trivial in its increase, that like the tide, as you look at it you cannot tell how it is going. Look in half an hour! Look at the history of society for half a century, and it is easy to see whether it has been at ebb or flow.

Thus a people, in spite of the hypocritical endeavors of bad men, and their shortsightedness, can in time discover their error, and retrace their steps. A few, of keener discernment than the multitude, will, at an earlier day, observe the danger and ruin to which a mistaken way will lead. They arouse the people to a realizing sense of it; infuse new zeal into the national heart; and at length bring about those grand revolutions, which constitute the eras of modern history,—stepping stones which lead to increased renown and continuous progress. As one is reached, another to be gained invites renewed effort.

Thus Christianity, by furnishing a perfect standard for noble life, enlightens men and nations to the error of their ways; and becomes the renovating and preserving influence, in the growth of civil society.

For illustration,—consider the Reformation, by which the world in the time of Luther, was relieved of the power of a soul-blighting despotism; and the numerous reforms, by which England has built up a noble structure of government, and such an enduring national character; but as most significant, the recent agitation in our own country. Letting slip, one after another, the precepts of their early education, our people had come to almost ignore the Declaration of Independence, as embodying the principles of their national ideal; and were seeking to build up a nationality, based upon injustice and oppression. Slavery, which destroyed Roman industry and morals, and the mutual, natural and necessary dependence of one part of the state upon the other, was at work by the same means, pulling to pieces our nation. Little by little its power increased, unmeasured save by a few, whose names, once by-words, are now watchwords. These men

strove, with heroic zeal, to lead the people to discern the real state of affairs. At least they succeeded.

Then, when the Spirit of Slavery sought to retain forcible hold upon the support and patriotism of the citizens, the resolute will of stout hearts hurled from his throne this usurper, and restored the dominion of Christian principle. And, henceforth, there stands upon the summit of the Capitol, a statue of the goddess LIBERTY, as the ideal of our national aspiration,—
“Liberty protected by law.”

Thus does Christianity preserve in the hearts of a people, the inspiring and ennobling influence of a perfect ideal. Had the hearts of the leaders of the French Revolution been fired with the inspiration of this holy ideal, “that mob might have been tamed, and its power devoted to its intrinsic purpose ;” and that inorganic effort might have been led to a grand triumph for Truth and Liberty. But France had decreed that there is no God. St. Helena affords a sufficient monument to her folly ; and “Mene, Tekel, Upharsin,” the fittest inscription for the tomb of her greatest man. What a contrast between this revolution and the American Conflict ! The latter, the triumph of free thought, and free institutions consecrated to the worship of a pure ideal, we may confidently believe, is the beginning of a new era, sacred to “Truth, to Christ, and to the Church.” The former accomplished nothing. The spasm over, France easily passed under the yoke again, and the destroying influences of an impure ideal were again at work. And it is only because Napoleon III is a skillful physician, that the disintegration of the body politic, has not long ago occurred. If, upon his death, there is not exhibited all the wickedness and degradation of a dying state, it will only be, because the principles of Christianity are being rapidly diffused throughout the empire. For experience has shown the weakness of Catholic superstition ; and by the emperor’s wish, the principles of true religion are being scattered broadcast among the people. And Christianity has proved her power to send the impulse of a life-giving inspiration into the hearts of nations the most torpid, in the case of the little empire, now so rapidly rising into importance upon islands of the Pacific.

We have, then, sought to develop this theory :—that national life is dependent upon the inspiration of an ideal national character ;

that if this is impure, or born of mortal thought, the life which it evolves will be imperfect and transitory; that if it be the pure and infinite ideal, which God has revealed in his word, it will inspire life, that will act upon itself for its purification, and thus become the source of enduring vitality.

“As the slightest interfusion of carbon may change the dull iron into trenchant steel,” so Christianity, working through invisible channels, will add a new temper to the civilization of an age.

Nations, whose life springs from a pure and perfect ideal, cannot die.

E. G. C.

The Prairie Fire.

One after another, in Indian file,
We picked our way for many a mile.
For three days now no bush nor tree
Relieved the level scenery.
The sun fell with such fervid power
It scorched to death the prairie flower,
And turned the prairie grass to hay.
Swathe after swathe the windrows lay.
Our mustangs staggered in their tracks,
And faint were the riders on their backs.
With stumbling steps and slow they crawl,
We scarce were sure they moved at all.
A drove of deer fled swiftly past,
A pack of wolves came running fast.
The mingled host looked back in fright,
As if they saw some fearful sight.
How we longed for a breeze, a shower of rain,
A whirlwind, or a hurricane
To cool our lips and our horses' feet,—
To drive away the burning heat!
As if in answer to our prayer,
There came a rustle in the air,
But our mustangs snorted at the sounds,
And started off in frightened bounds,
For the prairie horses knew, that speed
Was the only hope in this time of need.
The rustle, which grew into a gale,
Was the prairie fire upon our trail.
Like a line of breakers on the shore,
The flame rushed on with riot and roar.

As men lighten a ship in a perilous tide,
Our packs and blankets we cast aside.
It came so near, I saw the ire
Of the dying snake as he stung the fire,—
As he arched his neck and hissed at death,
Which sucked away his venom'd breath.
Now the fire on a nobler quarry came,
Three human lives were the hunted game.
The fear of death infused such strength
We kept ahead for half a length;
But now the flame rushed on apace,
And death seemed victor in the race,
When through the slant and withered grass
We saw a pool,—a dark morass.
Amid the lilies and verdant flags,
Stood grim grey wolves and antlered stags.
The ducks were flitting near the grouse;
The muskrat met the meadow mouse;
The crotalus reared his awful crest
By the reed where the rice-bird built his nest.
The warfare of the beasts was broke
By volleying fire and eddying smoke.
With panting breath and quivering flanks
Our horses gained the muddy banks,
Plunged to the nostrils in the mire.
We too, escaped the vengeful fire,
Whose blazing wrath began to cool
In the turbid waters of the pool.
It girt the shore with fiery band,
But could not venture from the land,
Till tired of unavailing rest
The wild winds drove it to the West,
And left unharmed three grateful minds,
Who blessed the One, that rules the winds.

H. B. M.

The Reception of Charles Dickens in America.

THE kind of reception given to a distinguished guest is always determined, more or less, by the quality of his reputation.

When the Prince of Wales came over the ocean sight-seeing, the American people only endeavored to show him the sights, natural and artificial: our mountains, lakes and forests were sandwiched up between unlimited parades and balls, for the delectation of the rakish young gormandiser. *His* reputation lay wholly in that he happened to be a son of Queen Victoria, and thereby heir apparent to the British crown; and since in all other respects he was the most common of mortals—differing in no way from John the stable-boy, in any quality of head or heart—it was possible to receive him in no other fashion than by amusing him as we were able, with magnificent, pretty or grotesque sights, keeping him good-humored, meanwhile, by liberal feeding.

The same kind of a reception was given to the Japanese a few years ago; and, in general, it will be found that the rule holds good,—that the reception of honored guests is modified, in various degrees, by the quality of their reputation.

The reception Charles Dickens received at the hands of the American people a quarter of a century ago, was no exception to this rule. The young novelist had taken Scott's place among the common people, or at least had been taken into their friendship as an equal with the "Wizard of the North;" he had made the aristocratic author of "Pelham" look after his laurels; already a notable man in literature he had not yet ceased growing. These characteristics of his success made kinship at once between him and Americans,—a "sympathy" for the coming stranger, such as that upon which Sir John Falstaff based his love for Mistress Page, sprang into full existence, as in the fable, Minerva did from the head of Pater Jupiter. The American people, like him, had outstripped the mother-land; in the judgment of the people or the world, they had established a system of things to be preferred before all systems that had preceded, and still they were advancing to better things. And, therefore, on account of these and other points of resemblance between the success of both man and people, we, the people, made ready to deluge him, the man, with one mighty flood of hospitalities and kindnesses; and we did it in

token of our unbounded wonder, admiration and esteem for the poor newspaper reporter, who had gotten an enviable fame by his own inherent ability, with no thanks to anybody. But there was more, perhaps, than this; we could not quite forget *how* Charles Dickens had secured his renown, how he had exposed the sins and abuses of corporations and institutions, had suggested reforms, and, best of all, had been able to put some of these reforms into practice;—neither could we quite forget what pleasant people he had made us acquainted with: good-natured Mr. Pickwick, young Samivel, the elder Mr. Weller, forever trying to get away from us with “a halibi,” the rosy-nosed parson, who was so attentive to the *spiritual* interests of stout Mother Weller, and all their numerous kin;—and all this added to the honest heartiness of the reception we gave him.

Well, to tell the truth, we rather overdid the thing; and when Mr. Dickens got home he “did” us—as a good many people have thought, and I dare say some of them still think.

Without considering further *what* he said about us, *how* he said it, or whether he *ought* or *ought not* to have said it, it is very easy to see that Mr. Dickens came among us this second time under changed circumstances. He had been among us—had gone away—had gossipped about us, and we were angry. When his second visit was first rumored in the English journals, not a few of our newspapers improved the opportunity given, to bring up the “American Notes” and “Martin Chuzzlewit,” and in no favorable light, either; which sort of talk some of them (as noticeably at the West) continued,—perhaps influenced by local spite as much as anything. At his first coming there was no occasion for such remarks. *Then* he was wholly a stranger, and had never said, “aye, yes or no” to us or about us; but *now* a good many of us thought his “room was quite as good as his company,” to use the saying.

Now, since these facts were as well known to Mr. Dickens as to ourselves, it does not seem possible that his second visit could have been undertaken for any other than business purposes, at least ostensibly; and his arrangements for the trip appear to indicate, that he looked at it in this way. He had so much available capital in the reading line, which he proposed to invest in the American market; and as a business man, he did his best to make the investment a profitable one. He ignored the hospitalities of corporations and individuals, as the rule; he neither went out

pleasuring nor sight-seeing ; he apparently had come to America, not to be entertained, not to be amused, but to read something, for which he expected a fair return in money, and that was all.

The reception he received agreed with this idea. Personal friends met him when he landed at Boston, in the early part of December last, but he received the hospitality of only those with whom his business required intimate relations. Vast crowds gathered to purchase tickets, wherever and whenever offered for sale, but they came together only as they would have come together at the office where tickets could be procured for any unique, popular entertainment,—as some renowned scenic show, or the like. In all of it, on both sides, there was no intended deviation from regular and legitimate business.

And yet, in a certain sense, there *was* a deviation. No matter how carefully Mr. Dickens might keep himself secluded ; no matter how jealously particular, the American public were not to let themselves forget that this was the man who came among them twenty-five years ago, enjoyed their guest-friendship, and then commented on the manner in which that friendship was manifested, and criticised the host ; no matter how hypercritical they were determined to be ;—they could *not* forget, as they saw the cheery face behind its apparently indispensable red-cushioned stand, that this was the father of “tiny Tim,” with his piping cheerfulness ; of *Oliver Twist*, with his audacious “more, more ;” of portly Mr. Bumble, the ideal of a Parochial beadle ; of Noah, the undertaker’s boy, who “blasted” Charlotte for always chucking him under the chin, and kissing him when he didn’t want to be kissed, as he privately informed Mr. Bumble ; of Uriah Heep, the humble individual ; they could not forget the wit, delicate and pungent, the pathos, irresistible because of its naturalness, the sarcasm, keen and just because always aimed at a sham or an evil ; and, notwithstanding all their determination, when Mr. Dickens had said,—“Marley was dead, to begin with,” they laid aside their prejudices, and acknowledged, in the kindly-faced gentleman before them, a genius and true man ;—and in that moment the matter of mere dollars and cents was forgotten, and they all became his friends.

And they *could* become his friends, too ; for they saw before them neither a fop nor a “bummer ;” but a well-preserved, rosy-faced Englishman, whose mouth and eyes laughed with the coming wit or grew sad with the tender, simple sorrow of genuine

pathos, telling of no hypocritical goodness about the man, but of a genuine, hearty love for "the good, the true and the beautiful;" and a face in which one could see traces of a hearty, jovial life, a little given to the sins of the flesh, mayhaps, such as brandy punches, good cigars and incidentals,—though no more than enough to satisfy the claims of good fellowship,—but a face, after all, whose possessor one could trust to be for the right in the graver points of the law.

Thus it came about, that the American people put aside their grudge against him, for what he had said about them in his youth, and before they knew it were his fast friends, as in the old days; and though this feeling was manifested in no way which infringed upon the business relations established between themselves and Mr. Dickens, by the altered circumstances under which this second visit was undertaken, yet it was none the less sincere and strong. The very carefulness with which they adhered to the position in which these circumstances placed them shows this, while the press dinner given him was a further indication of it; and when, at that dinner, after his enforced position as a business man required no such statement,—business, on his part, at that time, having been nearly done up in this country,—he chose to say, that while he lived, so long as his descendants had any legal rights to his books, he should cause to be re-published, as an appendix to every copy of his two books, in which he referred to America, a statement that wherever he had been, in the smallest places equally with the largest, he had been received with unsurpassable politeness, delicacy, sweet temper, hospitality and consideration, and that hereafter, as a journalist, he should endeavor to lay before the English public the gigantic changes which he had noticed in this country since his last visit,—when he said this, in his simple, manly way, he was again wholly the old Charles Dickens whom every body loved.

At Boston, where he read for the last time, his little table was covered with flowers,—placed there by unknown hands,—whose delicate perfume, more eloquently than public demonstrations, or private entertainments, or even words, told how he had won our hearts. It was the farewell of the American people to Charles Dickens. "I kiss the fair hands, unseen, which have covered my table with these beautiful flowers," he said; and this was his good-bye

Gulliver's Travels.

"A satirist is a week-day preacher," says the 'myriad-minded Thackeray,' and when he has gone, yesterday's preacher becomes the subject for to-day's text." But "men-texts," like bible ones, are often found difficult in their interpretation. In the one, the sense is often buried under the "speculative inquiries and inquisitive speculations" of commentators. In criticism upon the other, the path of truth is entangled between the malice of foes and the enthusiasm of friends, and unfortunately no Medea furnishes a guiding thread. Satire, like humor, is short-lived. It must allude to permanent follies to be lasting, for the propriety of the allusions passes away with the objects. We must be acquainted with the person before we can appreciate the caricature. Thus, for example, the satires of Butler, which transported the age that gave them birth, have sunk so far beneath the waves of succeeding literature that it is only now and then that a specimen of Hudibras is brought up for the gratification of the curious. Likewise the humorous pasquinades of Rabelais, designed to ridicule the vices of the clergy and the infallibility of the Modern Jupiters, have become, like Præ-Raphaelites, valuable only for their age. The advantages he derived from personal allusions and local customs—from the vending of indulgencies to the worshiping of relics—have long been lost, and every topic of merriment that the corrupt priesthood of the tenth Leo afforded him, now only serve "to obscure the page which they once illumined." And even the romantic endeavors of "La Mancha's Doughty Knight," and its equally romantic counterpart, "The Female Quixote," are read by many without perceiving the covert allusions that lie "deep-strewn on every page." In this category of singular books we are to include the "Travels of Captain Gulliver"—issued over a century and a half ago. It is a literary album of the 18th century filled, not with likenesses but caricatures of the times. By turning over its leaves we find as perfect pictures of English *tracasserie* as "Dante's Ugolino" is of Italian villainy, or "The Cotter's Saturday Night" of Lowland piety. This unique and all-embracing satire, showing a deep insight into the follies and infirmities of man, and abounding in apt observations on ethics and politics, has lost

much of its interest from our ignorance of the times and persons that called it forth. Yet where the vices of man at large have been ridiculed, or where personal allusions have been made, and we are acquainted with the character of the individual, the zest still remains for our gratification.

Among the allusions, whose application we still understand, there are three classes of objects, which the "worthy Dean" seems principally to have proposed to ridicule. First, the numerous "small vices" of mankind at large; secondly, the refined and crooked politics of the age in which he lived; and lastly, its philosophical jargon as seen in its many quixotic and visionary inventions. To ridicule the first two classes he devoted the first two voyages, while in his third trip he has wrought most humorous parodies upon the latter division.

In the first voyage—the one to Lilliput—he introduces us into the country of a diminutive race of six-inch beings, and by abscribing to these men-on-small scale all the attributes of a kingdom, he enhances the keenness of his satire. Couched in their little domain, the pigmies, like so many choleric John Bulls, sally forth wrathfully from their den at the least breeze that blows from their enemies—the Blefuscans. In the dissensions of these imaginary Tom Thumbs, he shows us all the political intrigue of England in miniature. As she has her Whigs and Tories—for this is the time of George I—so Lilliput has her high heels and low heels, and between these two thieves the patriotism of the little people was deeply crucified. As one has her Conformists and Separatists, so the other has her Small and Big-Endians. And then the imagination can picture a Walpole in the character of "High Counsellor Flimnap," and as crony of Walpole, alias Flimnap, of course we must find Sir Robert Peel, and him Gulliver brings forward represented by "envious old Bogolam;" then, to offset this couple of worthies, a Pitt appears in the person of Secretary Reldrescal. From such material he has filled in and woven a most humorous and instructive fiction, both ridiculing the faults—which his native government possessed—by abscribing them to the pigmies, and ennobling the virtues, which it had not, by attributing them also to the Lilliputians.

Thus he recounts to us the manner of government adopted by them:—"They do not believe," says Gulliver, "that Providence

intended to make the management of public affairs a mystery to be comprehended only by a few persons of sublime genius, of which there are seldom three born in an age; but they suppose truth, justice and the like would qualify any man for the service of his country." The inference to be drawn is an obvious one, if we but call to mind the parties at that time at the helm of State. And so, not to be tedious in quotations, in depicting all the branches of the infant government—whether the judicial court with its mode of punishment or the royal court with its tournaments, (the prize whereof was a blue colored silk thread,) the public schools or the public prisons; whether he speaks to us of the Flimnap court scandal or tells us how proud he felt in kneeling to kiss the monarch's hand, most humorously does he portray the frailties of European society.

And then, wherever the occasion warrants, he ridicules the individual faults of men. He opens the cover of Pandora's box and shows us all the traits of man; the noble parts he causes to rise in beautiful *basso-relievo*, while with ruthless hand he tears away the covering of the vitious. He enters alike the "marble hall" of the great and "the huts where poor men lie." He used the power of his pen—to use Thackeray's words of another—"to light up a rascal like a policeman's lantern." Upon our very entrance into the dwarf country we inculcate our first lesson—that of humility. We see the desire for parade and ostentation—"the human longing after empty nothingness," as Lamb calls it—made ridiculous by being attributed to a pigmy six-incher. To us, at least, the picture as we can imagine it, is a laugh-allowing one. To see a dwarf with helmet and plume and all the minutest equipment of a warrior, elevated upon our hero's hand, and threatening while he brandishes his needle-sword, is quite enough to convince one of the insignificance of human pride. Like Goldsmith upon his Village Schoolmaster,

"We gazed, and still our wonder grew,
That one small head should carry all he knew."

And then going on further, we meet another fine reproof—man's ingratitude,—how he often seizes the slightest pretext to be ungrateful to him, who may have been his greatest benefactor. Gulliver arrives on the island a shipwrecked captain. After per-

forming various services, such as destroying the armament of the Blefuscans, (the French of Gulliver,) and preventing the destruction of the royal city, together with his duties as avant courier and tactician to the army, he is sentenced through the envy of Flimnap, to lose his eyes. We pause, and acknowledging the justness of the rebuke, would say with Gulliver, "I had rather venture myself on a frail boat on the mighty ocean, than put any more confidence in princes and ministers."

In the next voyage our author produces a happy effect by changing the relation between Gulliver and the inhabitants; "he turns the telescope," as it has been called, and paints him who was recently a giant among pigmies, now as a pigmy among Eycops. In this book we can trace the same ideas, but running in a different channel. In the first book the satire was rather inferred from a contrast than expressed, but now through the mouth of this king of the giants, he openly ridicules the civil and political institutions of Europe, and by the same means he gives us his Utopia of a perfect government. The satire is rendered the more scathing, for the reason that the captain pretends to dearly love the very things which in reality he is reprehending. For he says, "I was forced to rest with patience, while my beloved country was so injuriously treated." Of the numerous examples which are at my disposal, and which find more room in my good opinion than elsewhere, I have selected a few passages as illustrative of the humorous mocking spirit that abounds in the whole description, and more especially in chapters VI and VII.

Our hero after having passed a gloomy eulogy upon the English system of judication, is somewhat abashed by the king's question, asking "what time was usually spent in determining between right and wrong?" and "whether advocates and lawyers had liberty to plead in causes manifestly known to be unjust, vexatious and oppressive?" "whether party in religion or in politics were observed to be of any weight in the scale of justice?" Such pointed allusions could not be parried aside, for we learn from Macaulay's *Life of Pitt*, that the courts at this time, in England, were open to all these and even severer condemnations. Justice had lost its balance. Money was the all-potent Sesame. Again, in reply to Gulliver's remark that "the House of Commons were freely picked and culled out by the people, for their

great abilities and love of their country, to represent the wisdom of the whole state," how true a rebuke and how applicable to the M. C.'s of America, do we find in the king's answer, "whether a stranger with a strong purse might not influence the vulgar voters to choose him before the most considerable patriot in the neighborhood?" We cannot omit the following. When Gulliver, thinking he would confer a vast favor upon his majesty, by unfolding to him the invention of gunpowder and cannon, offers the secret "as a means of conquering his enemies and enlarging his dominions," what a gulf of meaning is hidden in the honest reproof of the king. "Whoever," says he, "could make two ears of corn to grow upon a spot where only one grew before, would do better for mankind than the whole race of politicians and inventors. * * * As for me, I had rather lose half of my kingdom than be privy to such a secret." And in conclusion, when the little being has tried with all the eloquence he was master of, to present a perfect picture of Europe—her nobility and her people—her laws and her sciences—her civilization and her refinement—the king gives the result of his observations as follows: "My little friend Gildrig, you have passed a most admirable panegyric upon your country; you have clearly proved that laws are best explained, interpreted and applied, by those whose interests and abilities lie in perverting, confounding and eluding them."

Now he turns the panorama and we see the contrast. He exhibits the government of these "Sons of Anak" as perfect. In their monarch we find his model—"one indifferent to conquest and who confined the knowledge of government within narrow bounds—to common sense and reason—to justice and lenity."

In offering examples of the manner in which he ridiculed the third class of objects—the serious attempts at invention—I shall draw all my examples from that most humorous, most Hudibrastic of all the parts—the *Voyage to Laputa*. This has often been called an unjust tirade against the sciences, which idea is a mistaken one, for it is aimed at the abuse of science in the reign of Queen Anne rather than at its reality. Were we to take up a history of the chimerical inventions of this double century, entitled *The Vanity of Sciences*, we should agree with Dr. Johnson,

that Swift was "the right man in the right age." And Irving, from his love of "diving down after specimens of antiquity," has described some of the numerous projects "that were set on foot for the impoverishment of the credulous and the general detriment of the community." In his Bracebridge Hall he tells us of the numerous persons who had expended health and property in search of the fabulous philosopher's stone. And he has recorded the famous "bubble-mania," called John Law's Mississippi Scheme, and he says, "A company was even formed and its shares were bought, which was merely advertised as 'for an undertaking which in due time shall be revealed'; and among other projects were companies 'for planting of mulberry trees and breeding of silk-worms,'" (upon both of which Swift has given us most humorous parodies.)

Surely, an age that could not only tolerate, but even support such apparent monstrosities, must have needed badly the invectives of a Cervantes or a Swift. And to placing in the most fantastic light such spurious schemes our author has devoted the third book of his fairy tale. Our wayfarer arrives at a flying island (which is supposed to be in imitation of the balloon fever of the age,) whose movements are regulated by a loadstone. The inhabitants are so deeply immersed in abstruse speculations, as to require the attendance of a "flapper," whose duty is to bring back their master's minds to the duties of ordinary life. They have no conception for anything except entities, abstractions and transcendentials. Here he is introduced to the Royal Academy, the members of which were engaged in various inventions "all tending to the advancement of knowledge," among which he enumerates the following: "Some, says the captain, were petrifying the hoofs of a living horse to prevent them from foundering, and then there was an ingenious artist who had contrived a new method of building houses by beginning at the roof and working downwards, which he justified," says Gulliver, "by the like practice of those two prudent insects, the bee and the spider." He saw also "saloes of sympathy," wooden birds which ought to fly and brazen images meant to speak. And lastly, the captain was highly pleased with the following method of learning Mathematics: "The proposition and demonstration were written on a thin wafer with ink composed of cephalic tinc-

ture. This the student was to swallow on a fasting stomach, and for three days following, to live on nothing but bread and water. As the wafer digested, the tincture mounted to his brain, bearing the proposition along with it." And so we might go on multiplying examples, since Gulliver acquired a mass of information and with the diligence of a good traveler, has imparted it to us.

The gravest charge that has been brought against Swift, is that of libelling. He is accused of degrading unjustly the human race, by giving to it a less amount of intelligence than to a beast, and that he imitates his own Yahoos and "discharges upon his victim a shower of filth from which neither courage nor dexterity can afford protection." The following remark is from Mr. Harris' "Philosophical Inquiries." "One absurdity of the author is well worth remarking: in order to render the nature of man odious and the nature of beast amiable, he is compelled to give human characters to his beasts and beastly characters to his men." If we analyze this sentence, we will find that it is assumed that Swift desires to render "the nature of man odious" and "the nature of beasts amiable." To twist into such a marvellous form a design of nature, could hardly have been his object. I think the natural inference is that he desired to present two pictures to man,—one warning him not to suffer the animal part to predominate, lest he resemble the "vile Yahoo,"—the other advising him to imitate the generous Houghnhyms. The effect is deepened by the oddity of his characters. Chaucer, in his Nun's Priests tale, gave animal forms to his creatures, not from misanthropy, but that the moral might be conveyed more easily. Take away the rational parts from man and you leave a skeleton of vices. Such was Swift's object; in its perversion malice has found its advantage and jealousy its end. They stand before one looking-glass, and but one reflection is seen. Go they between two, both sides will be visible. They blame him for making the Yahoo so disgusting, but see not how he has elevated the nobler parts of our nature. They acknowledge their resemblance to the form of the one, but see no resemblance to themselves in a creature "endowed," as Gulliver tells us, "with every virtue."

The accusation of impiety is brought against Gulliver. The only ground upon which the patrons of this charge rest their hopes of success, is the tendency said to be observable in the

Voyage to Lilliput, in the contentions of the Small and Big-Endians. "Of this part," says Dr. Johnson, "charity may be persuaded to think that it was written by a man of peculiar character without bad intentions, but it is certainly of dangerous example." I confess myself incapable of seeing the danger. In no place are the essentials of religion attacked, but only its many schisms which at that time agitated the kingdom and which have born the fruits of Ritualism—the threatening evil of the Episcopate of to-day. Here is the Lilliputian parody: "It was the primitive way of breaking eggs upon the larger end, but his present majesty's grandfather, while he was a boy, going to eat an egg according to the ancient custom, happened to cut his finger. Whereupon the emperor published an edict commanding all his subjects to break the small end of their eggs." On account of this unheard-of innovation, the religion of the little folks became as mixed as the threads given poor Psyche to sort. "Every man became an innovator." We are told that six revolutions resulted and that 11,000 persons preferred to suffer death than violate "the fundamental doctrines of their great prophet, Lustrog." Surely this sprightly coruscation is not designed as a stricture upon the church, but upon the new-fangled innovations, which a too radical progression has ever been introducing into its charter.

We have now reached the only feature which deserves all the censure that has been heaped upon it. Swift's proneness to clothe indelicate thoughts in a humorous dress of words. The love of saying vulgar things, is a dangerous weakness in any mind. They are the small shafts for having his quiver full of which no author is blessed. It manifests itself in a protean variety of shapes, but with an unvarying sameness of intention. He scarcely ever touches the character of woman without reproach, be she a Lilliputian Flimnap, or a Brobdingnagian maid of honor. With him as with his friend Pope—

"Most women have no character at all."

And so he is wont to employ some expression of unmanly contempt when he speaks of them. The beautiful portraiture of the Lilliputians is blurred by his disgraceful method of extinguishing the great fire. In the second voyage we are shocked by the indecent account of the waiting maids of honor, and in other portions

we meet like impurities. But in our censuring, we should remember the age. When we learn that Fielding's *Tom Jones* was "not only received but highly applauded," and remember that this was the age that applauded "the fictitious works of Smollet, pervaded by filth and indecency," we may be justified in saying that the faults are in some degree chargeable "to the age," not "to the man." But those many luckless allusions—those unhappy digressions—faults "of the man"—we cannot in justice pass over. Such I will condemn by using Goldsmith's remark upon a like failing of Voltaire. "Wit employed in dressing up obscenity, is like the art employed in painting a corpse; it may be thus rendered tolerable to one sense, but fails not quickly to offend some other."

Finally, our hero's adventures are said to be "spun out to an intolerable extent." The captain may have some faults, but he is anything but tedious. "It was received," we are told, "with such avidity that the price of the first edition was raised before the second could be made. It was read by the high and low, the learned and illiterate. Criticism was lost in wonder." This would not have happened had it been characterized by dullness. I think that very circumstantiality—upon which rests the charge of monotony—is one of the charming features. He narrates all the minutest circumstances with such an inimitable air of probability—with such marked consistency—as almost to persuade us of the reality of the marvels he is describing. Sinbad relates his travels to Bagdad and his adventures in the diamond valley, and we are highly delighted, yet feel at the same time that his wonders are fictitious. Gulliver, like Robinson Crusoe, describes travels equally as improbable, and by his being careful in the minutiae, the fiction is received by us as if it were true. Our interest is enhanced by the power he possessed of adopting and sustaining novel characters. No wonder that an Irish Bishop exclaimed, "There were *some* things in Gulliver's travels that he could *not* quite believe!" No matter what may be his position or condition—bound by the "insect-like" pigmies or attacked by the Yahoos—shut up in the box at sea or in his cage on land—suspended on the finger of a giant or in the mouth of a monkey—all the particulars mentioned cluster around the main incident and rigidly strengthen it. When he is residing among the pig-

mies, 600 beds are made into one—300 tailors are employed upon his clothes. At Laputa everything wears a mathematical appearance. He sleeps on “a triangular bed in a rectangular house,” he talks “by rhombs, circles and ellipses.” His tailor, when making his clothes, took his altitude by a quadrant, and then with a rule and compass described the dimensions and outlines of his body—and having completed his calculations by sines, tangents and cosines, brought him his suit.

Likewise, in his philosophical researches at Lagado, in his communion with “the marshalled hosts of the dead” at Glubbdub-rub, and his visit to the “immortal Shuldburgs” at Luggnaga, we cannot fail to admire the same wonderful uniformity.

And without prolonging these reflections, I would request the reader to notice the infinite art,—the deep knowledge of human nature displayed by the author after Gulliver's return from his several voyages. The strange associations which he has lately formed still haunt him. He comes home from the pigmy-land and laughs at his wife because she has grown stout. Again he returns from the giant-country and blames his daughter for having lived so economically as to grow thin. And yet it is on account of these and a thousand other masterly touches that our wanderer is called dull. If he is dull, he is dull on purpose. The captain belongs to that “somewhat dull” race of men—an “old sea-captain of Wapping.” And to keep this constantly before the reader, Swift introduces the language natural to such a character.

When we turn to study the style of this unique work we are first struck by the purity and clearness everywhere apparent. Its descriptions can be best given in his own language. Speaking of the literature of the Brobdingnagians, he says, “Their style is clear, masculine and smooth, but not florid.” This is his idea of what style should be; this is the model which he has followed.

Periphrasy, which Blair asserts to be the fundamental quality of every style, is the corner-stone of his. Reading, we do not study. “It was read by all classes,—the high and the low, the learned and the illiterate,” said Dr. Johnson in the passage I have quoted above. It is read by the child as a fairy tale, by the youth as a novel, and by the man as a humorous history of man's foibles. No matter who is the reader,—the child, the youth or the man,—there is something enchanting—*as it is*—for all.

And to this child-like simplicity—this “open-air” atmosphere of style—he has added a world of humor, just as Scott, with so happy an effect has interwoven it with some of the most serious passages of *Antiquary*, and enlivened the pages of *Ivanhoe* with the revellings of “merry Friar Tuck.” Sometimes on “a pat allusion” to Walpole, sometimes in a cunning metaphor, an odd simile or a blunt broadside, sometimes at Church, sometimes at State. Suppressed in one place by more serious thoughts, like the fabulous waters of Arethusa, it rises unexpectedly in another. So odd are many of his caricatures, and shaded by such “unharmonious, yet blending” colors, that we are forced to laugh, though the object causing our laughter may be a personal fault. The field in which he entered is a vast one for the humorist.

The many infirmities of man of themselves, often cause our laughter, while the one-sided policy of the Tories and the frivolous contentions between High and Low Church, “whether Church vestaments (as the Dean says,) should be black or white, red or gray, and whether they should be long or short, narrow or wide, dirty or clean,” when shown in their most ridiculous light by a skillful humorist, would provoke a smile even from a Fencible. And so skillful is the humorous blended with the ironical, that we cannot be angry, and are forced to laugh in spite of ourselves. We swallow the tonic for the honey with which it is administered, and even enjoy—

“——the satire, keen with wit-shafts sprinkled round,
Like beams of light, too light and fine to wound.”

But not upon its humor does it depend for its position. Too many works fully as humorous as the merriest strain of the captain's, have become entombed in the “literary catacombs” of England, to warrant any such assertion. Is its satire just? This is the riddle upon the solving of which Gulliver shall be judged. For, as a satirist who is warmed by a virtuous indignation against error, is an ally to the legislative authority of the country, so, if his arrows are feathered with envy or pointed by misanthropy, he may become proportionately dangerous. In the one case he may be regarded as a kind of civil Inquisition for striking terror where the law fails to reach. For often in high places it is found that opinions which laugh violence to scorn, are overthrown by

ridicule. Men who fear nothing else, dread to be consigned to the social Auto-de-fe of the satirist.

Now Swift has attempted to stop by the powers of ridicule, the torrent of faction, at that time so impetuous. He has out-Walpoled the earl, and lifting his party from their national element into the air, he has overthrown them. Then enlarging his scheme, he has touched with the hand of Horace, without the severity of Juvenal, the vices of man at large, "intending," as his obituary notice declares, "to reform rather than to ridicule." These words, carved upon his tomb, find witness in our hearts of their truth. None can rise from a perusal of Gulliver and say that the many honest reproofs are unjust; whether for public or private, party or individual, none are overdrawn. We feel the justness, we acknowledge the spirit with which they are dictated. We see that Swift is *Integer Ipse*—free from the vices he condemns. And from this feeling and acknowledgment, it is right to say, that they are accomplishing the end for which he designed them—"man's improvement."

The Fairy King.

GOETHE'S "ERLKÖNIG."

Who rideth so late through the windy wild?
The father you see through the dark, with his child;
He grasps the boy well in his arm;
He holds him fast, he keeps him warm.

"My son, why so timidly shrink you away?—"

"But see you not, father, the Fairy King, say?
The Fairy King with his tall and crown?"

"My son, 'tis only the mist's dark frown."

"My pretty child, come go with me;
Such beautiful games I'll play with thee!
Gay flowers, and many, grow by the sea,
And gold-wrought dresses are waiting for thee."

"My father, my father, say do you not hear,
What whispers the Fairy King into my ear."

"Be quiet, keep quiet, my little son,
'Tis the rustling of autumn-seared leaves alone."

"Wilt come with me, my pretty boy?
My daughters shall make thy stay a joy.
The lead of the nightly dances they keep,
They'll dance, and rock, and sing thee to sleep."

"My father, my father, and seest thou not
The Fairy King's daughter by yon darksome spot?"

"My son, my son, I see it quite plain;
The gray old willows are troubling thy brain."

"I love thee, I'm charmed by thy beautiful form,
And if thou'rt unwilling, I've power to harm."

"My father, my father, he seizes me now;
A hurt has the Fairy King done me somehow."

Fear comes on the father, he breaks into flight,
The child in his arms is panting with fright;
And scarcely he reaches his home, and his door,
Ere the child in his arms, was his no more.

The Myths of the New World;

A Treatise on the Symbolism and Mythology of the Red Race of America. By DANIEL G. BRINTON, A. M., M. D. New York. Leypoldt & Holt.

WHEN the philologist wishes to study the laws which govern the development of language, he selects a tongue which has not been corrupted by the influence of foreign dialects,—which, as nearly as possible, has flowed down, in an unmingled stream, from the earliest antiquity. So when we study the history of man's attempts to explain the unknown, we must seek a mythology which has been subject to but one set of influences. For this reason, the theology of the primitive race of this continent, offers peculiar advantages. For while the systems of the nations of the Old World have at various stages of their progress, been hopelessly mingled with those of conquering tribes, that of the Indian race has remained untouched by any foreign influence. It is also especially interesting, from the opportunities it offers, for studying the changes which advancement in civilization produces in religious ideas. For among these Indian tribes, we have all types of civilization, from the degraded Esquimaux of the far north to the highly cultivated Aztec and Peruvian, who possessed at one time a more spiritualized religion and upon whom the

conception of a single powerful mind and Ruler of the Universe had begun to dawn. If then, all other false religions have had those who have heralded their virtues and excellences, it is eminently proper that the Indian Mythology should receive its share of attention,—a mythology which offers great attractions, and in some portions is not inferior in beauty nor suggestiveness to that of ancient Greece. For no one who studies it fairly can entertain the belief that Indian theology is a mere mass of aimless absurdities. The truth is that it contains many moral ideas, to the standard of which hardly any other pagan nation has so closely approximated. The supreme deity of the Navajo Indian, for instance, is conceived to be a woman of infinite purity and goodness; and this belief shows its refining and humanizing power in the kindness and respect with which the women of that tribe are treated. One of the gods of the Aztecs, was in fact deified benevolence and goodness,—a being who spent his time on earth in laboring to ameliorate the condition of mankind.

The author of the "*Myths of the New World*" has not attempted to go over the whole of the very extensive field of Indian mythology, although he has done enough to indicate its claims to attention. The special aim of his book is to unfold the conceptions which he supposes to be embodied in certain fables. To this task he has brought a very extended acquaintance with Indian legends, and a spirit of fidelity to actual facts, which is from the nature of the case, especially commendable. For the subject is one which from its vague character offers peculiar temptations to empty theorizing; and the facts of which have been too often tortured to suit particular hypotheses.

But perhaps in the midst of contradictory speculations,—of those which have classed all Indian mythologies under the head of Devil worship, and of those which recognize in them the types of Christian doctrines,—he has failed to claim for them all the elements of spiritual truth which they really contain. He argues only from the great principles of human nature. But those remarkable coincidences which one continually finds between the ancient or the rude, and the more modern and enlightened forms of belief, are the more striking when they appear among nations which for centuries have been separated from all intercourse with the Old World—the cradle of religious truth.

One of the most interesting chapters for wisdom is the ninth ; in which is shown forth a notion or belief among the Aztecs almost identical with that which the Roman poets embodied in their fanciful creations, and which Christianity affirms in the story of the fall and the redemption. This is a belief, moreover, almost always to be found in some form or other among nations of any considerable culture ; taking its rise from a natural and almost instinctive feeling, that "the times are out of joint ;" that disease and pain in all the forms of physical and moral evil, are something abnormal ; contrary to the plan of nature ; and that at some time in the distant future the world will be regenerated and appear again in its primitive innocence and perfection. This belief was so deeply rooted in the hearts of the South American Indians, that not all the tyranny of the Spanish rule could crush it out. Who can fail to see an evidence of the substantial unity of the race, stronger than any fancied derivation of these Indian stories from the Mosaic books, in the picture which the author draws of the conquered Peruvians "mounting to the house-tops and gazing long and anxiously in the lightening east, hoping to descry the noble form of Montezuma advancing through the morning beams, at the head of a conquering army." "These fancied reminiscences, these unfounded hopes, so pagan, so childish, let no one," says he, "dismiss them as the babblings of ignorance. Contemplated in their broadest meaning, as characteristics of the race of man, they have an interest higher than any history, beyond that of any poetry. They point to the recognized discrepancy between what man is and what he feels he should be—must be. They are the indignant protests of the race against acquiescence in the world's evil, as the world's law ; they are the incoherent utterances of those yearnings for nobler conditions of existence, which no savagery, no ignorance, nothing but a false and lying enlightenment wholly extinguish." So much may be said to any one who considers the subject of American mythology beneath the notice of science. Again we say, that as regards the treatment of the subject in the work before us, the author has combined with great research, a spirit of enthusiasm and fidelity to the truth ; rejecting everything in the least degree doubtful and not founded on fact.

T. H. R.

Memorabilia Yalensis.**The College Year**

Has again begun, for the one hundred and sixty-ninth time, the opening day being Thursday, September 17. The college green still remains intact, and beyond the removal of its ornamental plank benches, no steps in the enforcement of "President Woolsey's Reconstruction Policy" seem to have been taken. The "new dormitory building" has not yet ventured outside the Treasurer's office, and the "memorial chapel" still enjoys the protection of the Art Gallery. North Middle has been shingled, as was that poorest of our buildings, the Laboratory, six months ago, Trumbull Gallery has been plastered anew and deprived of its name, and even the Chapel and South Middle have had their foundation stones newly cemented; so the "old shells" will probably stand for another generation at least. Our record closes with Saturday, September 26, and extends back to the middle of June, when the

Annual Examinations

Were in progress, and the sun, though "distant from the earth 95,300,000 miles," was sending his strokes right and left. In spite of the terrific heat, the Juniors were obliged to pass a second examination in Natural Philosophy, because it was surmised that certain members of the class had become acquainted beforehand with the questions upon the first paper. A similar course was also pursued towards one of the classes in the Scientific School; and in the case of the Sophomores, who were believed to have discovered their French paper, a dozen "low stand" men who "rushed" it were arbitrarily selected, as being on that account the guilty parties, and made to go through a second examination. Six Juniors were dropped, but the sentence has been commuted to expulsion in the case of two. Editorial modesty forbids the mention of names in this connection. "About fifty" were conditioned, mostly upon Greek, in which study a majority of the class were last term somehow marked "below-average." Three Sophomores and one Freshman were also dropped, and the number of conditions was quite large in both cases. The Freshmen, nevertheless, went off on Thursday to their "annual dinner,—the caps to Branford Point and the hats to Savin Rock,—and we suppose enjoyed it greatly. Before setting out the two factions good naturedly joined together in giving their instructors the customary cheers. The dread results of the examinations, as above chronicled, were announced on Friday to the parties interested, and on Sunday afternoon came the

Baccalaureate,

Which was preached this year by President Woolsey, at the special request of the class. His subject was the "Power of Religion in Practical Life,"

from the text, Phil. iv, 13; and the sermon has since been published. About sixty of the graduating class were present, but owing to the oppressive weather there was less than the usual attendance from outside. Of course very few of the undergraduates were there, as about all had left town, except the Sophomores who remained in town to take part in, or listen to, their

Prize Declamations,

Which were held in the Chapel on the evening of Tuesday, July 21, commencing at a quarter past 8, and lasting about two hours. The audience comprised 400 persons, perhaps, and good attention was preserved throughout; but the "new plan," though possibly an improvement on the old one, can hardly be judged a very flattering success. The "thirteen best speakers," according to previous selection, held forth as follows:—"The Triumphs of the Constitution," *Walter S. Logan*, Washington, Conn.; "Adams and Bonaparte," *Edward G. Selden*, Norwich, Conn.; "Hayne in Reply to Webster," *Walter S. Hull*, Nashville, Tenn.; "Our Country," *Joseph E. Lord*, N. Y. City; "Phodrig Crohore," *Thomas J. Tilney*, Brooklyn, N. Y.; "Marius to the Patricians," *Russell A. Cate*,* Castine, Me.; "Spartacus to the Gladiators," *Charles M. Reeve*, Dansville, N. Y.; "The Death of Arnold," *Samuel A. Raymond*, Cleveland, O.; "Liberty the True Source of Power in Government," *Schuyler B. Jackson*, Newark, N. J.; "Massachusetts and the Union," *George L. Beardsley*, Milford, Conn.; "Spartacus to the Roman Envoys," *Carrington Phelps*, North Colebrook, Conn.; "An Appeal for Crete," *Charles E. Shepard*, Dansville, N. Y.; "The Scotch Covenanter Against King Charles," *Morris F. Tyler*, New Haven, Conn. Each one of the three regular prizes was split, and the halves fell as follows:—first, Raymond and Tilney; second, Phelps and Reeve; third, Jackson and Tyler. Few of the Faculty were present at the speaking, on account, we presume, of the

Concilio ad Clerum,

Whatever that may be, which was preached at the same time in the Centre church, by the Rev. Mr. Churchill of Woodbury, a member of the present Legislature. His subject was the "Doctrine of the Sacrificial Atonement," and his audience very small indeed. Perhaps because some who should have attended were engaged in a little preparatory wire pulling for the benefit of

Phi Beta Kappa,

Which fraternity, at its meeting on Wednesday morning, in spite of the most determined opposition, succeeded in electing its next year's officers, as follows:—*President*, Horace Birney, Jr., '28; *Vice President*, Prof.

*Died August 24.

A. C. Twining, '20; *Cor. Secretary*, Prof. D. C. Gilman, '52; *Treasurer*, Prof. L. R. Packard, '56; *Ass't Treasurer*, E. Heaton, '69; *Rec. Secretary*, B. Perrin, '69; *Orator*, Gov. Emory Washburn, of Cambridge, with President McCosh, of Princeton, as substitute; *Poet*, Edward R. Sill, '61, with James K. Lombard, '54, as substitute. Thirty-seven elections to the highest stand men of '69 were also given out. The brotherhood then adjourned to the annual meeting of the graduates at Alumni Hall, which we understand was even a more stupid affair than usual, and at 11.30 marched with horrid front to the North church, where the oration was delivered by Rev. Joseph P. Thompson, of N. Y., and the Poem by Rev. George T. Dole, of Stockbridge, both of the class of '38. The former gentleman took as his theme, "The Elements of Success in Democracy as a Political Power"; and the latter, "The Past, Present and Future," which was a tolerably comprehensive subject, and we presume was well treated: at least no one in attendance was able to hear enough of it to assert the contrary. After dinner, however, the crowd, nothing daunted, again assembled at the same place, to take part in the

Centennial Celebration

Of the Brothers in Unity society, which we thus judge to have been born in 1768; the date of its death is uncertain. The exercises at the church consisted, as before, of the inevitable oration and poem; the former by Bishop Clark of Rhode Island, class of '31, upon the "Characteristics of Modern Thought," and the latter by Theodore Bacon of Rochester, class of '53, consisting of society traditions and personal reminiscences. The regular "centennial meeting" then took place at the Brothers Hall, where the best speech was made by Rev. John M. Holmes of Jersey City, class of '57; while the Linonia graduates held in their hall the usual annual meeting. In the evening the Art Building was thronged with the "beauty and fashion of the city; the music was good, and the spread satisfactory if not luxurious, so that, all in all, the "reception" was undoubtedly the most successful event of the day, if not of the entire week. The reception lasted from 8 till 11, though many left earlier in the evening to attend the

Class Reunions,

Of which the triennial meeting of '65 was perhaps the most interesting. Sixty-five of the 95 graduates, with several non-graduates, were present at the supper, and a large number of others at the presentation of the silver cup. This fell to Holley Washington McCreary, and in the absence of this gentleman's parents the reception speech was made by Allen McLean. Two members of 1808 met together, and of the 50 who graduated 9 are still alive. The corresponding numbers for 1818 are: 7, 67, 30; for 1828: 19, 82, 41; for 1838: 17, 69, 45; for 1848: 24, 87, 66; for

1858: 34, 101, 94; for 1823: 14, 72, 39; for 1843: 26, 96, 73; for 1853: 36, 104, 96. There were also in town representatives of '67, '66 and '64, and one at least of 1814. We judge from these figures that at least 200 of the alumni were in town during the week. At several of the reunions the wives and children of the graduates were present. Next after the triennial of '65, perhaps the quarter century meeting of '43 was the most interesting. From the poem of the occasion, written by E. W. Robbins, we make the following extract, which, though a trifle blind to the uninitiated, seems to be complimentary to ourselves:—

“Nor would we here omit to mention foremost in our Noctes
Ambrosianæ, (Christopher,) forsooth, a brave old cock 'tis;
Long may the good ship plough the wave, with timbers staunch and clean,
Nestor of College *Magas* now—our YALE LIT. MAGAZINE.”

As usual upon such occasions, many of those present at the reunion didn't go home till morning, but nevertheless were able to appear in the procession for

Commencement,

Which was quite large, and included, perhaps, 75 men from '68 and a very few undergraduates. The Centre church was as usual crowded to its utmost, by the usual audience arranged in the usual quaker fashion. The appointments of the class were given in our last; the subjects and speakers of the day were as follows:—Salutatory Oration in Latin, by WILLIAM CURTISS WOOD, *Satara, India*. Dissertation, “Ritualism,” by EDWARD SPENCER MEAD, *New York City*. Dissertation, “The Pacific Railroad,” by ROGER BUTLER WILLIAMS, *Ithaca, N. Y.* Dissertation, “Henry IV. of France,” by CHARLES HENRY FARNHAM, *Chicago, Ill.* Oration, “Civil Service in the United States,” by GEORGE HENRY LEWIS,* *New Britain*. Oration, “Monumental History,” by TIMOTHY PITKIN CHAPMAN, *Bridgeport*. Oration, “Arnold of Brescia,” by EDWARD ALEXANDER LAWRENCE, *Oxford, N. H.* Oration, “Christopher North,” by ROBERT ALLEN HUMB, *New Haven*. Oration, “Overthrow of the Roman Empire,” by SILAS AUGUSTUS DAVENPORT, *Elizabeth, N. J.* Dissertation, “Saint Paul,” by WILLIAM ALLISON MCKINNEY, *Binghamton, N. Y.* Philosophical Oration, “The Future of Republicanism,” by ANSON PHELPS TINKER, *Old Lyme*. Oration, “The Relation of Christianity to Art,” by CHAUNCEY BUNCE BREWSTER, *Mount Carmel*. Oration, “Christianity the True Philosophy,” with the Valedictory Address, by HENRY PARKS WRIGHT, *Oakham, Mass.* On account of the smaller number of speakers the exercises were less tedious than formerly, and gone through with in a single session, finishing at two o'clock with the usual

*Excused on account of sickness.

Conferring of Degrees.

A. B. was given to the 107 graduates of '68; *A. M.*, in regular course, to 30 men of '65, out of course, to 15 others, from '23 to '64, and special to 3 non-graduates; *B. D.* to 7; *LL. B.* to 5; *M. D.* to 6; *Ph. B.* to 25. The following honorary degrees were also announced: *LL. D.*, Charles J. McCurdy, of Lyme, class of '17, Judge of the Supreme Court of Connecticut; Charles J. Stille, class of '39, Provost of the University of Pennsylvania; Joseph White, of Williamstown, Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Education. *D. D.*, Rev. Leverett Griggs of Bristol, class of '29, Rev. S. G. Buckingham of Springfield, class of '33. *M. A.*, George Brinley of Hartford; Judge Elisha Carpenter of Wethersfield; Dr. C. A. Logan of Leavenworth, Kansas. *M. D.*, John Gray of Groton. Of late years Yale has conferred almost none of these outside "honors," on account of the little colleges having monopolized the business, and we are sorry to see the practice revived here, no matter how deserving the recipients.

The usual "commencement dinner" in the big tent was enjoyed without the dread of more "literary exercises" to follow it, and formed the finale to the anniversary. This being over, a few bold spirits among the new alumni set out to witness the

Worcester Regatta,

Of which we have again to record the sad story of defeat. What struck us as quite noticeable was the scarcity of Yale men in attendance, less than 150 out of the 500 in college, while two years ago it seemed as if the whole college were there to a man. Harvard was of course fully represented, and the number of outside spectators was larger than ever before, being variously estimated from 15,000 to 25,000. The race of Wednesday between the Ward brothers and the Harvard crew, when the latter though defeated made the unprecedented time of 17:53½, took away from the friends of Yale the few bright expectations previously entertained in regard to the great trial of Friday. Still they tried to "hope for the best," and when the time came, though not unexpected, it did seem rather hard to have the Harvard boat take the lead from the first and keep it at a steadily increasing distance to the end. The time made was: Harvard, 17:48½; Yale, 18:38½, being in each case the best ever accredited in either college. For the four previous years the time has been as follows, Harvard being first noted: 1864, 19:43½-19:10; 1865, 19:09-18:42½, (18:09-17:42½); 1866, 18:43½-19:10; 1867, 18:12½-19:25½; whence it appears that while Harvard has steadily improved, Yale for the two years preceding the present grew worse. It is a creditable fact in regard to all the contests this year that there was no disputes about "time," or "fouls," or "selling out," but everything was fair and satisfactory to all parties. That very few bets were made was probably not altogether due

to moral considerations. The statistics of the two crews are as follows :

HARVARD.	Class.	Weight.	Age.	Height.	U. Arm.	C. Infla'd
Alden P. Loring,	'69	154	23	5.11½	13½	42
Robert C. Watson,	'69	158	21	5.10	14	41
William H. Simmons,	'69	168	19	5.11½	14½	45
John W. McBurney,	'69	152	20	5.10½	14	42
William W. Richards,	'68	159	21	5.7	14½	43
George W. Holdrege,	'69	147	21	5.8½	14	40½
YALE.						
Samuel Parry,	'68	158	24	5.11	16½	42
William A. Copp,	'69	191	24	5.11	16½	43½
William H. Lee,	'70	160	20	5.11	16½	43
George W. Drew,	'70	166	24	5.10	17	44
Sylvester F. Bucklin,	'69	148	21	5.11	15½	39
Roderick Terry,	'70	151	19	6.4	15½	39

The total in each of these rows of figures sums up the largest for the Yale crew—whatever consolation there may in that. It was quite a notable coincidence, too, that the two bow oars were natives of the same town, and descendants of the same Puritan ancestor. The most extended account of the race that we have noticed was that written up by "D. J. K.," and published in the *N. Y. World* of Saturday, July 25, where it occupied the entire first page. The personal gossip about the Yale crew was quite entertaining, if not altogether accurate, and the general incidents of the race were enough exaggerated to make the letter very pleasant reading. The dismal fog of the day was of course succeeded by the inevitable shower of rain as the race drew to its close, and the multitudes turned back towards Worcester. At the Bay State, in the evening, triumphant Harvard had things its own way, and never a cheer for or from Yale was there to be heard the whole night long; so different was it from two years ago, when Yale, though vanquished, was bound to "make it up next year," and to "shake up a good time, anyhow"; when Yale cheered, and sung, and shouted, to make light of its sorrow; and when Harvard, though victorious, seemed somehow to play a second part, as if paralyzed by its unexpected good fortune. Silently and gloomily the Yale men looked on at the rejoicings of the victors, silently and gloomily crept away to the evening trains, except the few stout hearts, who clutched at the last straw, and stayed to see the contest at

Base Ball,

In hopes of at least one victory. Alas that the fates had decreed otherwise! Alas that under this heading, where we have chronicled so many successes, we must now record the story of utter defeat! At the close of the examinations, the University club, rather with the idea of keeping in practice than of adding to its victories, visited N. Y. City, and was thrice defeated: by the Unions, 19 to 9, on Friday, July 17; by the Atlantics,

40 to 16, on the following day; and by the Eckfords, 19 to 11, on Tuesday, 21. The playing on the first game has been highly complimented; that on the second was remarkably poor. The "opening load" at Worcester was the match between the Freshman nines of the two colleges, played on the afternoon of Thursday, 23, and won by Harvard, 36 to 18; there being about 2,000 people in attendance, and good enough playing on both sides to make the game seem interesting. But *the* match was to come off on Friday morning, at which time the new seats in the "agricultural park" were densely crowded by upwards of 4,000 people, who vainly waited for the fog to "dry up," and, finally, when all had been enticed into the enclosure, listened moodily to the announcement that the game was postponed, and steamed back city-ward. Saturday, however, the sun shone, the grass dried, and the game was played—in the remarkably quick time of two hours and ten minutes, beginning at five minutes before one in the afternoon. The umpire was John Lowell of Boston, and the scorers were J. R. Mason for Harvard and P. H. Adee for Yale. We append the score:—

HARVARD.				YALE.			
	r.	a.			r.	a.	
Peabody, 1 b.,	4	3		McClintock, c. f.,	3	3	
Smith, 3 b.,	4	1		Lewis, r. f.,	3	1	
Hunnewell, P.,	4	1		Condict, l. f.,	1	5	
Ames, 2 b.,	2	4		Cleveland, 3 b.,	2	3	
Bush, C.,	3	2		Hooker, P.,	0	5	
Rawle, r. f.,	1	5		McCutchen, a. s.,	1	5	
Sprague, c. f.,	1	5		Buck, 1 b.,	2	2	
Willard, a. s.,	2	4		Deming, C.,	3	1	
Wells, l. f.,	4	2		Selden, 2 b.,	2	2	
	—	—			—	—	
	25	27			17	27	
Innings, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9.							
Harvard, 6, 1, 0, 4, 2, 0, 6, 3, 3.—25							
Yale, 1, 0, 6, 2, 3, 0, 0, 1, 4.—17							

The University club was re-organized for the present year by the choice of the following officers, at a meeting on Saturday, Sept. 19:—*President*, F. P. Terry, '69; *Vice President*, J. G. K. McClure, '70; *Secretary*, J. W. Shattuck, '70; *Treasurer*, H. A. Cleveland, '70; *Captain of First Nine*, S. S. McCutchen, '70; *Captain of Second Nine*, A. M. Cunningham, '69; *Directors*, in addition to the president, W. H. Hinkle, '69; G. L. Huntress, '70; F. E. Murray, '71; B. Hoppin, '72. W. L. McLane, '69; H. J. Faulkner, '70; G. A. Strong, '71, and C. O. Day, '72, were also appointed a committee to draw up a constitution. The first match of the season was played with the Eckfords, on Wednesday, Sept. 30, and another with the All England Eleven is to take place in the course of a month.

The Navy

Held its annual meeting for the election of officers on Friday, Sept. 25, Commodore Parry presiding. William A. Copp was elected commodore, and Henry C. Bannard purser. A statement of the expenses of the past year was also read, and has since been published. The meeting was very fully attended by representatives of all the classes, including the

Class of '72,

Or which we have to say a few words. At the July examination 40 were admitted, 90 conditioned and 10 rejected. At the September examination 27 more were admitted, 28 conditioned and 5 rejected. Of the 200 who applied, therefore, 67 were admitted, 118 conditioned and 15 rejected. Enough of the conditioned men have "made up" to bring the number in the class at present up to 160, which will probably be increased by 25 before the close of the term. We believe there have been no new admissions to the upper classes. Sons of President Woolsey, Rev. Dr. Bacon, Profs. Thacher and Hoppin, and Rev. H. W. Beecher are members of the class. The Freshmen societies anticipated the traditional initiation night, which always used to be the second Friday of the term, Delta Kappa "putting through" her men on Wednesday night, and Kappa Sigma Epsilon on the evening following. The latter is believed to have the campaign, for the first time since 1864, but we have been unable to obtain the exact figures. The two upper classes spent the evening in question in more or less successful attempts at stealing Freshmen for prandial purposes from their Sophomoric owners; holding private initiations; and finally "getting their men through" in safety at the halls. There has been no organized "rush" as yet. The Sophs assembled at the Park on Saturday, Sept. 19, but no Fresh appeared. In the evening there were several mock rushes, and two peaceable Juniors, sitting on the fence, were in consequence hurried off to the lock up by the peelers. "Somebody must be arrested you know, and it's too much trouble to find the real offenders." We have the impression that there has been less "smoking-out" than usual, though whether it be due to '71's manliness, or cowardice, or fear of faculty, we do not know; we hope the first. Three have been suspended for threatening the Fresh the first evening of the term, and the rest since then seem to have confined their attention to hat stealing. The number of tiles confiscated has been something unprecedented, and the Fresh in consequence never venture out of evenings with any other head covering than paper caps of their own manufacture. Some have already disgraced themselves and college by daubing "72" and "Ho Soph" on various public buildings. We may refer to this barbarism at another time. We are certain that most in the class are ashamed of it, and willing to bring the perpetrators to justice if they can

be discovered. Subscription lists have been forbidden from the Freshman recitation rooms, and possibly from all, by vote of the faculty,—though not until the Lrr had had “one chance.” We agree with the remedy, that as Freshmen the new comers are undoubtedly a success, and do not doubt that in consideration of this compliment each of them will feel called upon (at all events each will *be* called upon) to support this “oldest magazine.” The Freshman

Studies of the Term

Are as of old; Greek (*Odyssey*) to Prof. Packard; Latin (*Livy*) to Tutor Keep; Latin Prose to Tutor Otis, and Euclid to Tutor Richards. The Sophomores recite Trigonometry to Prof. Newton and Tutor Miller; Greek (*Demosthenes’ Olynthiacs*) to Tutor Sumner, and French to Prof. Coe. They thus have only three studies to the four divisions, and these latter are arranged not alphabetically but according to the mathematical stand of last term. Compositions take the place of the noon recitations of Wednesday and Saturday, as do the “forensic disputations”—a very dissimilar thing you know—in the case of the Juniors. These latter recite in English Literature to Prof. Northrop, their text-book being Shaw’s, which supersedes Craik’s in use last year; in Greek (*Arrian*) to Prof. Hadley; in Natural Philosophy to Tutor Smith, and in Calculus to Prof. Newton. The latter is an optional study which may be taken up instead of Greek. The Seniors recite in Political Economy (Perry’s) to the President; in Astronomy to Prof. Loomis; in Latin (*Cicero pro Cluentio*) to Prof. Thacher; in Chemistry, (Cook’s and Roscoe’s) to Prof. Silliman, and in German (*Lebinsbilder*) to Prof. Coe. Of the three studies, Astronomy, Latin and German, choice must be made of two. Cook’s Chemistry is being reviewed only to occupy the time until the issue of Prof. Porter’s new work on Psychology, which is to take its place. The President delivers lectures on the Rights of the State and the Individual, and Prof. Silliman on the science of Chemistry. English Compositions are to be required. ¹ Prof. Loomis is the officer of the first division, (which ends with Hooker, the last man in the old second of Freshman year,) and Prof. Thacher of the second. In the other classes we have tried to name the officers in their order, but presume we have not entirely succeeded. A few other personal items in regard to

The Faculty

May be worth recording at this time. It has sustained a loss in the withdrawal of Arthur W. Wright, the senior tutor. He has been elected Professor of Chemistry at Williams, and on Sept. 5, sailed for Europe, intending to devote a year or two to study at Berlin and Heidelberg. We are sure that the best wishes of every ’69 man will follow him wherever

he goes. Prof. Rockwell is also to leave the Scientific School for a position in the Boston Institute of Technology. Prof. Silliman, Hadley and Wheeler, resume this year their active connection with college. The new tutors are Messrs. A. B. Miller of '55, and E. L. Richards of '60. The degree of A. M. was conferred last year on Prof. Fisher, Whitney, Norton and Verrill, who were not graduates of the institution. The fact of the "honor" only became known on the issue of the Triennial Catalogue in July last. Other pamphlets put forth at the same time were the annual Obituary Record, the Report of the Sheffield Scientific School, and "Yale College in 1868." The latter contains facts of great interest, which we may touch upon at another time. The degree of LL.D. was conferred upon Prof. Newton by Michigan University this year, and upon Prof. Whitney by Williams College. The latter gentleman is to put forth a German Grammar and Reader next year. Prof. Coe will also publish a French Grammar and Reader at the same time. Prof. Dana's "System of Mineralogy," has been republished in London by Trubner. At the meeting of the "American Association for the Advancement of Science," held at Chicago in August, Yale was represented by Prof. Loomis, Newton, Whitney, Silliman, Barker, Rockwell and Marsh, by whom several papers were presented. At the meeting of the "National Academy of Science," held at Northampton, Prof. Brush was elected a member. Yale claims six of the fifty members to which the Academy is limited. Prof. Dana, Newton, Whitney, Silliman and Johnson, being among the founders. Most of the above named were present and presented papers; Prof. Marsh and Barber, were also in attendance. Prof. Northrop was one of the delegates to the Republican State Convention, which assembled here in vacation. His house, by the way, has been "gone through" by burglars. Prof. Thacher and Brewer, are delegates to the State Teacher's Convention, at Woodbury, October 6. Messrs. C. L. Kitchell of '62, E. B. Bingham of '63, and G. S. Merriam of '64, formerly tutors, have been recently married; the latter is now in Europe. Mr. Kingsley, the treasurer, is also abroad.

The Town Shows

Have not as yet been very numerous or interesting, though the programme for the future is quite an extensive one. We will not anticipate it. Warren's presentation of Paul Pry at Commencement time, was good enough to deserve recalling even at this late day. Tom Thumb and his party were the attraction "for one day only," Saturday, September 19. Another diminutive character from Memphis was about town at the same time, and who rivalled Tom in size if not in fame. The Wickedest Man failed to show himself at the time agreed upon, and the infant son

Chester has nowhere appeared. They could get no nearer the College than Stamford. Let us hope certain others may be more fortunate in the attempt! Miss Major Pauline Cushman gave two theatrical exhibitions, Friday and Saturday, Sept. 25 and 26, which the Freshman rain—sometimes called the equinoctial storm by scientific persons,—prevented from being very successful ones. As for the rest, the Boy in Blue swingeth his torch by night, and the Man in Red shouldereth his arms by day, in meaningless processions through the streets. The demoniac drummer is at his worst, and ceaseth not. The banner is flung from the outer wall and waveth always. The prominent citizen crammeth his address to the people, and is not found wanting. And that most ludicrous of all our town shows the Presidential election approacheth.

Editorial Notes.

Thinking our readers may be interested to know that the Magazine occasionally receives a kindly mention outside of its college cotemporaries, we append notices of the last two numbers:

"We extend a special welcome to an old friend, the YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE, of which the June number has found its way to our table. The "Lit" is, on the whole, more readable now-a-days, judging by the present number, than it was a few years since, possibly because in abler hands, possibly because the College *Courant's* advent has aroused it to greater efforts to maintain its place. The general class of contributions do not vary very much from former times, but the memorabilia Yalensia, the editorial notes and editor's table are much more comprehensive and interesting. The latter has some particularly sensible words upon the way the wooden spoon exhibition is conducted, which we trust may receive attention from future classes. The "Lit" is published at \$3 per year."—*Northampton Free Press, Mass.*

"The YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE is published on the first day of the month, so that the July number is the same with that of the August number of our more pretentious monthlies. The first article is "Conceit," a thoughtful and well put paper upon a somewhat trite subject. Next we have a pleasant poem on "Remembrance." Mr. Beckwith contributes a forcible prize essay upon "The Value of the Moral as Compared with the Intellectual Element in Greatness." The title is evidently of professorial origin; no student, or indeed anybody in practical literature, being capable of crushing a Magazine article under such a portentous weight of words. * * * *

After this we have "Memorabilia Yalensia," full of interesting college news and gossip, admirably worked up, and charming reading even to people outside the University pale. "Editorial Notes" and the "Editor's Table" complete the number. We would note, by-the-by, that this magazine eminently deserves the support accorded it, and college graduates will do well to give it the benefit of their subscriptions."—*Evening Commonwealth, N. Y.*

The "Grinnell Collegian," referring to the "Beloit College Monthly" as a veteran of fourteen winters says, "Our youth would bow in reverence, but that here comes the YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE, Volume Thirty-third, for which our profoundest obsequies must be reserved. This is the oldest and probably the widest known and most influential College Monthly in this country. It is worthy of a place by the side of the better class of outside standard magazines.

We remind our readers that the "LIT" is conducted *exclusively* by the Students of College and has no rivalry with "outside" and more pretentious publications.

The following, from the HARVARD ADVOCATE, we presume expresses the sentiment of the College world :—

"The new *Courant*" is received and has been duly admired. It reflects credit on Mr. Chatfield more than on Yale College, inasmuch as it is a monument of his ability in managing a paper. But a students' journal, it is not in any sense of the word, and not now to be classed with college papers in any respect."

We have received the announcement of a new novel, from *Leypoldt & Holt* of N. Y. It is to be written by the Authoress of "Who breaks Pays" and "Skirmishing;" entitled "A PSYCHE OF TO-DAY" by MRS. W. C. JENKINS. Some notion of the ability of this lady may be obtained from the notices of the press, which her books have received. We subjoin the two following.

"'Skirmishing' is as pretty a tale of English life as can well be imagined, written with excellent taste and good feeling."—*Westminster Review*.

"Every page tells; there is no book making about it—no attempt to fill chapters with appropriate affections. Each sentence is written carefully, and the result is that we have a real work of art, such as the weary critic has seldom the pleasure of meeting with."—*The London Reader*.

Similar success may be expected for the new novel.

LEYPOLDT & HOLT, Publishers,

451 Broome Street, New York.

We have also received from the publishers, Messrs. Lee and Shepard, Boston, too late for notice in our last issue ;—

Dotty Dimple—by the charming writer of the "*Little Prudy Stories*." Many happy children, who were so delighted with the former works of this author, will be made thrice happy by this last work.

"*From the Oak to the Olive*" is a "*Record of a Pleasant Journey*" which was taken by Miss *Julia Ward Howe*. In the "Preliminaries" she discourses as follows. "No individual editor or joint stock company bespoke my emotions before my departure. I am therefore under no obligations to furnish for the market, with the elements of time and postage handsomely curtailed. Instead, then, of that breathless steeple chase after the butterfly of the moment, with whose risks and hurry I am intimately acquainted, I feel myself enabled to look around me to every step which I shall take on paper, and to represent, in my small literary operations, the three dimensions of time, instead of the flat disc of the present." These circumstances and conditions have afforded Miss Howe an opportunity to give to her "Record" a finish and beautiful sparkle, which are a great relief in the midst of the mass of nonsense daily thrown before an indulgent public. We can assure our readers that in that part of the book which treats of Greece, the subject is made interesting; and at least while they are entertained, it will not be at the expense of all taste for Greek Literature and History in general, and the utter throwing into confusion those facts which they may already possess. We mention this for the especial benefit of those who may have been occupied in the consideration of the subject during the past year.

Exchanges.

College Periodicals.—Current numbers of the following publications have been duly received since our last issue: Amherst Student, Beloit College Monthly, College Argus, College Courier, College Days, College Echo, College Mercury, Collegian, (Granville, O.) Dartmouth, Eureka College Vidette and Catalogue, Griswold Collegian, Hamilton Campus and Literary Monthly, Harvard Advocate, Miami Student, Michigan University Chronicle, Qui Vive, Trinity Tablet, Virginia University Magazine, Williams Quarterly and Vidette, Union College Magazine, Michigan University Magazine.

Also from the Publishers, Nation, Atlantic, Living Age, Cornhill Monthly, Sabbath at Home, New Englander, Loomis' Musical Journal, Publisher's Circular, (G. W. Childs & Co.), Cincinnati Medical Repository, Overland Monthly (Cal.), Journal of Education (St. Louis), College Courant.

We regret that want of space compels us to crowd over till our next issue, much interesting matter. Articles to compete for Lit. Medal, may be handed in until Saturday, Oct. 17, instead of 13, as stated in our last.

VOL. XXXIV.

NO. II.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED

BY THE

Students of Yale College.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSIS
Cantabunt SOBOLES, unanimique PATRES."

NOVEMBER, 1868.

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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXIV.

NOVEMBER, 1868.

No. II.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '69.

LYMAN H. BAGG,

HENRY V. FREEMAN,

EDWARD G. COY,

HENRY W. RAYMOND,

EDWARD P. WILDER.

POINT.

IF there is any one fault to be charged against the bulk of college writing, it is its utter want of point. If there is any one achievement beyond the abilities of the mass of college writers, it is to call a spade a spade rather than a well known implement of manual industry. In other words, "fine writing" is the one thing sought after, and the clear expression of thought the one thing disregarded. That language was, in fact, invented for the concealment of thought, seems to be implicitly believed, and with such skill is it employed for this purpose that a casual looker-over of college productions, alarmed by the rank verbiage which attracts his attention, rarely has the perseverance to find it at all.

From this arises the prevalent notion that there is little or no real thought in such writing; and that this is generally true, few who have considered the matter will care to deny. Just as the cacography of the would-be humorist goes to indicate a want of wit, so the high wrought metaphors and roundabout expressions of the essayist tend to imply a want of genuine thought. The wit and the thought may really exist, but their existence is brought in doubt by their meretricious garb, which conceals them in the same proportion as it attracts notice to itself. There are

humorists who are clever in spite of bad spelling, and essayists who are sensible in spite of fine writing, but on that account to regard these vices as virtues is to make a sad mistake. It is but to give a new example of the fatal facility with which the little, when imitating the great, imitate their failings only. The belief that verbosity covers weakness, and an abundance of words a scarcity of ideas, is too deeply rooted to be easily shaken. Who shall say that in college as elsewhere the opinion is not a just one?

The truth is, that college men almost invariably write about subjects in regard to which they do not, and from the nature of things cannot, have any real thought of their own. Themes suggested by books rather than by observation, by other men's experience rather than their own, are what they delight to discourse upon. History, philosophy, metaphysics, politics, literature, social science—all are dabbled in. No subject is too comprehensive, no problem too intricate. The result of this treating about topics of which their knowledge is so small that comparatively speaking they may be said to have none at all, is to develop in writers a habit of counterfeit thought, which expresses itself in glittering generalities to conceal its own spurious nature, and resorts to a mock profundity to make up for its want of point.

Should young writers, then, who have experienced but little of life, confine their utterances entirely to what is suggested by that experience? To this we give the old reply, that language should always be subservient to thought, and that writing simply for the sake of writing ought never to be encouraged. That the productions of youth, when confined to their own experiences, do not greatly interest the world in general, is the fault of youth itself, and inseparable from the nature of things. To think that it can be remedied by a weak imitation of older and wiser men, in whose productions the world does take an interest, is to commit a serious blunder. Though the former kind of writing may not gain universal interest, it yet, by its sincerity, challenges universal respect, while the latter, besides being just as uninteresting, by its pretentiousness, excites the contempt and derision of all.

Dean Alford's advice to "write much as you speak, and to speak as you think," applies to collegians with peculiar emphasis

They talk and think in a sensible enough way about matters and things which interest them, but when it comes to writing, they rarely put their thoughts on paper, preferring to "get up" an article from some outside source. The practice of the faculty of proposing "composition subjects" about which the students know little, think less, and care nothing at all, may perhaps in a measure explain, without at all justifying, the habit. Every one knows that the best read and most popular of college writings are those which treat of common themes, in a straightforward way ; which pointedly express the current thoughts of our every day life, and the ideas suggested by or connected with our surroundings ; which make no show of trumped-up wisdom or dull respectability. Of course there is no rule without exceptions, and exceptional circumstances may give certain individuals a right to treat acceptably, because knowingly and thoughtfully, of particular outside subjects. But the field of his own observation and experience is really the only safe place for the young writer, and when he ventures beyond it he almost always goes astray or loses himself altogether.

Our excuse for thus speaking at length about the subject matter of college writing, while nominally treating of its manner, must be, that the two are so closely connected and mutually dependent that they cannot well be considered separately. It is true that to force writers to write what they think, will not necessarily cause their productions to be pointedly expressed ; but it is also true that unless their words do represent ideas, they must inevitably lack point. Supposing, then, that the writer really has some thoughts to utter, let us consider why his manner of stating them should be pointed.

We have said that point is the one thing which college writing lacks. It is also the one thing which acceptable outside writing most imperatively demands. Nothing can make up for the want of it. In its absence, the closest attention to the "choice of language" or the "rules of composition" is of no avail. No one pretends that it is the only essential to good writing, but it is yet safe to say that it occupies in it the foremost place, and should never be lost sight of, whatever happens, by one who would secure for himself a hearing. It is possible for almost every college man, by making the endeavor and seeking nothing

beyond this, to express his ideas in an intelligible manner ; that is, to make his ideas, and not his mode of stating them, the prominent feature of his composition. Yet very few are willing to follow this simple rule ; very few are willing to resist the attraction of "the prizes" offered by the faculty for quite another kind of work, and of the "reputation" consequent on winning them. And so a writer who attempts any successful literary labor after leaving college, has first to rid himself of bad habits laboriously acquired while in it.

The great bulk of the writing which civilization renders necessary, is produced by men who are not specially distinguished, who are not "geniuses" in the popular sense, but who, adopting the profession of literature and living by their pens, soon find the true purpose of language, and learn the proper relation of words to thoughts. A portion, comparatively infinitesimal, is that "written for all time" by men whose names were not born to die. A position among the former kind of writers may reasonably be aspired to, and by hard labor be acquired, by most ; while a failure in the attempt need imply no disgrace. But to seek for a place among the latter is a proceeding so presumptuous that ultimate success alone can excuse it, while the all but inevitable failure is sure to be rewarded with merited contempt and derision.

It is not because we are insensible to the beauties and graces of expression that we deprecate their cultivation, but because these qualities come to a writer as it were naturally. If sought for directly, an exaggerated and unhealthy imitation of them is wont to be secured, while clearness of statement is lost altogether. It is for this reason that the tendency towards writing "poetry" is inevitably a bad one, and ought in every way to be discouraged. Of all "young" writing it is deservedly held in the greatest contempt by those old enough to appreciate its absurdity. As an opposing argument, to ask "Who wrote *Thanatopsis*?" is only to beg the question ; for the fact is that literary or other "geniuses" are so rare that their possible existence had better be disregarded altogether. The writers for whom there is always a demand are those who can express clearly, pointedly and without circumlocution, their ideas upon matters of fact and opinion, and there is little danger that this class will soon grow too large or lose its present popularity.

Undoubtedly many qualities must be combined to form that complex structure called "a correct and elegant style" of writing ; but until college men come to understand that in the outside world dulness will not be taken for respectability, nor stupidity for profundity ; that glittering generalities will not pass for wisdom, nor abundance of words for abundance of ideas ; the less said about them the better. Brilliancy, elegance, and wit, all may not attain, for Nature distributes her gifts with unequal hands ; but simplicity, clearness and point are beyond the reach of none ; and a sanguine person may even conceive of the time when the average collegian shall at length realize the fact, that a spade is only a spade after all.

VANITY FAIR.

THERE lie upon my table six volumes of a periodical which was in every way a credit to American literature. They form a monument of the best and most successful attempt ever made in this country to establish a high-toned humorous and satirical journal. I should be loth indeed to part with this memento of an undertaking in which I felt as it were a personal interest ; with books which have afforded me so much pleasure and amusement. Perhaps, though, Mr. Editor, you may allow me to say my say about this favorite hebdomadal, as a sort of prelude to a more extended sketch of it, which I believe an abler hand is preparing for one of the better known magazines.

Vanity Fair began with 1860, and for three years regularly made its weekly appearance. It came out as a monthly for the first two months of 1863, then subsided altogether until the first of May, when it was revived as a weekly, and after twelve issues died definitely on the fourth of July. Yet these subsequent issues, under the patronage of the Loyal League, were essentially those of another paper, and I have always regarded the genuine paper as ending with 1862. Frank Wood was its first editor. He held the office some seven months, and was succeeded by Charles G. Leland, who at the end of a year gave it up to Charles F. Browne, the well known "Artemus Ward." Artemus, after a

three months' trial, went off "lecturing," and found a successor in Charles Dawson Shanly. From this time, October, 1861, until the close, this gentleman, who had all along been a contributor, ably managed the ill fated periodical. Its corps of writers was quite large, embracing, aside from those already mentioned, George Arnold, Thomas B. Aldrich, Fitz-James O'Brien, Joseph Barber, Henry Clapp, Jr., Chas. T. Congdon, Chas. D. Gardette, Henry House, Edmund C. Stedman, Richard H. Stoddard, William Winter, Edward Wilkins and many others. Messrs. Gardette and Stedman, it may be remarked, are among the non-graduates of Yale. Henry L. Stephens was the principal artist, and among his associates were Ed F. Mullen, Frank Bellew, John McLenan, Sol Etynge, El Vedder, W. A. Fisk, J. H. Goater, Ben Day, J. H. Howard, and others. Leland, Arnold and Shanly often illustrated their own articles, especially the latter, who produced a very great number of clever pictures. The paper was published by Louis H. Stephens, "for the proprietors," chief among whom was William A. Stephens, a Philadelphia gentleman, and brother of the two of the same name already mentioned. Its average circulation was about nine thousand copies, and its total loss to the merry men who issued it, not less than twenty-five thousand dollars.

As it lived the longest, it swallowed up more capital than any other American *Punch*, and though others have deserved support, *Vanity Fair* deserved it more, being a better paper than *Yankee Doodle*, *Judy*, *John Donkey*, the *Lantern*, or *Young America*, which preceded it, or *Mrs. Grundy*, its brilliant but short lived successor. Mr. Stephens, as remarked, was its leading artist, and furnished most of the cartoons. In this he was at his best, and if not equal to Tenniel, at least may be said to have had no superior in America. His designs were always pleasantly clear and open. Ed Mullen's forte was in headings and tail pieces, in which he showed a wonderful originality and fertility of design, and in which he was unrivaled. His more pretentious attempts at large pictures or cartoons, with a few notable exceptions, were comparative failures. The mullein plant sometimes served him as a cypher. Frank Bellew's pictures were often funny, but rather poorly designed, and rarely appeared after the first year. His "mark" was the triangle. McLenan worked chiefly upon the last issues,

in 1863. Fisk designed some of the pleasantest small illustrations which appeared. Howard was by all odds the poorest artist employed, and he only gained admission toward the close, when misfortunes were besetting the paper. It is fair to say, however, that his efforts in it show him to better advantage than he has ever appeared elsewhere. He finds more congenial employment in papers of the *Yankee Notions* order, and has lately been engaged in disfiguring by his illustrations the comic books published by Mr. Carleton. But the illustrations were as a whole superior to anything of the kind yet produced in the country. They were original, well designed, and clearly cut, and compared favorably in expression and naturalness to any in the current *Punch*. John Leech and Richard Doyle will not soon find successors on either side the Atlantic, but there is much to be proud of in the standard of excellence maintained by the artists of *Vanity Fair*.

The names of its writers are of themselves a voucher for its literary excellence. Artemus Ward's pieces brought him a world-wide reputation, and the Chevalier McArone's admirers may be counted by thousands. It was always sprightly and amusing. Its jokes and clever remarks were copied from one end of the land to the other, generally without acknowledgment. If it contained some writing that was dull and heavy, some that was weak and pointless, it contained none that was low or vulgar, none at which the most fastidious could take offense. Tending a little towards the Democracy in politics, it yet had the sharpness to foresee the weakness and rascality of the Buchanan administration, which it ridiculed unsparingly, long before its other friends had given up hopes for reform; and, for the rest, though falling into the prevalent mistake of thinking McClellan a hero, uncompromisingly supported the war till the very last. It was not a partizan in any sense; its independence was fearless, its grasp far reaching. "A rod in pickle for all who deserve it, and a word for all who need and are worthy of it, these are the principles of *Vanity Fair*."

What may be called the inner life of the paper was something unique in American journalistic annals. The "weekly consultations at the offices, with Burgundy and Havanas illimitable," the jovial talks at Pfaff's dingy cellar, the generous entertainments which the proprietors, contributors, and artists enjoyed so often

together, will long be remembered as happy dreams of the past by the surviving participants in the toils and pleasures of "those halcyon early days." The burlesque accounts of such proceedings were not altogether imaginary, as most supposed, and the portraits and peculiarities of the participants were sometimes slyly introduced in a manner intensely amusing to the initiated. There have been few such sprightly gatherings in the country as *Vanity Fair* was the means of instituting. It drew together the wits and humorists of the land, and made them happy in one another's society. They enjoyed and appreciated their advantages. If the proprietors paid a dear price for the experiment, they at least had the satisfaction of knowing that they failed while laboring in a worthy cause, and that their incidental enjoyments were such as happen to few Americans. As hinted in the word "surviving," death has made sad inroads upon this circle of brilliant young "Vanitarians." It would almost seem that an ill-fate has followed them, on so many has he laid his heavy hands. Frank Wood, ready and versatile, Fitz-James O'Brien, manly and generous, Ned Wilkins, the industrious man of leisure, George Arnold, the sparkling "McArone" correspondent, and lastly Browne, the irrepressible "Artemus Ward," have one after another passed away. Of the artists, too, John McLenan is dead, and Ed Mullen has "left the country."

The reasons why this and similar attempts at reputable comic journalism in America have failed of success, are various and conflicting. Dr. Carroll, after the death of *Mrs. Grundy*, which he edited, offered some in the *Round Table*, and Mr. Shanly has presented a humorous account of the comic journalist's experiences in the *Atlantic Monthly*. It may be worth while to offer such of the commonly assigned explanations as seem most plausible. First, as to the producing of a really humorous and satirical journal, a great difficulty is in the lack of *esprit* among literary men of the right sort. Men like Holmes, Lowell and Saxe, for instance, by adding their work and good will to such an undertaking, might give it prestige at once. The scarcity of first class artists, too, and the absence of a really great caricaturist, furnish another obstacle. Still the question of support is the main one after all. A good paper would be forthcoming, in spite of the difficulties mentioned, were people willing to buy it. Money

can accomplish much, and if it cannot make artists or humorists, it can encourage men of an artistic or humorous turn to develop their talents and do their best. The success of *Vanity Fair* in every way but the pecuniary one proves this. Why, then, in the second place, was the support not forthcoming? It certainly seems strange that America, which boasts such a long line of more or less famous humorists, should be wanting in a fit journalistic exponent of its sense of the ludicrous.

The *Herald's* explanation, that it supplies the want of such a paper, is not altogether contemptible. The foreign press maintains a uniform dignity in its discussion of serious themes, which drives men for their fun and satire to papers specially devoted to it, and so gives the latter a chance to live. Our "serious" press may be said to have no existence, for wit and humor, personal hits and sarcastic allusions, are pressed into employment, whenever they can be made to "tell," no matter how dignified be the subject under discussion. This practice of course lessens the demand for a strictly "humorous and satirical" journal. The rapidity of political changes and the consequent want of familiarity with the features and peculiarities of public men, is a great hindrance to the production of forcible cartoons. "Caricatures of Palmerston, Russell, 'Dizzy,' and other prominent Englishmen, are at once appreciated by every reader of *Punch*; but not one person in a hundred would recognize the portraits of more than two or three living American statesmen. In addition to this, less interest is felt in politics by the refined, educated class in this country than in Europe." The intolerance of partisan feeling, is another drawback. If the paper is nominally independent, each party thinks it is "sold" to the other; if it is partisan, the other party opposes it; if it is neutral, it lacks interest. Then, too, the influential papers of the country fail to take kindly to the comic journal, as in other countries, or help it along. They never fairly criticize it, or urge its claims. They rather ignore its existence, or mention it with a mild sort of derision if at all.

Perhaps, after all, the real difficulty arises from the comparative newness, and consequent enormous physical activity of the country, which retards the formation of a steady, cultivated, well-to-do-class, capable of appreciating, and willing to pay for,

a good humorous journal like *Vanity Fair*. Many people with a liking for such things, seem to be unaware that even jokers cannot live without money, and so "support" a paper without buying it. They compare the square inches of *Mrs. Grundy* with those of the *Tribune*, and "can't see" why the former should cost fifteen cents, while the latter costs but three. They conveniently disregard the comparative size of the audience which each paper addresses, and the comparative difficulty of producing a vituperative "leader" for the one and a genial humorous article for the other. The English understand these things better. They are willing to pay for a good thing if they like it, for they know its patrons must be few. If they are mistaken in believing that all cheap things are therefore nasty, the mistake is not without its advantages. The cost of issuing the twelve numbers of *Mrs. Grundy*, comprising in all less than one hundred and fifty not very large pages, was over seven thousand dollars. To render the publication a proper support, fifteen thousand subscribers, representing at the usual calculation seventy-five thousand readers, would be required. The actual circulation of the paper referred to was less than six thousand.

It is the fashion among certain persons to profess a wonderful interest in the London *Punch*, and to assert that America cannot produce its equal. The six volumes of *Vanity Fair* are a standing refutation of the assumption. Very few people in this country are well enough informed about English affairs to appreciate the better part of *Punch* at all, but the comprehensible part of it is not now of such a very high degree of excellence as to deserve many eulogiums. It is, though, simply horrible to see its tasteful and well executed illustrations of social life reproduced by the "broad-axe" style of engraving, and in this mutilated condition made to do duty in our sadly miscalled comic papers. In the interests of civilization the practice should be stopped, but there is probably no help for it. Even this tends to show why *Vanity Fair* could not succeed. That out of our "thirty millions" of people, "seventy-five thousand" cultivated and appreciative readers cannot be found to support such a paper, seems a pity. The pity 'tis, 'tis true.

DROPPED.

[IMITATED FROM M. O'R.]

Never again to the chapel
To rush at the sound of the bell ;
Never again in the chapel
To turn the stealthy leaves ;
Never again be prompted
By the chap who could always tell ;
Never again to dream the dream
That college music weaves.

Never again call "Comrade"
To the men who were comrades for years ;
Never to hear their voices,
Tender, or sweet, or solemn ;
Never to be "Alumni"—
'Tis this we think of with tears ;—
Never, alas ! to be enrolled
In the dazzling graduates' column.

Never again flunk Euclid,
Or cram for an annual ex ;
Never again in Lyceum
To skin the pages of Puckle ;
Never again in the mazes
Of German qur brains to vex ;
Never again at instructor's jokes
To solemnly smile or chuckle.

Never again pitch pennies,
Or go with the crowd to the float ;
Never give out elections
At the solemn midnight hour ;
Never again waste treasure
Small prize-fights to promote ;
Never again to sit on the fence,
That bound of our elm-clad bower.

Wretched, forlorn and lonesome,
The glory of life grown dim,
Brooding alone o'er the memory
Of the bright, glad days gone by ;
Nursing a better fancy,
An idle regretful whim,
Oh, comrades, this leaving is harder—
We know it is easy to lie !

Never again to the class room
To rush at the sound of the bell ;
Never again in the class room
To turn the stealthy leaves ;
Never again be prompted
By the chap who could always tell ;
Never again to dream the dream
That young ambition weaves.

LIGHT WANTED.

THE prizes placed at the disposal of the faculty, and regularly offered by them to the undergraduates for the encouragement of English composition, are those derived from the Clark fund, contested for sophomore year, and the Townsend premiums, at the close of the course. The latter are six in number, but the former are far more numerous, ranging nominally from nine to twelve—according to the number of divisions, to each of which three are offered,—but in reality from sixteen to twenty, on account of most of the prizes being split. As these are offered twice a year, at the close of the first and second terms, from thirty to forty prize compositions are annually derived from this source alone. Then the prize debates, which have from the faculty a sort of quasi recognition, by offering six prizes to each of the four classes and splitting the greater part of them, are the means of annually conferring a like or greater number of literary honors. Besides these, other prizes are bestowed at irregular intervals, as for the best poem from the sophomores, for the best classical essay from the Juniors, and for English compositions from the Seniors.

Of this large number of productions upon which the faculty pronounces its approval, less than a dozen ever see the light. It is customary for the LIT. to publish two of the Townsends, five or six of the sophomore compositions, and the sophomore poem; the *Courant*, too, publishes a Townsend; and there the matter ends. We submit that this is not as it should be. With all respect for the prize writers of the past, we give it as our opinion that the columns of a magazine, heavy enough at the best, are the last things that should be borne down by the weight of their essays. To publish them is to allow the faculty rather than the editors to shape the character of the periodical in which they appear; for it should be remembered that such productions are not selected for publication because in the eyes of the editor they are meritorious and appropriate, but because in the eyes of the faculty they have found favor and been adjudged worthy; as witness the uniform selection of the *first-prize* sophomore compositions.

There probably never was an award of literary prizes in college that gave satisfaction to all. To expect entire impartiality in the

judges, is to look for something which in the nature of things can never be gained. To expect that each disappointed contestant will not feel himself aggrieved in any case, would be absurd. But while there can be no remedy for this, it is yet possible to silence grumblers, in a measure, by allowing them to make public their complaints. That is, by letting the world know the kind of writing encouraged by the college authorities. *By publishing every literary production to which a prize is awarded.*

The advantages arising from this plan it would be hard to over-estimate. The desire of an audience is a part of the nature of a writer, and to many the certainty of publication if successful would be a greater inducement to effort than the largest possible prize. The low-prize man, who in his own opinion deserved better things, could then appeal to the public to compare his own with more fortunate productions, and whatever the result of their verdict, he would at least be silenced if not convinced. The different "divisions," too, could be compared; relative popularity and treatment of different kinds of subjects made evident; the more deserving half of a split prize be decided upon; the borrowers of other men's thoughts, who forget to employ the inverted commas, be oftener exposed; and the efforts of those whose common compositions are written by their classmates be fully examined. Furthermore, by ordering the printer to "follow the copy" in every particular, it would be possible to note a writer whose ideas of punctuation are derived from John Wilson, in distinction from another who takes Charles Reade as his model; or one who patterns his paragraphs after a Paris feuilleton from another who follows the example of the theological reviews. And in the case of the debates, publication would further indicate to what extent "good elocution" and "skill in delivery" may overbalance "weight of argument" and "graceful rhetoric." In a word, it would bring into the light of a healthful public opinion all that is now kept in the dark, and would thus allow criticism to expose defects and indicate reforms.

The expense of printing could be partly met by various means. The sophomore composition prizes, though amounting to quite a sum taken together, have little more than a nominal value individually, and we think that no one would object, in case the successful essays were printed, to have the awards honorary, and

the prize money given to the printer. From the abundant funds of the two "literary societies," on the other hand, it would be easy enough to appropriate a proportionate amount, in behalf of the successful debaters. Then, too, from the sale of the publication a considerable sum could be realized, for each of those who in this manner "got into print" would need several copies to send away to friends and admirers; the classmates and college friends of each would purchase, in duty bound; and the small army of "memorabil hunters" would gladly make sure of this addition to their "collections." At the very least, a hundred copies would in this way be disposed of. There would still doubtless sometimes be a deficit, which we suppose would have to be met by that sadly drawn upon "general fund" of the college. But even if it came to this, we know of no way in which the money could be more profitably expended—needed as it is in so many other directions. We might here suggest, "in case this should reach the eye of" one intending to found another literary prize in the college, that he can no better carry out his purpose than by establishing a fund for the publication of the literary awards from already existing endowments.

The oversight of the proposed publication would naturally belong to the Professor of English Literature, but might, for whatever reason, be deputed to some other member of the faculty. Our idea would be to have it a double columned octavo, issued in parts at convenient seasons to form an annual volume, and called by some such name as the "Yale Prize Essayist," or "Repository," to indicate its purpose; to this a brief note explaining the nature of the different awards, together with an index of names and titles, could be prefixed. In addition to what has been mentioned, it might be thought advisable to include the Berzelius prize essay of the Scientific School, and perhaps the class poem and oration, in the same publication. The first part might be issued early in the second term, containing the prize debates; the second towards its close, containing the sophomore compositions in part; the third at the middle of the third term, containing the remainder of the compositions, the freshman debates, and the Townsends; the fourth and last towards its close, containing the second series of sophomore compositions, the Berzelius essays, the oration and poem. Perhaps it would be found best to reduce the number of

parts to three or even two; possibly to increase the number. The plan could be narrowed down so as to embrace the compositions only, or extended so as to include many of the pamphlet publications of college, as the commencement orations and poems, the obituary records, and so on; the advantage in the latter case being on the one hand, lessened expense, and on the other, greater compactness and durability. Whatever form it might finally take, it seems to us that the general plan proposed is practicable and highly advantageous, and we should rejoice to see it in some way carried out. The *LIT.* would then always indicate what "the students of Yale College," when left to themselves, choose to write about; the *Repository* in what manner the same individuals treat the themes provided by the faculty; and the outside critic be thus enabled to discuss fairly the characteristics of these two varieties of college literature.

HARD SWEARING.

THE habit of hard swearing, forced upon a man by his college course, is really something so alarming that an authoritative protest ought to be raised against it. As a means of attracting attention to the matter, we venture to say a few words—not about "profanity," as perhaps some may judge from our title, but in regard to the real value of hard swearing as a means of government. As the *Nation* remarked when commenting on the wholesale administration of oaths to the rebels at the close of the war: "the plan is essentially mediæval, and relies for nearly all its efficacy on ideas and theories which have long ago lost their force. It has for five hundred years been tried steadily by all sorts of governments, corporations and institutions, as a means of keeping obnoxious or dangerous people out, or making lazy or unscrupulous people do their duty, and it has never succeeded, though it has led to a monstrous deal of perjury. Oaths owe nearly all their value to the depth of the impression they make on the persons who take them; but they seldom make much impression on people who take them frequently or see them taken frequently. This act, like all other acts, is robbed by familiarity and habit of whatever solemnity may under ordinary circumstances attach to it."

The absurdity of our compulsory matriculation oath has been occasionally remarked upon, but it cannot be too often made public. Every "probationary" member of the college, who has been here long enough to show "satisfactory proofs of good moral character,"—a period varying, according to circumstances, from six months to three years,—must be "sworn in" by solemnizing agreeing to the following tolerably comprehensive oath: *I promise, on condition of being admitted as a member of Yale College, on my Faith and Honor, to obey all the laws and regulations of this College; particularly that I will faithfully avoid intemperance, profanity, gaming, and all indecent, disorderly behavior, and disrespectful conduct to the Faculty, and all combinations to resist their authority; as witness my hand.* Passing by the ludicrous implication in the word "particularly," and the difficulty of avoiding all of the specified vices, let us examine these laws and regulations which we so solemnly swear to observe. The pamphlet entitled "Laws of Yale College," has held for some years a recognized position in American humorous literature. Its really amusing character should secure it a closer perusal than its somewhat forbidding title invites. A few specimen jokes are rules of this kind: No student can be absent from his room in "study hours"—whatever that may mean. No student can go out in a sail boat without leave. No student who gets a college prize, or appointment, or society election, or office, can "treat" his comrades on account thereof. No student can attend a theatrical performance, or play billiards, cards or dice, or keep cards in his chamber. No student can institute, or take part in, any public dramatic exhibition, or furnish an engraved card of invitation thereto. No student can indulge in hallooing, singing, loud talking, playing on a musical instrument, or making noise of any kind in the college yard.

In this meaningless collection of by-gone forms and defunct regulations, some of the real rules which govern college action find a place. But we pledge our honor to obey them *all!* It almost seems too bad to talk about this; to acknowledge that no man can graduate from Yale without committing perjury; but the ignoring of facts cannot change them, and silence cannot reform abuses. Were the bulk of nominal college laws pruned down so as to include only those whose enforcement is attempted, this compulsory administration of oaths to obey them would not be justified, but its most outrageous features would be in a great

measure mitigated. It would not be justified, because even then it would be absolutely without effect, and nothing can justify a perfectly useless oath. "Uncle Sam's" innumerable oaths never made the Andover boys particularly moral or orderly, or prevented their issuing the usual mock programmes; nor do those of the Princeton faculty kill out secret societies or suppress the "Rake." The college has of course the right to make and enforce any laws it may deem expedient; but to resort to the worn out despotic trick of extorting oaths of obedience is at this late day absurd.

Perhaps many college men may smile at this indignation over what they account so small a matter, because the thing has come to be so purely a matter of form that obedience is never seriously expected by any one; in fact, not one man in a hundred ever thinks the second time of his matriculation oath, and no one but a lunatic would ever seriously set about obeying it. But it is not a small thing, this accustoming men to the forms of perjury; for though the spirit of the thing may in this case be absent, when met with elsewhere it will appear less repulsive, and the surroundings of a real oath grow less sacred. Familiarity should not be allowed to breed contempt for a man's word of honor, nor should serious things be made a laughing stock. If, as good judges agree, it be poor policy to habitually demand from men oaths for the performance of things desirable and possible; what should be said of that practice which extorts from men oaths for the performance of things neither the one nor the other?

The collegian's hard swearing does not, however, end with the taking of his matriculation oath—far from it. He swears to be "true to the interests and faithful to the secrets" of one or the other of the literary societies, when he first enters college. If this be a metaphorical expression for paying his taxes,—which he is forced to do, on account of their being placed on his term bill, the items of which he never examines,—he may be said to keep his oath. Under any other circumstances, he is again a perjurer, for he never fulfills an appointment or goes near the halls. An oath of similar purport, but generally of a more minute, specific and "iron-clad" character, he assents to on his initiation into any of the class societies, with from one to four of which he becomes connected. From a pretty extensive knowledge of these pledges I may say that, as might naturally be expected, they in-

variably contain a greater or less amount of bosh, and in the strictest sense are kept by no one. It is true, however, that in a general way they are duly observed by very many, and that the case of a man openly "going back on" his society is an extremely rare one. Undoubtedly, of the three kinds of oaths mentioned, these come the nearest to being kept, and in some societies nearer than in others, and in fact are the only ones held binding at all; but it is equally true that in the strict sense the collegian takes his society oath but to break it, and becomes a perjurer in fact, even though not one in intention.

Every one knows all this, and yet no one thinks the worse of a man for being an oath breaker in the six possible cases we have mentioned,—and there may be others besides them,—or accounts him otherwise than honorable, or believes him incapable of keeping his word, or, in fact, considers him in any way as he would consider a common perjurer. This is certainly right, but it encourages a sentiment which is as certainly wrong. A man whose existence in college necessitates his becoming several times a perjurer, may be pardoned for throwing the blame of his oath-breaking where it fairly belongs, that is to say, upon the devisers and upholders of this system of hard swearing, but he cannot rid himself of the pernicious effects of seeing serious things trifled with or sacred things made common; he cannot but be injured by the mock solemnities which surround him. That a man is morally bound to tell the truth under all circumstances, is something yet to be proved. But that a man *is* bound to keep his word by every consideration of morality and honor, may be said to be beyond dispute. It is for its manifest tendency to weaken, in whatever degree, this most sacred of obligations that our habit of hard swearing is to be lamented, deprecated and condemned.



INTERFERENCE.

It is pleasant to think that Mr. Bristed's "Interference Theory of Government" has gone into a second edition, thus achieving a success, which, in view of the character of the work, may be considered remarkable. We have seldom met with a book which so thoroughly suited our own ideas of things, which from beginning to end we so heartily agreed with. It is a bold and pointedly

put protest against "paternal," interfering, legislation; against the Puritan idea of making men moral by law, and righteous by act of Congress; against the tyranny that goes under the names of "protection" and "prohibition." In other words, it is a plea for individual liberty, and a defense of Macaulay's "police man" theory of government, which restricts its duties to the protection of person and property, and leaves the individual free.

The first chapter makes a surmise at the causes of the modern interference tendency, which seems to us a plausible one, though our knowledge of the subject does not allow our venturing an opinion. The second chapter, devoted to the "errors" of interference, shows that it is "contrary to the tendency of modern civilization and progress.—Its being the act of a majority does not alter this fact.—It logically leads to a state church.—Presses on the poor more than on the rich.—Demoralizes the community in various ways; by confusing the distinction between real and technical crime; by familiarizing with falsehood those who advocate it; by introducing the handicap principle into economics and morals; by misplacing responsibility." The third chapter treats of "Aquarianism," or the so-called "temperance" movement. This new word of Mr. Bristed's, by the way, should be given a wide currency by those who dislike such perversions of the language as using "temperate" as a synonym for "water-drinking." Noticing the movement as "fraught with the gravest peril to individual liberty," because a bad cause supported by good men is always more dangerous, he brings out the fallacy of the Aquarians' prestige, and goes on to prove the absurdity of their claims by a three-fold argument—the biblical, the physiological and the moral-police; and indicates the results of their theory by applying its principle to the treatment of other vices, licentiousness, gambling, falsehood and slander. He concludes with a forcible "Appeal to Aquarians."

We have made no quotation from the book, for it is easier to make a beginning than an ending, and we should like to quote it all. Its lesson is the old but ever needed one, that everyone should mind his own business, and that governments are no exceptions to the rule. This idea is, naturally, not a palatable one to the large and influential class of half educated, fanatical "reformers," who are bent on stamping out all freedom of opinion and individuality of thought, and it is rarely made public.' Few edi-

tors dare advocate it, and few publishers care to print it. It is only in rare cases like the present, where a gentleman of culture has at once the desire *liberare animam suam*, and the pecuniary independence to be careless of its results, that it is boldly given forth. The man who minds his own business, and insists on being let alone by others, is not a very popular character, despite what is said to the contrary. "The duty he owes to society" is thrown at him as a reproach by his interfering neighbors, who wish under this cloak to meddle with his affairs, to choke their notions down his throat, to force him to pattern his life after *their* model rather than his own.

The tone of the book is of a man of this kind thus brought to bay. Though the arguments are irrefutable, their effect is impaired among those who need them most by the contempt with which these petty tyrants and tyrannies are everywhere alluded to. We fully sympathize with the spirit which prompts this display, but deprecate it for its tendency to arouse resentment rather than excite reform. Yet for the friendly reader it adds an undeniable piquancy, as does also in a greater degree the author's still more reprehensible practice of turning aside at all times and seasons to "polish off" the prominent friends of the interference theory. "It is some small comfort to be allowed openly to call a Greeley a Greeley," without doubt. But we submit that too frequent indulgence in this "small comfort" detracts from the dignity of the author's position, among all except his friends. As enemies or neutrals are most in need of his words, the fewest possible chances should be offered them for complaint about non-essentials.

We admire the taste of the Iowa Germans who sent a copy of this little book to each member of their State Legislature. We wish every shad-eater, every congressman, every voter in the land could read it. We assure our college friends that if, undismayed by the title, they venture to examine it, they will not lay it down till the whole has been gone over. It is interesting and readable, and a dull page does not occur. Nothing but good can come of its widest circulation and most attentive perusal. The believers in the interference theory will find in this book food for reflection which they may digest if they can; while the friends of individual liberty and the *laissez-faire* theory, will admire it as a spirited defence of the old maxim: *Sic utere tuo ut non alienam lædas*.

STOPS AND PAUSES.

THE recent death of the man whose arduous labors had won him the honorable title of *the* Printer of America, is a reminder of the prevailing lack of knowledge among writers of the science in which he was so eminent. Perhaps the very skill which he attained, and the example he thus set to his brethren of the craft, have tended indirectly to spread the false idea that the art of punctuation can be mastered by printers only, and that writers may safely disregard it altogether. Relying upon the typographical judgment of the former, the latter rarely make any attempt at correctness or elegance in the pointing of their manuscripts, and if mistakes occur, "that blundering printer" is of course to blame. That printers do sometimes make the most aggravating and senseless blunders, I should be the last to deny, yet I at the same time make bold to assert that they are entirely innocent of the great majority of sins charged upon them by careless and unthinking writers. Who can conceive of the innumerable manuscript blunders which, thanks to good proof-reading at the printing office, have never appeared in print? Who can estimate the reputations for "correctness and elegance" which come from the unaccredited toil of the unknown proof-reader? Who could recognize some famous productions were they "set up" directly from the "copy"? If, as is well known, skill and accuracy in the correction of proof, require a combination of qualities by no means common in the individual, why should not these qualities, when they appear in the writer, be recognized and encouraged? It were almost desirable, in the interests of honesty, that the noble army of proof-readers and correctors did not exist, for then punctuation would hold its true position as an essential part of the writer's knowledge, and those ignorant of its principles would suffer the consequences. Reference is here made, of course, to those proof-readers who "improve" upon the "copy," not to those who correct deviations from it.

Wilson's work on Punctuation should be read and studied by everyone. In this case as in others, "book learning" cannot supply the place of experience and observation, but a perusal of the volume, aside from imparting knowledge directly, can hardly

fail of inducing a habit of general attention to the matters of which it treats. Punctuation is very far from being an exact science, and no book could be written whose rules would cover all cases that might come up for decision. A few broad, general rules must be adhered to under all circumstances; for instance, a comma can never correctly indicate a full stop, nor a period denote an unimportant pause. After agreeing to these rules, however, almost everything else is left in great part to individual taste. Nothing can be absolutely incorrect so long as "the rules" are followed, but in the decision of the innumerable little variations under these rules lies the whole question of good or bad taste in punctuation. The study of Mr. Wilson's book will lead the writer to understand what good taste consists in, to detect it in his general reading, and to imitate it if he can. Without being in the general sense incorrect, the pointing of a passage may be so bad as to lead to the same result as if it were really "against the rules." The one thing always to be borne in mind is, that the duty of punctuation is not to obscure but to render clear the expression of thought, and that the success of one's efforts depends upon the completeness with which this duty is fulfilled. That pointing, then, best fulfills its important though subordinate office, which attracts the least attention to itself. On the other hand, it is a good rule to let the force of one's thoughts depend as little as possible on the punctuation marks; remembering the English custom of forbidding the use of points at all in the engrossing of certain documents, as a prevention of ambiguity. Undoubtedly, too, other things being equal, the less points one employs the better.

A general correctness in respect of punctuation may be acquired without much difficulty by everyone, and certainly should be acquired; but a knowledge of the real philosophy of the thing, a delicate perception of the meaning of the different points, and of the subtle shades of distinction which often pertain to apparently similar passages, and thus require different pointings,—all this, and much like it that need not be specified, only the closest observation and long experience can bring. It is the natural fault of printing-house punctuation, that though always in the main correct, it is not always or usually tasteful or delicate. It is too much after certain "rules" which a particular printer

has adopted, and which to him have no exceptions. In a word, it lacks the individuality of the writer. The habit of entrusting the final pointing of a manuscript to the printer, may be compared to the habit of deputing the "reader" to re-write it, as is sometimes done. The fault in both cases is the same in character but differs only in degree. Aside from its bad effects on themselves, this ignorance of writers often causes others to suffer; for by relying for correct pointing entirely upon the printer they force him into the habit of adapting to his own "rules" the marks of those who do punctuate correctly, and who, if unable to scrutinize the proof, are apt to be vexed by his variations from the "copy" prepared by themselves.

The comma is generally well enough used, though made to do more than its rightful duty by those who think it is always a "safe" mark to employ. They often make it take the place of the semi-colon which they are distrustful of, and sometimes of the colon which they avoid altogether, though the period is oftener used in place of the latter. Printers are apt to depart from the "copy" when commas are used to indicate a parenthetical clause. They incline in such cases to omit one or both of them. When several adjectives come together and the last two are connected by "and," the writer may sometimes desire to express the comma before "and" and sometimes to omit it, but the printer is apt to follow one rule or the other without variation, not comprehending that there may be different shades of meaning in cases apparently so similar. The mistakes in using the period mark to indicate abbreviation are numerous and amusing. Notable among them from its frequency is the error of abbreviating *Doctor of Laws*, or the Latin *Legum Doctor*, by *L. L. D.*, pronounced *el-el-dee*. Inasmuch as the *L* is doubled to denote the plural of *law* or *lex*, it is of course absurd to punctuate or pronounce the abbreviation as if each *L* stood for a separate word. *LL. D.*, pronounced *double-el-dee*, is therefore the only correct method of abbreviating *Doctor of Laws*. And yet people who profess to be educated, still cling to this senseless blunder, and sometimes go so far as to assert its correctness! This example well illustrates the danger of leaving to the printer the decision of such matters. Mistaking the significance of the letters, he has, by his vicious punctuation, encouraged among men who

should, and probably do, know better, an habitual mis-pronunciation of them, indicative of ignorance or carelessness. The apostrophe, indicative of the possessive case or of omitted letters, is also often misunderstood and misused.

The skilful employment of the marks of quotation is a difficult accomplishment. To say nothing of the nice judgment required in selecting a tasteful quotation, the right expression of it is by no means easy. Sometimes a familiar phrase looks better with the marks, sometimes without them. Sometimes the inverted commas may invest a word with "biting sarcasm," sometimes their removal from the accustomed place may have the same effect. What is true of punctuation in general, is especially true of this branch of it, in which any but the most general rules are utterly valueless, and everything depends upon the tact and good judgment of the individual. To divine when a quotation is just familiar enough to be the better relished for the want of marks, when one receives an additional piquancy from being fully indicated, when a technical, slangy or doubtful term has been fairly naturalized, when it cannot be safely left to itself—all this indicates genius and cultivation of a high order. So also the clear comprehension when the marks should begin every line of prose or of poetry, when every sentence or stanza, when they should occur only at the beginning and end, when they should indicate the change from the oblique to the direct quotation and the reverse—is won only by practice and close observation. Well may it be said of him who fully understands the philosophy of the inverted commas, that he is certainly no common man.

The exclamation point is perhaps as badly abused as any, by persons given to superlatives, and may be safely let alone entirely by those who do not comprehend its significance. The mark of interrogation is often misplaced at the end of a sentence, when it should stand in the middle, through some false notion of necessity. Both the symbols are frequently included in a quotation when they belong outside it, or the reverse; for printers rarely distinguish between cases in which the interrogation or exclamation is a part of the quotation or independent of it. The brackets are rarely misused, being in general employed only by those who understand them. The sins in regard to them, if any, are

wholly those of omission. The marks of parenthesis, which the old spelling book used to say were interchangeable with the brackets, seem to be gradually giving way to the dash, and sometimes to the comma, and even the colon. Their clumsy appearance naturally tends to drive them out of use, yet there are cases where no other points can well take their place. The dash meets with perhaps as indiscriminate a usage as any of the points, not even excepting its friend the comma, which it so often supersedes. Like it, it is also thought to be an eminently "safe" mark to employ, and with many it takes the place of everything short of the full stop. Yet with the careful writer it has its own place, outside which it is never allowed. The hyphen may be considered the opposite of the dash, as it joins rather than separates. The rule that it should only come between the different syllables of a word divided by the end of a line is now generally disregarded in practice, for the greater convenience of printers. There seems at all events, no other reason for the neglect of so sensible a regulation, which in manuscript at least should always be observed. In what compounds the hyphen should be used and in what avoided, the writer's tact and experience must decide.

The topic might be drawn out to almost any length without exhausting it, and in the present article it has been barely touched upon. It may perhaps be resumed at another time, when it is intended to offer a few words in regard to a kindred subject—the use and abuse of capital letters. Meanwhile, with the hope that what has been said may induce some to pause and reflect upon the important matter of punctuation, the present remarks thereabouts are brought to a full stop.

MINOR TOPICS.

THE list of old "feuilletons," published in another part of this Number, suggests the propriety of offering a word of congratulation on the apparent dying out in college of the sort of thing which their appearance indicated. Its latest—and we sincerely trust its last—gasp, was shown in the mock programmes of '68's Junior Exhibition, April, 1867. We are proud of our own class

that no member was found mean enough to disgrace it in a similar way this year, and we trust, as said before, that the disreputable practice will never again be revived. There is nothing to be said in its favor. It is mean in its very nature, and, though there are degrees in everything, at its best it is always bad. It is tripping a man in the dark and stabbing him in the back. To be stabbed is not pleasant, but to know one's adversary and be offered a fair fight supplies a partial satisfaction. It is the easiest thing in the world to pick out the weak points of a man, that is of a man with character enough to have any prominent points at all; but to make them public, causes pain without any compensating advantages. Were the publishers of these personal innuendoes unprejudiced and impartial, their remarks though not justified, would still have a certain value. But in reality they are almost always disappointed men, who are dissatisfied with the success of their betters, and resort to this safely obscure way of venting petty malice or personal enmity. Class histories are often objectionable enough, but they are seldom dictated by hatred, and publicity serves to prevent the historian from taking undue advantage of his office. This anonymous personal abuse and vituperation is, moreover, an essentially childish manifestation, and best flourishes in the preparatory schools and smaller colleges. It is no small proof of the personal dignity and self respect that attaches to a Yale student, that this sort of thing has always been frowned down upon and regarded as disreputable, so that at last it seems to have died out altogether. Let us be thankful that this is the case, and trustful that the ill-disposed of the future may have the sharpness to comprehend that ventures in the mock-programme or *Gallinipper* way can never be successful ones here.

THAT one of the Rules of Yale College which forbids students boarding at hotels has always seemed to us harsh and unreasonable. A stranger reading them over would without doubt include this among the many defunct regulations of the institution. Strange to say, it is strictly enforced. Why this is thus it would be hard to tell. We never heard anything said in defence of the rule, and think it impossible that it can be defended. If there ever was a time so virtuous that there were no bars except in public houses, and students were forbid fre-

quenting the latter lest they too often patronize the former, that time has long gone by. With more convenient places on every hand, our hotels are rarely visited for purposes of potation. They can, however, supply acceptable food at comparatively fair rates, and would be largely patronized by students were this senseless regulation withdrawn, or disregarded, like so many others. Hotel board seems the only remedy for the miserable provender of private boarding houses, or the extortions of club life. A great many students of course could not afford it; but why should those who can, be forced by college law either to content themselves with poor food or be swindled in obtaining better?

THE remarks in regard to the Wooden Spoon Exhibition, contained in our Editor's Table for June, have been very favorably noticed by our exchanges, and the plan advocated in regard to it has met with general approval in college. It was probably suggested too late to be put in force by '69's Committee, and we refer to it at this time that the men in '70 may have full opportunity to think over the matter before their class-meeting in January, and be prepared to take action upon it then, if it shall seem advisable. Without by any means endorsing all the ideas expressed or implied in the remarks referred to, or asserting that any wrongs were actually committed on the occasion in question, we yet do assert, what we presume no one is bold enough to deny, that under the present system the grossest abuses are at all times possible. We do assert that the system is wrong, senseless, unbusinesslike; and that therefore it should be superseded by something more creditable and satisfactory.

It probably originated when the Exhibition was rather insignificant and only quasi-respectable in character, and so could only be carried through by voluntary contributions; when people cared enough about it to attend, but not enough to pay its expenses without solicitation. This time has long since passed, and the plan should have departed with it. The Spoon Exhibition has come to be the great thing of the year, and to secure "good seats" therefor is the problem of the third term with all. That—instead of selling the seats at a handsome profit, giving everyone a chance, and satisfying all,—the tickets are "given away,"

the junior class and the Cochs made to pay the bills, and the grumblers given a full sweep, does certainly seem the climax of absurdity. Our plan would be something like this: Let the Cochs reserve a certain number of seats for themselves and their predecessors. After this let the best seats be offered to members of the junior class at a fair price, either on the "first-come-first-served" principle, or possibly at auction. Then let the remaining members of college procure seats on the same terms. Without doubt enough tickets would still remain to present to such college men as, for whatever reason, neglected to purchase seats. In this way justice would be done, and favoritism be made impossible. Is it possible to conceive of anyone calling the plan "mercenary"? How as to the Beethoven concerts, the Gymnastic exhibitions, the Spoon promenades even, are they then not "mercenary"? The fact is that the Spoon is of all our shows the best and the costliest—its expenses varying from \$1,500 to \$2,000. It amuses and entertains many, who are willing and able to pay for their enjoyment. Why should they not be allowed to do it? Why should the burden be borne by Juniors only, under the specious plea that custom and class dignity demand it? We will wait till January for the answer.

AND while in the way of advice giving, there is another little thing we should like to see decided, "about that time." It is well known that the Junior Promenades of late years have been failures, gradually going down as the Spoon Promenades have become more and more attractive. The last one was attended by almost no one from outside the city, and though the party was very "select" it was also so "small" as to present quite a lonesome appearance. Owing to the small sale of tickets, a tax of five dollars was levied on every member of the junior class, and several members of the committee lost a great deal more than that. We presume the Promenade is devised as a means for defraying the expenses of the band which discourses music for the Junior Ex. Of late it has woefully failed of its purpose, and the result is the natural one of students and faculty trying to carry out a plan together. We do not advise '70 to do away with the April Promenade. We only want them to view the matter with open eyes. If they care to pay five or ten dollars apiece towards

furnishing music for the faculty's Exhibition in the chapel, well and good. If not, let them vote down the project in the first place; for the plan of forcing enough tickets upon the two lower classes to pay for it is essentially "played out." If they do have a Promenade, we advise them if possible to elect "rich men" on their committee, who can advance and be cheated out of a cool hundred or so without personal inconvenience.

THE impression is pretty general in college that, in spite of every precaution, an annual examination rarely passes without some of the questions being discovered beforehand by the most interested parties: sometimes few, sometimes many in number. It therefore seemed somewhat surprising that an exception to the usual custom was made this year, and several examinations vitiated on account of a suspicion that some of the questions were "out" among a greater or less number. The forcing of all, "whether guilty or innocent," to pass a new examination, as in Natural Philosophy, was perhaps just, if not—considering the weather—generous or politic. But the manner of deciding the French examination of the Sophomores, seems to us to have been neither of these. Upon what principle the picking out of a dozen rather poor scholars who "rushed," as being on that account the guilty parties, can be defended, we are not aware. It certainly seems a reasonably odd way of encouraging scholarship, and inciting poor scholars to effort, to inflict upon the most successful ones a double examination. In the case in question it is generally believed that almost none of the twelve picked men knew anything about the matter. If they had known, the principle would have been the same.

THE New Haven Music Hall has perhaps as unenviable a notoriety as any public building in the country. The printer's ink thrown at it by indignant writers would long ago have blackened its outward appearance as it has its general character. The curses of good men that rest upon it should long ago have leveled it to the earth. Without supposing that any appreciable effect will come of our joining in the chorus of maledictions against it, we must yet put in our word with the rest, believing it to be the duty of the journalist to cry out with such force as may be

against existing abuses. That a city which boasts its 50,000 inhabitants, and the largest undergraduate college in the land, should want a respectable place for public amusements and exhibitions, seems remarkable; but that the man-trap on Crown street should be the nearest approach to it is, to again apply the old epithet, a simple disgrace. Its situation upon a back-street, amid surroundings not altogether reputable, renders access to it unpleasant; its entire want of ventilation renders a stay in it oppressive, and its single narrow outlet renders an egress difficult and laborious. In case of fire or accident, how many would escape alive, the least mathematical among us could without difficulty compute. We never see that long entry, densely packed with its mass of slowly moving humanity, without an involuntary shudder, so hopeless would be the chance of escape in case of panic.

Everyone is aware of the awful facts about this building, everyone grumbles about them, and nothing is done. Familiarity breeds contempt, with danger as with everything else. Probably workers in a powder-mill or handlers of nitro-glycerine seldom reflect upon the insecurity of their positions. And so people will continue to go to Music Hall as usual, undismayed by its possible terrors. If ever the horrible calamity does happen, however, perhaps the "affable and gentlemanly proprietor" of this murderous pen, may receive, even in this land of steady habits, a summary settlement of his account, which those in authority seem indisposed to demand at present; and the survivors of the disaster may be put in possession of a "commodious and elegant" hall, worthy of the old Elm City. Until then there is probably little to hope for.

A rule of ours, that any paper or periodical worth reading is worth keeping and so worth binding, has been the means of forming quite a little library for us, and so we venture to recommend its adoption by others. There is hardly a man in college—at least there ought to be none—but what reads and grows attached to some particular paper or magazine. By laying out a small sum at the binder's, his old numbers can be transformed into neat and substantial volumes, and be always in readiness to refer to: otherwise the attempt at preservation is generally a fail-

ure. We hope that every subscriber preserves and binds the *LIT.* It is the testimony of all graduates, that in after years to turn over the pages of the four *LIT.* volumes of their college course, is always a pleasure and a satisfaction. There is really no other reminder of college days that can be kept in such compact and elegant shape, and no subscriber can regret the trifle paid the binder to secure this result. We ourselves bind in the covers and advertisements at the close of each volume, as tending to indicate its character. This plan is generally, and should be always observed by those who attend to the binding of the volumes for the College and Society libraries: as for others, every one to his taste.

ARTEMUS WARD's notice of a "good paper" in which "the advertisements were well written, and the marriages and deaths conducted with signal ability," was not so "sarcastical" altogether as might at first sight appear. Much can be told of a paper's character by the study of its advertisements, and they are always worth glancing over. Of several papers which we have in mind, they form by far the most amusing and entertaining feature. We refer to the subject as an excuse for urging upon our readers the duty of looking over the Supplement to the *LIT.* The reading matter on the first two pages we trust is not altogether uninteresting, as it is of a kind which previous Boards have included in the body of the Magazine. We have thought best to make the business and literary departments entirely distinct, but trust the former will not gain less attention on that account. It is easy enough to glance over our few advertisements, and "make a note of" them; and where there are no other preferences, it is only fair that college men should patronize those who help support their College Magazine. Our remarks do not, of course, refer particularly to the advertisers in the present Number, but to those of the past and future as well.

THE reception of Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt's catalogue of educational and miscellaneous books, again reminds us of the favor which this firm is finding among the literary men of Yale, and of a sort of position it is thereby winning as a recognized Yale publishing house. Though a young firm—having been estab-

lished Jan. 1, 1866, by Mr. Henry Holt of '62, who had had some little experience as a publisher, joining with Mr. Frederick Leypoldt, who had been for several years engaged in the business—it has, by the purchase of two series of books for the study of foreign languages formerly published by firms in Boston, thus early gained a leading position for publications of this character; while its care in the selection of its miscellaneous books has already caused its imprint to be accepted as a voucher for respectability and interest.

During the last two years it has issued the following books, wherewith Yale men have had to do, every one of which has received the approval of the best qualified critics, and brought credit on all concerned: "The Myths of the New World," by Dr. Daniel G. Brinton, Chairman of the LIT. Board of '58. "The Interference Theory of Government," by Charles Astor Bristed of '36. "Poems," by Edward R. Sill, LIT. Board of '61. "Poems," by Robert K. Weeks, Wooden Spoon man of '62. "An Episode of the Kalevala," translated by the late Prof. John A. Porter of '42. "Fathers and Sons," translated from the Russian by Dr. Eugene Schuyler of '59. "The Man with the Broken Ear," translated from the French by Henry Holt of '62. To which we may add "Critical and Social Essays from the *N. Y. Nation*," several of which were written by Yale professors. "A German Grammar and Reader," by Prof. William D. Whitney, and a "French Grammar and Reader," by Prof. Edward B. Coe of '62, are also to be put forth in the course of the next year. The "Gleanings from Yale Literature," projected by R. W. Ayres and W. A. Linn, LIT. Board of '68, would have been, and perhaps will be, published by this firm.

Aiming as it does, and successfully too, to build up a character, rather than simply to make money, and proving, as it does, that the position of the publisher is something higher than that of the mere tradesman, demanding culture as well as executive ability, the firm of Leypoldt & Holt deserves all success, and we heartily wish that as it grows older it will become more and more recognized as *the* publishing house for all literary Yalensians.

THE nearness of the national election reminds us of a custom which used to be in vogue at Williston Sem., and which might possibly be worth popularizing here. Every election night a "grand mass meeting" of students was called together, and addressed by representatives of each political party, chosen from among their number. These individuals then took charge of the "polls," and after seeing that the "right of suffrage" was fairly exercised, announced the result, "amid great applause." These occasions served at once to make a little pleasurable excitement, and to indicate the political tendencies of the future statesmen. Inasmuch as the Dutch and Irish persons who control the city government object to having the "dommed ignorant sthudents" vote, perhaps it may be well, "just for a joke," to go through the forms in lack of the substance,—especially as the substance has come to be such a very poor "right," after all. Perhaps, were the political sentiments of college thus indicated, those who think they run entirely in one direction would find themselves mistaken. Perhaps not.

THOSE members of the class of '70 who disgraced themselves and the college, two years ago, by daubing the symbol of their class, and various defiant remarks to the Sophs, upon the fences and public buildings, must feel flattered by observing how closely their noble example has been imitated by persons in the two succeeding classes. To reflect that they are the founders of so tasteful a "custom" must be satisfaction indeed! Of all the bad ways which some in college are sure to follow, this seems to us the worst, and the least excusable. To sneak out in the night with a paint pot, and scrawl "72" or "Ho Soph" upon the fences in town, is a defiance so superlatively silly, so inconceivably weak and childish, that none but the most infantile of Freshmen can consider it bold or manly. But when it comes to disfiguring the college buildings—ye gods! what are we to expect? Are the Goths and Vandals again let loose, and barbarism once more to dawn upon us?

We have no sympathy with the almost universal college sentiment in regard to the treatment of Freshmen. Nothing would suit us better than to have these make a manly defence against imposition, and bring their sophomore tormentors to grief. But

for a Fresh caught in the act of daubing "72" upon a public building, we would have no mercy. Anything short of absolute murder would not be too much for his crime. A person so bereft of all civilized instincts as to be capable of such a deed deserves nothing else than to be treated like the barbarian he is. It is high time that the college authorities took the matter in hand. It is an evil that will increase if not stamped out. Thus far, only the older college buildings have been desecrated. If the thing is allowed to go on, in a few years the visitor to the Art Building or Library may notice "74" or "75" smeared upon the polished pillars of the one, or the turrets of the other. Perchance even the chapel pulpit will be invaded. At any rate fresh fields and pastures new will of course be sought after, by these as by other "painters." We are not so despairing of human nature, as to believe that any large number of men in any class approve of this disreputable practice. But it disgraces the class in whose name it goes, and the whole college as well. It should be a matter of personal interest to everyone that the guilty parties be discovered. If they ever are found out, in the name of decency let justice be done!

THE attempt made in Congress, some two years ago, to render popular the use of the government stamped envelopes, by allowing their sale at the same price as the stamps which they bear, that is by supplying the envelope gratis, deserved success, but was defeated by the efforts of the envelope makers, who declared that they and their employees would be ruined were such a law put in force. No one seemed to be well enough informed on the matter to state, as a quietus to their fears, that in the various continental states of Europe, where no charge is made for the envelope, the simple stamps are very generally preferred and the envelope trade not perceptibly affected. The stamped envelope has never been very popular, and is never likely to largely supersede the common kind, yet it would undoubtedly come into more general use, could it be sold at the price of the stamp, as under the plan proposed. It is even now, the cheapest envelope in the market, and by far the most convenient for persons of extended correspondence. Did college men better appreciate this, they would not so often find themselves on Sunday

evenings forced to "buy, beg or borrow," at great inconvenience, the stamps necessary to forward by the night mail the epistolary results of their day's application.

IN an account of the Exeter Phillips Academy, written by Prof. George A. Wentworth of that institution, and published in the *Courant* last February, occurs the following rather curious statement: "I must add here that the academy does not fit for any one college in particular.....Students.....receive, at the end of the course, letters for any college they prefer." Now Exeter is known everywhere as *the* fitting school for Harvard, which fact of itself rather tells against the assertion quoted. But in addition to this, every man who has ever attended that institution knows that all its influence is given in favor of Harvard. From the principal to the youngest tutor, all join together in urging in every way the claims of that college, the policy, even the duty of attending it. A man intending to enter another college is looked upon as little short of a criminal or outcast, and allowed to graduate as it were under protest. In a word, there is no preparatory school in the country more directly devoted to a single college than is Exeter to Harvard. We do not mention this as a reproach, for an academy has a right to support any college it chooses, but when a professor in an institution so bitterly partisan as Exeter publishes the statement that it "fits for no college in particular," it may be well to make a note of it.

MR. BRISTED'S "Five Years at an English University"—which has been out of print for several years, on account of the plates being destroyed by the burning up of the Harpers' establishment in December, 1853,—is, probably, with all its faults, the best account we have of university life abroad; being altogether more complete and exhaustive than Mr. Everett's "On the Cam," which serves in a measure to take its place. There has always been quite a demand for the former book, which certainly should be, as it certainly is not, in every school and college library, and the inquiry is frequently raised, why is it not reprinted? Probably because Mr. Bristed does not care to trouble himself with actively managing the matter, and no publisher has seen fit to take it off his hands. It seems to us, however, that the

reprinting of the book is desirable on its own account, and would also be profitable to its publisher; and knowing nothing further than this, we venture to suggest to the "Yale firm" elsewhere mentioned, the propriety of taking the matter in hand.

WE always wonder why it is that there are never enough programmes printed for the various college exhibitions. When once the type is set up and the press in operation, the expense of striking off an extra two or three hundred is a comparative trifle. There is really no excuse for this carelessness in providing a plenty for all, and as the remedy is so easy we are not without hopes that it may be employed. Somewhat more difficult would it be to effect another desirable reform in this direction: we mean the printing of all college and society programmes, order-of-exercises, etc., etc., upon a uniform size of paper. Were this done, the issues of this kind during a man's college course could be bound in a neat and compact volume, easy to refer to and pleasant to look at. As it is now, there are almost as many sizes as there are programmes, and the only way of preserving them is the clumsy device of pasting them in the gigantic scrap book devoted to general memorabilia. We suppose there is no help for it, as there is no particular standard to adopt, and no one to enforce adherence to it if adopted. If only there was an Autocrat of the Printing Office to take the thing in charge, how happy we should be!

MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

OLD YALE PERIODICALS.

A FORTUNATE accident, having placed in our hands several old college publications, suggests to us that a brief history of them may not be uninteresting to our readers, or unprofitable to those who note the changes in college thought and customs. From an article in the *Lit.* for June, 1860, mostly made up from a series in Vol. XIX of the same, we condense the greater part of our account of the

Magazines

Conducted by the Yale students of the past. The first was called the *Literary Cabinet*, which made its appearance Nov. 15, 1806, and died

the following October. Its editors, from the class of 1807, were Thomas S. Grimke, Jacob Sutherland, and Leonard E. Wales, all of whom are dead. The two former were LL. D.s, and the latter an M. A. It consisted of eight pages, a little smaller than this present one, and was published fortnightly at one dollar a year, half in advance. The profits (!) were to be given to the indigent students of the college; as were also those of its successor, the *Athenæum*, which lasted from Feb. 12 to Aug. 6, 1814, under the direction of its five editors from that class: Wm. B. Calhoun, Daniel Lord, George E. Spruill, Wm. L. Storrs, and Leonard Withington. The latter, who is now a "Rev. Dr.," is the only survivor; the others were LL.D.s, except the third who was an M. A., and died the earliest. It was modeled after its predecessor, consisting of eight pages, issued fortnightly at one dollar per annum. The volume of 15 numbers may be found in the Society libraries.

The *Sitting Room* appeared in the Spring of 1830, was a small sized four-page sheet, and put forth in this form six weekly issues. After having "lost money for its proprietors with great hebdomadal regularity" for this length of time, it became merged in the *Palladium*, occupying under its own title the last page of that paper. Eight more numbers were published thus, extending from May 1 to July 31, 1830, on which fated Saturday the *Room* was shut up forever. Its projector and responsible publisher was Oliver E. Daggett of '28, then a law student, now a "Rev. Dr.," and pastor of our College Church. Its principal contributor was W. W. Andrews of '31, then a Junior. The pen-name of the conductors was "Walter Percy & Co."

The *Gridiron* "was a quasi-satirical literary production, of duodecimo form, containing some forty-eight pages, and extending through three or four numbers. It was regarded on the whole as an unfortunate publication, and ended its career somewhere about the year 1830 or 1831." His anonymous editor was John M. Clapp, of '31, since then proprietor of a Bridgeport paper.

The *Student's Companion* extended from January to May, 1831, and issued between those two dates four numbers of fifty pages each. Its cover was ornamented with "a wood cut of a massive table covered with books and manuscripts." It was nominally published by the Knights of the Round Table, who were supposed to be nine in number, and under assumed names assigned to the respective duties, of Narrator, Novelist, Reflector, Critic, Philosopher, Troubadour, Delineator, Recorder, and Politician. Each of these departments was quite distinct, and each supported with great success. It was afterwards found out, however, that the entire magazine was the work of a single individual in the senior class—the late David Francis Bacon, M. D., of New York City, a brother of Rev. Dr. Bacon of '20. It had a cotemporary in the *Little Gentle-*

man, which lasted from Jan. 1 to April 29, 1831. We know very little about this, but from its being called of "a personal character" and "undignified", and its editors being unknown, we judge it to have been of a similar nature to the *feuilletons*, to be noted hereafter.

The *Medley* was the last of the unfortunates, publishing three numbers of fifty-six pages each, between March and June, 1833. Its publishers and writers were anonymous. "It contained thirty-five articles in prose and poetry. The latter is excellent, being written mostly by a single individual, who subscribes himself, '* T. *.' The prose differs somewhat from that of the previous publications, in the character of the subjects, embracing only three articles which can be called essays. The attempt seems to have been made to ensure success, by rendering the magazine more popular in its topics, and its pages are filled chiefly with tales, reminiscences, and dialogues."

The conductors of all these short lived publications were invariably confident of triumphant success, and the possibility of failure or early death was never once considered. The announcement in several cases, that "the profits of the enterprise will be devoted to the support of indigent students," was undoubtedly made in good faith, ludicrous as it now appears. The "indigent" in these days know better than to place many hopes on the "profits" of a college periodical. Not a valedictory was written. Not a final number was ever acknowledged as such, but was always to be followed by "our next number" which never appeared. So steadfast was the determination of these poor college journalists to hope against hope and to never say die! But die they did.

Quite different from this was the spirit manifested in the introduction to the initial number of the YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE, put forth in February, 1836, by a board of editors chosen by and from the junior class. The originator of the enterprise and the real founder of the Magazine was the Rev. William T. Bacon of '37, who, though not an editor, wrote more and worked harder to make the first volume a success than any other individual. He was afterwards an editor of the *New Englander*. The first board of editors—E. O. Carter, F. A. Coe, W. M. Evarts, C. S. Lyman, and W. S. Scarborough of '37—are all alive and have succeeded well in life. It is beyond our purpose to give a history of the Lrr. at this time. Suffice it to say, that this "oldest college magazine" has never once failed to make its appearance from the first, and is apparently destined to live as long as the college which it represents. The *Yale Review* was projected about the year 1859, and from its name, which is about all we know of it, we judge that it aspired to the dignity of a magazine. We understand that the feeble energies of its short life were mostly devoted to starting personal criticisms of the Lrr. writers. Possibly it should be included among the

Feuilletons,

Occasionally put forth, which we believe our present, tolerably complete, list for the first time groups together. Few, we presume, are aware how the *Yale Banner* came into being, or understand the significance of its title. It was brought out to represent the students as against the firemen after the riot of 1841. The latter issued a dingy little sheet called the *City Guard & Moral Scavenger*, which demanded justice against the murderous students and their protecting college, and threw billingsgate at their champion, the *Banner*. It made three appearances, Nov. 12, 20, and Dec. 3. Against this *City Blackguard & Immoral Scavenger*, as it was delicately termed, the *Banner* contended in its four issues of Nov. 5, 12, 26, and Dec. 10, 1841. It aimed furthermore to be a general college newspaper, was to be published weekly at an annual subscription of two dollars, and in size resembled the first numbers of the *Courant*. "Vol. 1, No. 5", however appeared Nov. 3, 1842, and was devoted entirely to names, a catalogue of the college occupying the last three pages, and lists of the secret societies with their cuts the first. "Vol. 2, No. 1" was issued November, 1845, and resembled its predecessor. Thenceforth, each "volume", with a single exception, has consisted of a single annual "number", down to "Vol. 25" of the present year. "Vol. 4" was upon a single leaf, like the later supplements, and contained cuts of all the college buildings, in addition to the usual matter. All the others, down to 1866, were upon single four-page sheets of various sizes; a supplement, of a single leaf, containing the freshman societies, being put forth a week after the main sheet, from the number for 1854 down to that of 1865. Since this time the form has been a double sheet of eight pages. "Vol. 3", for 1851, had three editions dated Oct. 3, 6, and 30—and the last figured as "No. 2", though the contents were not essentially changed. In 1853 the *Banner*, with its supplement, was afterwards republished in pamphlet form. The cut of the college yard appeared in the heading in 1850, and has done duty ever since; advertisements were admitted in 1853, and the cuts of the eating clubs in 1855. From the first, the price was six cents per copy, and five cents for supplements, until 1863, when it was advanced to ten and seven, and 1866, when on the combination of both it was set at fifteen. The typographical arrangement of the paper has varied, as well as the size, but, though some editorial matter has occasionally appeared, especially in the earlier years, its general character since 1842 has been simply that of a catalogue. Its publishers have always been anonymous, and the "good will" of the affair we suppose is handed down from one publisher to another, who of late years have been resident graduates: the three last being F. A. Judson, '66, J. W. Hartshorn, '67, and A. P. Tinker, '68.

The *Yale Banger* apparently chose its name as a sort of take-off on that of its rival the *Banner*, perhaps as indicating that the "bully club", always prominent in its heading, was of more practical utility than a simple flag. It was published by the sophomore society of Kappa Sigma Theta, which lived from 1840 to 1858, of which society the list of members and genuine badge—"the head of chaste Minerva"—always occupied in it the prominent place. The remainder of the first page was taken up with lists of the other secret societies, accompanied in every case by distortions of their badges and mottos; the other sophomore society of Alpha Sigma Phi, which lived from 1846 to 1864, being specially attended to. The remaining three pages comprised personal and political gossip, poetry, advertisements, and notices, of a more or less scurrilous character. When we reflect that most of these Kappa Sigma Theta Sophomores afterwards became members of the upper societies which they ridiculed, we may well admire their independence, whatever may be thought of their taste. The *Banger* made seven appearances: Dec., 1845, Nov. 10, 1846, Oct. 22, 1847, Oct. 23, 1848, Nov. 7, 1849, Dec. 2, 1850, and March 3, 1852. Of these, all but the last were on single sheets of four pages each; the second and third contained catalogues of the open societies and had larger sized pages, while the last was a stitched pamphlet of twelve pages, double the size of this present one. It also differed in character from its predecessors, being garnished with worn out wood cuts of the comic almanac variety, displaying on its last page the genuine badges of the sophomore and freshman societies, and having nothing to say of the others. We may remark in passing that the Amherst branch of Kappa Sigma Theta, issued a paper called the *Amherst Scorpion*, April, 1852, of a character similar to the *Yale Banger*.

Its rival, the *Tomahawk*, was put forth by the Alpha Sigma Phi Sophomores in November, 1847, for the first time, and its four subsequent issues were: Dec. 5, 1848, Nov. 27, 1849, Feb. 7, 1851, and May, 1852. This was also a single sheet of four pages, the two first issues being smaller than the rest. There were two wood cuts in each number: a distortion of the Kappa Sigma Theta badge at the head of the first page, followed by an abusive article regarding the society, and a genuine Alpha Sigma Phi badge at the head of the editorial column on the second page, followed by a list of members. This paper had nothing to say of the upper societies, but confined itself in that direction to its equal and inferiors, and though of the same general character with its rival was yet a shade more disreputable.

A third cotemporary was the *Gallinipper*, whose six numbers were issued as follows: February and March, 1846, November, 1848, Dec. 6, 1849—1853, (?) and January, 1856. This was also printed on a single

large sized four-page sheet, and in character was even more disreputable than the other two; being given up to scurrilous attacks on individual students and members of the faculty. Its editors were of course unknown, but probably belonged to the two upper classes.

The Freshmen, not to be wanting in polite journalistic enterprise, put forth a small *Hornet* in December, 1847, to sting their "natural rulers"; and on Feb. 14, 1850, a *Battery* was set up by those fortunate men in '53 belonging to the Delta Kappa fraternity, to batter down all rivals or oppressors. This, a wood cut on the first page, and the letter-press inside, seem to do most effectually.

The *Meerschauum* of Jan. 23, 1857, published probably by a Junior, and the *Excuse Paper* of January, 1860, edited, as it declares, by men "from every class in college", each consisted of eight small pages, contained nothing good and nothing particularly bad, and were confessedly printed to make money from the patronage of "memorabil hunters."

The *Collegian* of Dec. 1, 1841, the *College Cricket* of April, 1846, and the *City of Elms* of June 3, 1846, were respectable literary papers which for some reason lacked the vitality to issue a second number. Their editors were anonymous. All were single sheets, the latter double the size of the others.

A mock catalogue of the "Officers and Students of Yale College," 36 pp. and yellow cover, was put forth by "R. H. Sawbones, Printer to Y. C." in 1857, and a *Bulletin Catalogue*, of a more respectable character, appeared in the fall of 1863. The first number of the present *Pot Pourri* was published in October, 1865, by Leslie Lewis of '66; the publishers of the subsequent numbers being: 1866, D. J. Burrell of '67; 1867, B. A. Fowler of '68; 1868, W. G. Sperry of '69. We would suggest that the future issues of this deservedly popular annual be regularly numbered and the day of publication indicated.

For the sake of completeness we venture a little out of our way to add a sketch of the *Yale Courant*, which was originated by four members of the class of '66: J. Buckingham, C. C. Chatfield, J. S. Davenport and L. Hall, to whom R. E. Smyth was afterwards added. Its first issue quietly appeared Saturday, Nov. 25, 1865, and regularly thereafter every week in term time until the following Presentation Day, when it was enlarged from four to eight pages, the price increased from five to ten cents per copy, from two to three dollars per annum, the day of publication changed to Wednesday, and a new board of editors chosen by those about to graduate. Those were W. H. Bishop, R. E. De Forest, J. G. Flanders and N. P. Hulst of '67. Meanwhile the paper had become a financial success, and its originators who each owned an equal share of the property, deputed Mr. Chatfield to act as its manager. Things lasted thus

for a year, when the publisher, being unable, through the obstinacy of a single individual, to become sole proprietor, resigned his position and settled up the affairs of the paper. Being thus free to act, he at once started the *College Courant*, enlarged in size but having the same number of pages as the old paper, and offered at the same price. With the beginning of the fourth year in July last, the number of pages was increased to sixteen, and the annual subscription to four dollars; the date of publication again changed to Saturday, though the paper is issued on Wednesday as before; and the plan announced of publishing fifty numbers per annum instead of forty. The undergraduate editors employed from the class of '68 were R. A. Hume, T. C. Welles and D. D. Wolcott; and from '69, F. H. Hamlin, F. A. Scott and G. S. Sedgwick. It may be here noted, as tending to explain certain past occurrences, that no person elected to a senior society has been or can be an editor of the paper.

At the start it was simply a vehicle for Yale news and expressly disclaimed any attempts at literary distinction. It however gradually and continually broadened its field, and has at last become a general newspaper of literature and educational information. Started simply as an experiment, it has now gained a recognized position in the Press of the country, such as its projectors probably never dreamed of, and though no longer in any sense a member of the "college press", it is still sometimes mentioned as such out of regard for its original character. This is not the place for criticism, which, were we disposed to give it, would be doubtless misinterpreted. We can only say that the paper, whatever its faults, is of interest to all college-bred men; and that even its many enemies must admit that its success wonderfully justifies its motto: *Perseverantia omnia vincit.*



MONTHLY RECORD.

The Month

Has been in general free from absorbing excitements, though the minor noteworthy incidents have been many, and the racket and turmoil of the Presidential campaign outside have kept the town wide awake. As our record closes, Wednesday, Oct. 28, the demon drummer is as usual calling attention to the flaring torch of the cerulean fiend—evil spirits that can vex us but little longer. Spontaneous combustion, or Republican joy, destroyed the south coal-yard before light, Wednesday, Oct. 14, and it will be rebuilt of brick. Gen. Pratt has written to Hoadley, and a temperance meeting obtained over a hundred "pledged men." The sophomore societies are also at it, pledging we mean, not temper-

ance. New paths have been opened around Divinity, and the yard cleared of leaves; while at the gymnasium new and better clubs have been provided, and the water is sometimes warm. The discussion of the reconstruction policy of the college goes bravely on, and the current in favor of its removal grows every day stronger. In anticipation of which result, or for political reasons, the college post office has been closed by order of the P. O. D. The hydrant is also closed whenever it should be open. Nevertheless the president's lecture room has been newly painted, fresh green-baize covers the chapel doors, and racks for hymn-books have been attached to the seats. There has been a rush, with the consequent fines and marks inflicted upon the wrong men. There has also been a row, at the so-called

Statement of Facts,

Which, after a week's postponement, took place at Linonia Hall, on the evening of Friday, Oct. 9. E. G. Coy, '69, opened for Brothers, followed by E. P. Wilder, '69, for Linonia, G. W. Drew, '70, for Brothers, C. M. Reeve, '70, for Linonia, W. G. Sperry, '69, for Brothers, and finally C. H. Smith, '69, for Linonia. All the speeches were absurd enough to be good, the last of course being best because "irrefutable", and were well enjoyed by the assembled multitude. Linonia was chosen by 47 Freshmen and Brothers by 45: the rest were distributed by lot between the two. Three or four Sophomores prominent in disturbing the meeting, by blowing peas among the Fresh and others, were after some difficulty ejected, whereupon the remainder of the class present withdrew, stoned the windows and put out the lights:—a proceeding rather favorable to the theory elsewhere broached that we are drifting back to barbarism. The Thanksgiving Jubilee takes place in Linonia this year, probably on the evening of Tuesday, Nov. 24. The committee from Linonia consist of Bissell and Hinkle, '69, Huntress and Reeve, '70, Adee and Murray, '71, Harmon and Parsons, '72: from Brothers, Bartow and McLane, '69, Selden and Shattuck, '70, Benedict and Sperry, '71, Chapman and Woolsey, '72. The election orators for Wednesday evening, Oct. 21, were H. W. Raymond, '69, in Linonia, and W. G. Sperry, '69, in Brothers. The officers were elected as usual, the conquering hero, Ulysses, gaining the highest honors in Brothers. From all of which we judge that the dreary farce of running these dead societies is still kept up. The word reminds us of the two new cuts which have appeared below the title of

Senior Societies

In the *Banner*. Skull and Bones, and Scroll and Key, occupy their time honored places with their traditional fifteens. Beneath, where for

four years was pictured a Spade and Grave, is a new design: a crown, within which a sword and fire-dog cross one another, the whole resembling, though uglier than, the old Crown and Sceptre badge of a quarter of a century ago. No name is given, except the symbols "S. L. M.", which were unfortunately chosen, as the worldly-wise are thus given a chance to interpolate the vowel "I" before the last letter. In spite of the new pin, which supersedes the "Bed and Broom" design, the members go by the old name of "Diggers." It will be remembered that the Spade and Grave elections were all refused in June. The present fifteen members "swung out" on the first Friday morning of October, having been "packed" in the three months' interval. We join in the regret that so many good fellows, after resisting temptation so long, should have submitted at last: should have disregarded the patent fact that a third senior society can never succeed at Yale. However, we have a fourth, the "E. T. L.", whose badge is a gilt coffin-lid, a little more than an inch in length, with a wreath and book in relief. Its fourteen members "swung out" on the morning of Presentation day, July 1. While the "S. L. M." is an avowed imitation of the two reputable societies, the "E. T. L." is generally understood to be a sort of burlesque upon them, and to have no intention of perpetuating itself, by giving elections to future classes. Other items from

The Banner,

Which was edited by A. P. Tinker and W. C. Wood, of '68, and issued Oct. 3, may be worth quoting. Of the junior societies, Alpha Delta Phi has 21 Seniors and 24 Juniors, Psi Upsilon 30 and 25, Delta Kappa Epsilon 31 and 31. Of the sophomore societies, Phi Theta Psi has 34 Juniors and 32 Sophomores, Delta Beta Xi 28 and 33. Of the freshman societies, Kappa Sigma Epsilon has 55 Sophomores and 84 Freshmen, Delta Kappa 47 and 91, Gamma Nu 21 and 35. Of the scientific societies, Berzelius has 11, Sigma Delta Chi 16, Theta Xi 14. Then comes the Missionary society with its 125 members, more than half from '70, which must be in a bad way; the Beethoven society with 43 names; "Chi Delta Theta" with its immortal five, and lastly the Temperance society, which consists of three officers. Of eating clubs there are a round dozen: "Die Junggefallen", of '69; "Ours", "Les Bon Vivants", "Pick Quick Club", of '70; "Eta Pi Club", "Sans Souci", "Ku Kluxes", of '71; and "Help (M)eat Club", No Name, and "Merry Eaters" of '72. Besides there are the "Scientific Eaters", the "Well Bre(a)d Eaters" and the "Ath(2)o's Club." There are but two designs. The rest of the paper is made up of interesting facts and advertisements. As usual, many names are included in the society lists

of men not in college, but as it seems to us the most glaring error is the omission of "76 High" from among the residences of undergraduates. The *Banner* gives 506 undergraduates, and 190 others as members of college. The official-term catalogue sets the number of the former at 501, and the *Pot Pourri*, issued Oct. 24, gives 116 Seniors, 114 Juniors, 112 Sophomores, and 173 Freshmen. The annual catalogue of the college is not yet issued. The *Pot* is this year published by W. G. Sperry, '69, has the same general contents as the *Banner*, better arranged and classified, with many additional facts of its own, including the "through ticket" for

Class Pictures,

Chosen by '69, at a meeting held Friday, Oct. 2, consisting of the following gentlemen, the first named being chairman: H. C. Bannard, E. Heaton, A. H. B. Robeson, G. S. Sedgwick, C. T. Weitzel. This committee recommended the employment of Mr. Prescott of Hartford, whose terms were \$19 per hundred pictures, but were overruled by the class which voted to engage Sarony & Co., of 680 Broadway, N. Y., at \$24. Mr. Warren of Cambridgeport, who gave such satisfaction to '68 last year, was passed over altogether, because of the "new broom" theory we presume. Let us hope that having gone further we shall not be made to fare worse. Our new picture maker is busily engaged on the class negatives at Moulthrop's here in town, while those who prefer can "sit" at his city headquarters any time during the term. As he patronizes the *LIT.*, we feel confident that his pictures must be excellent. Perhaps we may get him to photograph

The LIT. Prize Medal,

Which falls this year to RUFUS BYAM RICHARDSON. The title of the fortunate essay is "Frederic W. Robertson" and it will be published in our next number. The judges in addition to our chairman, Mr. Coy, were Rev. Dr. Daggett and Prof. Packard. Four other articles competed. Their titles were: "The Reformer and Statesman", "The Desire of Esteem", "Oliver Goldsmith", and "Thackeray." Unless called for within a fortnight by their owners they will be destroyed, together with the unopened envelopes which attend them. There is a mystery attaching to this "medal" which we propose to clear away even though we make public a secret of Chi Delta Theta in doing it. In a word, then, for several years the "medal" has been a purely honorary award, no real medal or money to represent it having been given the successful essayist. Whether a real "gold medal" was given when the prize was first offered in 1850, or simply "twenty-five dollars" in

cash, we don't know. It is only certain that the offered prize *was given* in one form or the other. How long this plan was honorably carried out, is another thing we don't know. It is only certain that it has not been for two or three or more years past. When the present Board learned the facts, they unanimously determined to offer the usual prize *and to pay it*. This has accordingly been done. Yet the amount is really more than the Magazine can afford to give, and we recommend to our successors that instead of a "gold medal valued at twenty-five dollars" they offer as a medal the sum of "ten dollars in gold", as we have ventured to announce on the cover. To avoid any wrong imputations we made no change in our own year, but with this explanation from us the new Board can be free to take what action they like. If they prefer the old plan they can of course return to it, but we trust in any case they will imitate our example in paying what they promise. We shall be glad to hear about this matter from former editors, and to learn when the offer was first made in a purely Pickwickian sense. The Board of '63 mentioned their paying it in full, as if it were a rather remarkable thing to do. A prize supper was also hinted at as "customary."—A new set of prizes,—value, if any, unknown,—offered last term by the faculty for the six best essays, were awarded early in October to the following Juniors: E. P. Clarke, West Springfield, Mass.; D. W. Learned, Plymouth, Conn.; C. E. Shepard, Dansville, N. Y.; E. R. Stearns, Wyoming, O.; C. H. Strong, New Orleans, La.; T. J. Tilney, Brooklyn, L. I.—The position of this item in the original whence we lift it, rather than its character, reminds us of

Boating,

And the University crew, which has been organized anew, and stands as follows: W. H. Lee, Chicago, Ill. (stroke); W. A. Copp, Grafton, Mass.; D. M. Bone, Petersburg, Ill.; G. W. Drew, Winterport, Me.; O. Cope, Butlerville, Ind.; R. Terry, Irvington, N. Y. (bow). All belong to '70, except Copp of '69, who is commodore and will row his fourth race at Worcester next year. Lee, Drew and Terry were in the last race. Lee was also in the race of '67, when Terry was on the winning freshman crew. Bone and Cope are new men. The crew takes practice pulls after dinner, and long rows Wednesdays and Saturdays. From the published financial report of the retiring commodore we learn that \$1004.50 was collected during his year in behalf of the navy, and that its present debt is about \$1775, of which \$1600 is for the boat house. The classes seem to have been generous about in the order of their age: '68 giving \$246, '69 \$239, '70 \$100, and '71 \$75. We learn that only about half of the amounts named has yet been collected from the two

last mentioned classes, and that the total debt of the navy really amounts to \$1900. The crew as arranged is only a provisional one, the men and their positions being liable to be changed by their trainer next summer, who, it is hoped and expected, is to be no less a personage than Mr. Joshua Ward, well known as a man and a brother. In addition to its rowing, the crew practices daily in the gymnasium, after morning recitation. There will undoubtedly be another gymnastic exhibition this winter for the navy's benefit, and we trust that Beethoven will also give a concert in behalf of what Yale men have come to call "the lost cause." The Freshmen are said to take unusual interest in boating and the gymnasium, and deserve all praise therefor. We may be victorious again, three years hence: who knows? W. S. Bissell of '69 holds the office of Drill Master to the navy, and the officers of the class crews are: S. F. Bucklin, captain, and C. H. Smith, purser, in '69; W. H. Lee, captain, H. A. Cleveland, J. E. Curran, lieutenants, and S. A. Raymond purser, in '70; T. G. Peck, captain, F. Thorn and I. H. Ford, lieutenants, and L. O. Woodruff, purser, in '71; F. B. G. Swayne, captain, J. P. Studley and L. S. Boomer, lieutenants, and H. W. B. Howard, purser, in '72; W. R. Belknap, captain, C. A. Weed, W. M. Lovell, J. W. Griswold, lieutenants, and C. H. Pope, purser, in the S. S. We understand that the fall races have been given up. Of course all this naturally suggests its rival amusement

Baseball,

Which is apparently as popular as ever. In our last we noted the new organization of the University club, and its Bull Run defeat of July 21, by the Eckfords, 19 to 11. This has been wiped out by two successive victories over the same club; 15 to 12 on Wednesday, Sept. 30, and 19 to 17 on Saturday, Oct. 10. Both games took place at Hamilton Park, were finely played and occasioned much excitement and enthusiasm, particularly the last, which was the decisive one. The gate receipts of the two matches were \$175, which the Park and the two clubs share equally. A seven-innings game with the Libertys at Norwalk, Saturday, Sept. 26, resulted in a victory for Yale, 40 to 11. The Libertys were the winners at the "tournament", just ended, and were probably too tired to be at their best. The final game of the season was played on Wednesday, Oct. 28, with the club from Bridgeport, giving victory to Yale by a score of 14 to 6. The match with the All-England Eleven was given up, on account of the withdrawal of the proposed cricket-match. The Atlantics did not wish to play until they had contended with the Mutu-als; the latter, being now the champions, have been obliged to refuse a match on account of pressing engagements elsewhere, and so "the

season" of '68 is ended. The fee of \$45 for the grounds has been paid, but there is still a debt of \$135 for uniforms and expenses at Worcester and New York last summer. Next year the club will be entirely reorganized and "the best men" given a chance to join. It is expected, too, that better arrangements will be made for the accommodation and entertainment of guests from out of town, than have been in vogue hitherto. We had almost omitted from our record a mention of the grand match of Oct. 5 between the Chlorides and Baric Sulphates:—Though what the joke was we hav'n't yet found out. The Freshman and Scientific clubs played a match, Oct. 14, when the former were victorious, 27 to 13. The president, vice, secretary, and treasurer, are in the one case: G. Richards, W. C. Beecher, C. French, and C. P. Smith, and in the other: C. S. Hastings, E. V. Hoes, and J. H. Grant—the latter holding a double office. These

Personal Items

Suggest others as of possible interest. Two of the '68 Lrr. Board are already in active journalism: W. A. Linn being on the *N. Y. Tribune*, and W. A. McKinney on the *Norwich Bulletin*. E. G. Coy of '69, with L. W. Hicks and T. J. Tilney of '70, represented the Yale chapter at the Amherst D. K. E. convention, Oct. 8 and 9. Prof. Northrop was also present and made a brief address, in allusion to the advantages of secret fraternities in college. He has also addressed several of the Republican campaign meetings here in town. Prof. Silliman's mineralogical collection, said to be the best in the country possessed by a private individual, has been sold to Cornell University. Our whilom Delta Kap classmate, Kidder, "the gentleman from Wilkes Barre", it seems has been married. "Nixie" Brown, Yale bow-oar of '66, was referee at the international regatta on the Connecticut river Oct. 21, and satisfied all, of course. Lacking only a day of an exact year from the sad taking-off of poor Frank Atwood, death has again, and for the fourth time, visited the class of '69. Carlton Rogers Johnson died on Friday, Oct. 16, and the usual resolutions have been passed. He was a native of Palmyra, N. Y., and his age was 23. Mr. Street's generosity has been commemorated by a white marble tablet, placed in the hall of the Art gallery, which he built for the college. By the way, what has become of the gilded memorial of old Colonel Trumbull that used to adorn his Gallery? H. W. Raymond of '69 was "grand marshal" of the 350 students who took part in the "grand Republican demonstration" of Tuesday, Oct. 20, and marched for two hours through the principal streets. The sub-marshals were Gulliver of '70, Mead of '71 and Feeter of '72. In 1864, on a similar occasion, "Yale" was in the van, but this year was obliged

to follow the little Boys in Blue. If ever Brick Pomeroy learns of the faculty's half hour let-up on recitations that day, we may look for a scorching leader on the "notorious partizanship of Yale". Perhaps, however, this should better come under the head of

The Town Shows.

Which, in doors, that is to say in Music Hall, have been many and excellent. Maggie Mitchell in "Fanchon" and "Lorle", Laura Keene in "Our American Cousin", and Mrs. Lander in "Elizabeth", were all at their best, which is saying much. It is not too much to add that from our sixty miles' remove they appeared superb. Sharing as we do, however, with Mr. Weller the younger, in the want of a "pair of patent double million magnifying gas microscopes of hextra power", we must be pardoned if the lesser lights have escaped our usual notice. Camilla Urso, we understand is on the Institute boards again, but when you say Oh fiddle! think of Ole Bull's grand concert, and say it again if you can. "Ole", by the way, is generally pronounced in one syllable, as an abbreviation for "Old", which strikes us as a very comic note indeed on the great violinist. Had the poet lived in our day he might not have been so confident in writing :

"Paganini, Paganini !

Never was there such a geni-
us before as Paganini."

EDITOR'S TABLE.

COURTEOUS Reader, if so be that you have the disposition to examine with us the treasures of our this month's Table, we invite your first attention to the names of the

Books Received,

For we can do little more than tell you the titles. Through H. H. Peck, at whose counter they may be purchased, we have from the publishers, Lee & Shepard of Boston :

Life and Public Services of General Ulysses S. Grant, from his Boyhood till the present time : and a Biographical Sketch of Hon. Schuyler Colfax. By Charles A. Phelps, late Speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, and President of the Massachusetts Senate. People's Edition. Illustrated. Pp. xv, 344. 1868.

Our Standard Bearer ; or, The Life of General Ulysses S. Grant ; his Youth, his Manhood, his Campaigns, and his Eminent Services in the Reconstruction of the Nation his Sword has Redeemed. As seen and related by Captain Bernard Galligasken, Cosmopolitan, and written out by Oliver Optic. Illustrated by Thomas Nast. 1868.

Our future President is just now paying the penalty of greatness, actual and prospective, and suffering untold indignities at the hands of the innumerable takers of his life. They are friends from whom he may well wish himself saved. We of course have

read neither of these books, but from their titles, their authors, and their general appearance, judge the *Round Table* to have been correct in calling the first mentioned the most tolerable work of the kind yet issued; and the other, "the vulgarest and sloppiest of all the balderdash in the way of campaign biography." "We therefore see no reason to doubt its thorough and unqualified success."

Freaks of Fortune; or, Half Round the World. By Oliver Optic. Illustrated by Kilburn. Pp. 303. 1868.

This book forms the seventh volume of the "starry flag series" of juveniles, and is "affectionately dedicated to my young friend, Thomas Powell, Jr.," who will no doubt purchase several copies, if he is the good boy which we take him to be, and feel under great obligations to the author besides. We see no reason why the great public, which has swallowed so many "series" and volumes of Optic's with such apparent relish, should not welcome and enjoy this latest arrival. It is better than "optics" at all events: *that* we can tell from the pictures.

If, Yes, and Perhaps. Four Possibilities and Six Exaggerations, with some Bits of Fact. By Edward Everett Hale. Pp. 296. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1868.

Spite of its bad title, this is a good book. It is a collection of those wonderfully ingenious "true" stories, which, on their first publication in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and elsewhere, everybody wanted to believe, without quite being able to. "The Man Without a Country" is probably the best known of the dozen sketches reprinted, and the strange story is no doubt regarded by many to be historically accurate. Its matter-of-fact air is indeed hard to resist, and the same mock reality gives their greatest charm to all these stories. The book is dedicated, at Milton, June 6, 1868, "to the youngest of my friends, not two hours old"—which friend we hope will live to appreciate the honor thus early thrust upon him. We also trust that if he ever comes to write so excellent and entertaining a book as the one before us, he will have the taste to give it a better title than "If, Yes, and Perhaps."

And having thus cleared off the books from our Table let us glance at the

Exchanges

Which lie duly arranged upon it. These are, of college magazines! *Beloit College Monthly*, *Brunonian*, *Dartmouth*, *Denison Collegian*, *Griswold Collegian*, *Hamilton Lit. Monthly*, *Michigan University Magazine*, *Ripon College Days*. Of college newspapers: *Albion College Standard*, *Amherst Student*, *Delaware Western Collegian*, *Eureka College Vidette*, *Hamilton Campus*, *Harvard Advocate*, *Lawrence Collegian*, *Miami Student*, *Michigan University Chronicle*, *Monmouth College Courier*, *Racine College Mercury*, *Shurtleff Qui Vive*, *Trinity Tablet*, *Wesleyan College Argus*, *Williams Vidette*; and of outside journals: *American Publishers' Circular*, *Atlantic Monthly*, *Cincinnati Medical Repository*, *College Courant*, *Cornhill Monthly*, *Every Saturday*, *Littell's Living Age*, *Nation*, *New Englander*, *Overland Monthly*, *Sabbath at Home*.

We pride ourselves somewhat on this classification, since it enables you at a glance to tell the nature of the journal, the college it represents, and the name it goes by, and so saves us the trouble of explaining. We can, however, endure any of the ways whereby acknowledgments are made, except the curt announcement, "our usual exchanges have been received." This is altogether too vague to be satisfactory, and we hope our friends who are in the habit of resorting to this labor-saving practice will reform at once. We do not ask to have our own or any journal "noticed" each month by every other cotemporary, but we do like to see an acknowledgment, if only in two words, that it has been duly received wherever sent. Having, therefore, in duty bound, formally intro-

duced all of our cotemporaries, it may be worth while to "take a note on" a few of their salient points: The title "*Memorabilia Griswoldensia*" has a rather familiar look to us.—The leader to the last Mich. Univ. Mag. is by Dr. Haven, the president. Its title is "Culture." The editors' names do not stand at the head of the magazine, but are prefixed to the "Notes," possibly to indicate that the latter alone are supplied by them.—The University Chronicle begins the new volume greatly improved typographically.—The same may be said of the Trinity Tablet, whose appearance is very neat and satisfactory, and which deserves more support from the graduates than we fear they are giving it. We wish it success in arousing the boating spirit once more.—We trust that the oldest secret society at Dartmouth, whose name is "Kappa Kappa Kappa," is not the parent chapter of its namesake, the "Ku Klux Klan."—An article in the Argus on "Cultivation," reminds us that the word at Wesleyan has a slang significance which we believe is peculiar to that institution. At Middletown, to "cultivate" a man is to electioneer him for a secret society.—"P(1)ugnacity," heading an editorial in one of the Union publications, also suggests to us the propriety of mentioning the fact, that in that college a "neutral" is politely termed a "plug" by the society men.—Next to our own, the Nassau Lit. Magazine is the oldest college journal in the country, having started in 1842. It is a quarterly now, though originally a monthly, and presents the best outward appearance of any college magazine yet published.—The Amherst Student has got a good deal of credit, in one way and another, for its double-page leader on "Hazing," and the senior class of the college been made famous for their "resolutions" upon the subject. To judge from the comments of the daily papers, the idea seems to prevail that Amherst is now free from this meanest and hence most popular of "college customs," never to be troubled again. Now, the editorial was well enough, and, aside from the inherent absurdity of all "reforming" resolutions, the public vote of the senior class was unobjectionable: the trouble is, that neither were representative actions. It is easy to write good advice. It is easier to vote in favor of a string of "moral" resolutions, publicly proposed, than against them. But what does it all amount to? Those philanthropists who believed that the ballot alone would be the black man's panacea at the South, may feel sure that "by vote of the senior class" hazing can be abolished in colleges. If it seemed so to us, we would join in their rejoicings.—The Oakland College Echo bids us good-bye with its issue of August. The Asbury Review, Mc Kenderree Repository, Indian Student and Andes Student we judge to be dead, and scratch from our exchange list.—Harvard has this year a larger number of undergraduates than Yale, which is to be accounted for by the fact of the rejection of "the Andover crowd" when they came down last year, through some informality in their "characters." Harvard, with a less narrow-minded policy took them in, and its class of '71 is unusually large, while Yale's '71 is remarkably small.

The Hamilton Campus, of Oct. 17, prints at the head of its columns, as original, a poem entitled "Cui Bono?" Inasmuch as George Arnold really wrote the verses, will the editors be so good as to publish the name of the nice young man who would steal from his grave the dead poet's laurels?—Three of the editors of the Collegian of Lawrence University, Appleton, Wis., are ladies. O terque, quaterque beati! The paper has just finished its first year, and tells us that the reading-room of the University contains "*The New York Ledger*, and other prominent papers."—The Argus tells a story of a "Freshman, fitted at Wilbraham, who, just for the fun of the thing, passed the entrance examinations to three colleges last summer, Amherst, Wesleyan and Yale, where he now remains." Down here "our learned friend" had only passed the entrance examination to a freshman society at last accounts. Still, we presume he may

finally make up his conditions, and—subscribe to the LIT. in return for our consideration in suppressing his name.—It may be worth while for us to tell the Advocate, that its “atom” in regard to a rush here the first Saturday night of the term, is altogether too large an atom. The two gentlemen arrested were Juniors, who were quietly watching the sport, and the crowd which “at once beset the officers” numbered less than fifty at the most.—The exaggeration reminds us of the Worcester “watch story” last summer. The college boy who thoughtlessly “lifted” a wooden watch-sign, regatta night, was made famous all over the country as the “purloiner of a five hundred dollar gold watch.”—The Brunonian’s, “Up at Worcester” was good. It truly says that the papers have slandered Yale for this year’s Worcester rowdism, because—Yale wasn’t there.—At Trinity, the Tablet tells us, one of their peculiar institutions is “Compensation Day,” given by the faculty as a “compensation” for the abolishment of the foot-ball game between the two lower classes. The traditional viands of the occasion are the sophomoric cheese, crackers and ale.—The publishers of the *Oakland College Echo*, in a circular dated Aug. 31, tell us that the paper may be revived. We shall be glad to welcome it again, but we hardly expect to. Its name was certainly a happy one.—The Beloit College Monthly begins its fifteenth volume with new type and other improvements.—Where are the *Cap and Gown* of Columbia, and the *Wabash Magazine*, of Crawfordsville, Ind. ?—The College Courier propounds the conundrum, “Who Ate Roger Williams ?” Give it up. Next.—The Amherst Student, and the Mich. University Chronicle are conducted by Juniors, both papers having just been given over to ’70.—The latter journal, after complimenting the Courant, adds: “It is not published or controlled by the students, however, and cannot really claim to be classed with college papers.”

At the head of all our exchanges, however, though we mention it last, we place

The Harvard Advocate,

Which, everything considered, we take to be the best of college periodicals. It enters upon its fourth year this term, and is the only college journal whose purchase we can honestly recommend to students in general. Published fortnightly, it occupies a sort of half way ground between the newspaper and the magazine—avoiding the careless incompleteness of the one, and the dignified dulness of the other. Recording current events in full, it yet devotes due space to literary articles, and in them generally confines its essayists to the only subjects which undergraduates should be allowed to write about—publishing no prize articles, nor “reviews of Professor W. E. Aytoun and essays on William the Conqueror,” and keeping wonderfully clear of that class of writers who, as the *Nation* truly says, “do badly what older writers in the magazines of the world outside the college yard are doing better or well.” In typographical appearance and correctness, too, very few periodicals in America can compare with it, and we doubt if one can be pronounced its superior:—a notable circumstance, when we reflect that good looks is apparently the last thing thought of by a majority of the “college press.” How the editors are chosen, we do not know, but believe that the secrecy of the editorial office, made necessary at the outset, by the summary suppression of the *Collegian*, has been for some time abolished. For even faculties do relent, and that of Harvard was at length forced to admit that the *Advocate* had earned its right to live as a creditable undergraduate representative of the oldest American college.—It may well say, “Praise from Sir Hubert Stanley !” when complimented by

The Nation,

Which excellent weekly we are always glad to recommend on every occasion. It is certainly a most creditable exponent of American journalism, and its influence, which should be considerable, is altogether a good influence. The good sense of its sharp comments on the events of "the week", and the fairness of its editorials, are admirable, while its essays in brevity reach a standard of excellence as gratifying as rare. We call to mind at the present moment an essay about "Two Girls", printed some time ago, and a more recent one concerning "Campaign Enthusiasm", as especially satisfactory. Politically, its treatment of General Butler seems to us most commendable. No educated man can afford to be without the paper, whose merit and influence grow with its years, and whose subscribers never withdraw. We regret that an article entitled "Our Two Saturday Reviews", in which this journal and the *Round Table* are compared and criticized, was received too late for insertion. We may print it at another time.—We join in with the favoring cry which has everywhere greeted the appearance of

The Overland Monthly,

For which its publishers, Messrs. Roman & Co., of San Francisco, have our best thanks. It will no doubt surprise many good people,—who, in spite of all the bombast about our "great and glorious" country, have little idea of how great it really is and how glorious it may be, and who possess a vague notion that California is a place where unkempt miners, horrid with bowie-knives and revolvers, gamble, dig gold, and kill Chinamen,—to be told that this Californian *Atlantic*, this barbarian monthly, has at the outset leaped into the front rank of American magazines, and stands a fair chance of distancing its better known rivals of "the States." Yet such, it appears, is the case. Bret Harte's "Luck of Roaring Camp", in the second or August number, is confessedly the best magazine story of the year, and is in every way worthy of the witty "condensed novelist." The September leader, on the "Apache Race", is full of out-of-the-way information on an important subject which all Americans should better comprehend. Its "Californian Abroad" is of course none other than Mr. Mark Twain. In the October number, the "Story of a Dictator," and the "Gentleman from Reno," are perhaps as interesting as any of the general articles. The two papers on "University Education" have also given some sensible thought on a somewhat worn topic. The book-notices, too, are more readable than that in most of the magazines, which are too often inspired by the publishers, and none of the general articles thus far can fairly be considered "padding." The whole magazine "is pervaded by a Far Western flavor which we, for our part, find very much to our taste." It smacks of the soil. And yet it is very far from being local or exclusive in its character. We understand that Mr. Harte has done much for it, and should not be surprised to find him its editor. He has printed many clever things in the *Alta Californian*, and other journals of the Pacific slope, and seems loth to depart from the Golden Gate, though his old comrades have drifted around to the Eastern shore. Of the trio, "fellows of infinite jest", who, unless we are mistaken, worked together in *Puck* to show "what fools these mortals be", Mr. Sam L. Clemens, ("Mark Twain") and Mr. Charles H. Webb, ("John Paul") have been for some time driving the quill in the metropolis, where their admirers are many. The "Jumping Frog" book of the former, and the various travesties of the latter, have been deservedly popular. In his forthcoming "Wickedest Woman in New York" we shall look for something rich. It is a pity, however, that these and other humorists, who are far from deserving such a punishment, have fallen into the

hands of Mr. Carleton.—Our writer on *Vanity Fair*, by the way, makes no mention of the Californian *Puck*, which was a better comic paper than some which he refers to, and quite a credit to its producers. At the close of 1865, when we saw it last, it had lived a year as a monthly, and was about to try its luck as a hebdomadal. We judge it was not equal to the effort, for it died long ago.—To return to the *Overland* :—which, by the way, should be placed in the College Reading Room, if not there already,—we wish it all success, a reputation superior to earthquakes, and a green old age like our own. We anxiously await the time when its title shall be a misnomer. When the Iron Horse shall toss the grizzly Bear from its cover, when the P. R. R. shall allow common Yankees like ourselves to explore those famous “haunted valleys” and “roaring camps”, whereof it so enticingly discourses.—Thought, however, is swifter than the telegraph, as Homer so well remarked, and brings us from Montgomery street to Grove, quicker than we can write the words: Grove street, if we *must* explain, being the headquarters of

The New Englander,

Our city cotemporary, which we now mention to point a moral, not altogether new, but apparently lost sight of by many. The review in question, which fills so well its appointed position, is essentially a Yale affair. Its editors and writers are with very rare exceptions Yale professors or graduates. It represents the college, and we believe it well represents it. There is another periodical of recognized importance, the *American Journal of Science*, sometimes called “Silliman’s Journal” from its eminent founder, which may also be claimed by the institution. Suppose now these two were to be combined with the *LIT.*, and the three rolled into one, the resultant, we presume, would be able to compare favorably with almost any college review or quarterly in existence. We repeat this old theorem by way of explanation rather than of boast. The *LIT.* may be dull, stupid, uninteresting, if you will, but it is *undergraduate*. Its writers are all “students in Yale College.” And these make no pretense to rival in weight of logic, or depth of intellect, the professors and graduates of other institutions.—We refer to

The American Literary Gazette

And Publishers’ Circular, to express our surprise and regret that Mr. Childs ever saw fit to transpose its name. Its old title of Publishers’ Circular had a meaning to it, which its present one lacks. Anything can be “literary” now-a-days, and when one hears of a “literary gazette”, no particular idea of its character is conveyed to one’s mind. The journal, we are glad to say, still goes by the old name of Publishers’ Circular, which we wish could be restored to its proper position again in the title. It is published twice a month, and has just completed the eleventh semi-annual volume of its octavo series. Its special value to literary men consists in its complete lists of American and foreign publications, and its full book advertisements. Its “notices” are of no critical worth, but form good enough reading, while its miscellaneous items are well chosen, and its Paris letter of “G. S.” are always readable and widely quoted. All in all, for one who wishes to keep the run of literary matters at little expense of time or money, this two-dollar fortnightly is exactly the thing.—Our exchanges being thus disposed of, a chance is offered for an

Explanatory

Word or two with you, Courteous Reader, whom, if not directly addressed of late, we have by no means forgotten. For several reasons we make no formal reply to a

"criticism" on our last issue, that has appeared in a city paper. The arrangement in the present editorial board, whereby each member has complete control of the number under his charge, would of itself forbid it. Several expressions which have gained admittance to the present number, furthermore, agree somewhat with the main idea of the article in question. Though that they were not inspired by it, or by the number "criticized", the fact that the copy for the first forty pages was in the printer's hands before either appeared, proves:—if it is necessary to prove the falsity of so honorable a supposition. Whether so bitter a personal attack is worth resenting or taking notice of in any way, we leave the good sense of our chairman to decide. A point that concerns ourselves, however, we will reply to. The object of quoting the opinion of the *Northampton Free Press* was, that its editor is a Yale man and knew whereof he spoke, as the critic must have implied had he read the notice. When he asks, "Who ever heard of the *Evening Commonwealth*?" he simply betrays his ignorance of metropolitan journalism. We are not aware that it is essentially "immodest" to quote "opinions of the press." If it is, we have yet to be shown a "modest" journal. In any case, for a paper which has a stereotyped column of "notices" which it inserts occasionally; and which regularly leaves out "several pages of interesting matter for want of space",—thereby giving rise to the current mot, that the "interesting matter" never gets in,—for such a paper to object to "notices", and the absence of a Table in a magazine extended four pages beyond the regular size, seems a trifle odd, to say the least.—As a special favor we ask that the expression "green old age" on page 102 will not be trifled with.—Precedent is a great thing in college, and by disregarding it we presume we have taken away most of the interest in the present Lrr. No Freshman will be obliged to search the catalogue of Seniors and Juniors in search of initial letters, and the attraction which attaches to Thisfellow's or Thatman's article, "members of the upper classes" will be unable to find. But it is really nobody's business who writes the general articles, as far as judging of their merit is concerned, for they are not intended to be personal. The "Editor's Table", on the other hand, takes most of its significance from knowing the man behind it, and for that reason we have this month departed from the immemorial custom.—A fellow feeling made us kind enough to insert the versicle on page 59, though not until its writer had assured us that nothing personal was intended, that he didn't call himself a poet, and that he was ready for any amount of "criticism." The merit of the thing is in a direct ratio to the nearness of its imitation, and the sense decreases as the "originality" grows. How the references to Euclid and Puckle are to be explained, without supposing the plucked man a composite character, kicked from two classes at once, we do not know. However, this may be hypercriticism, making too little allowance for license, and the natural feelings under the circumstances. Though what these would be we cannot imagine.—A contributor has elsewhere alluded to the difficulties of proof reading. As we were not allowed to inspect the proofs of last month's Memorabilia, an unusual number of blunders crept in, among the most excruciating of which were "expulsion" for "suspension", "June" for "July", "steamed" for "streamed", "to" for "in", "191" for "161", and so on. We will thank our friends if they will be so good as to rectify the first named error.—The Williams Vidette will please take notice.—In the present number we think there will be found fewer typographical errors than usual. Nevertheless, owing to our not seeing a "second proof" of all the pages, several mistakes have crept in. "His," beginning the fourteenth line from the bottom of the eighty-fifth page, should of course read "Its;" and on the next page, in the line next the last, "slashing" should be substituted for "starting," which is meaningless. It was in 1858, instead of 1853, that the *Ban-*

ner was issued in pamphlet form.—Unavailable articles on “Josiah Quincy” and “Saxon Speech,” have been returned to their writers, with thanks. “Daniel Boone” and “The Educational Reform Question,” whose authors are unknown to us, may be obtained from our chairman, Mr. Coy. If not called for within a fortnight, they will be destroyed.—The new dress in which the present number appears will we think be voted an improvement by most. “Circumstances” last month prevented Mag from displaying all the typographical adornments prepared for her, but now she has on her best. The new type was procured especially for the LIT., from the foundry of McKellar, Smiths & Jordan, Philadelphia, by our printers, who, in the numerous troublesome changes and alterations that have been made during the “setting up” of this number, rendered more vexatious from their being overseen at a distance, have displayed such patience and good nature that we feel called upon here to express to them our personal obligations.—And so, Courteous Reader, having freely disclosed to you the mysteries of our sanctum, we clear away the litter from our Table, and lean across it for a little

Personal Chat,

Since a Table is nothing unless personal; personality being, in fact,—to use a French term, found in the phrase lists of all well-compiled dictionaries,—its *raison d'être*. The Table is expected to be not only personal but witty. The man behind the mask must show what a funny fellow he really is, and say any number of sharp and sarcastic things. He must make people laugh. That done, his triumph is assured. Whence this idea of a Table's duty arose, we don't know. How many silly utterances adherence to it has cost conscientious editors, who have solemnly joked through two pages of letter-press, we are not aware. We merely state the prevailing idea as a recognized fact. By simply showing you what actually lay upon our Table, we have bid defiance to precedent. It is a way we have. But besides this, we don't feel at all funny, and the resultant from our attempted wit would be lugubrious rather than ludicrous. It generally is, in fact, under such circumstances. To be sure, there have been times when we could tell you that the Spoon should be made of pop(u)lar wood instead of black walnut, and expect you to laugh. We can't now. Did the pendent sword of Dionysius prick on Damocles to the utterance of sharp sayings and pointed remarks? Let Anthon's Dictionary answer. And is the hideous goblin of Fourtermsexamination careering above the editorial head, and restrained by the single thread of good luck and professorial indulgence, likely to render us humorous? This is a question of appeal, and the answer is, No. Whether in our character of Greek or Roman, of German or Anglo-Saxon, of logician or natural philosopher, of astronomer or chemist, joking were ill-timed and out of place. We smile not when we read of the star whose disappearance is startling, or learn that a pair of relatives are exemplified in father and son. Melancholy marks us for her own. Yet we do sometimes smile. Grimly and terribly. It is when we brood darkly over HCN, utter a shrill HI! HI! and think, If.——

But, enough of this, Courteous Reader, for the night approacheth and we must bid you farewell. As our pen traces out the word, the towers and minarets of West Springfield flash brightly under the setting sun. Myriads of honest farmers wend their homeward way through the well-paved streets. The faithful Dorg snores contentedly beside us. Again we say, Farewell. Give us your best wishes for the trial of the December nones, for we shall need them all. Pay your subscriptions. Purchase the Index. And await with what grace you may the coming round of the April month, when we meet again at Philippi.

L. H. B.

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NO. III.

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CONDUCTED

BY THE

Students of Yale College.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque VALENSIS
Cantabunt SCHOLAE, unanimique PATRES."

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EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '69.

LYMAN H. BAGG,

HENRY V. FREEMAN,

EDWARD G. COY,

HENRY W. RAYMOND,

EDWARD P. WILDER.

FREDERIC W. ROBERTSON.

(YALE LIT. PRIZE ESSAY.)

BY RUFUS BYAM RICHARDSON, GROTON, MASS.

THERE was deep meaning in the spectacle presented at Robertson's grave. The spectacle was that of Roman Catholics, Jews, Quakers, and Unitarians, weeping with members of the Church of England.

The meaning was that these, having seen the somewhat rare phenomenon in ecclesiastical history, of a man whose heart was too large to be limited by the boundary lines of a single sect, came to confess it in tones not loud and demonstrative, but subdued and impressive.

Those who had been most earnest in open opposition to Robertson admitted, upon his death, that however false his doctrine might be, they had never met a more manly opponent; while those who had calumniated him in retirement, sought opportunities for disowning their former deeds.

Soon after, his sermons and letters were collected, not for souvenirs of the departed, but on account of the vigorous life that was in them, and now the increasing demand for successive

editions of the sermons, shows that the bust and memorial window at Oxford and the monument at Brighton, are but unsubstantial intimations of that earthly immortality which he gained without seeking for it.

To anticipate the objection that this essay is not sufficiently comprehensive, I would premise that I do not intend it for a memoir of Robertson, for that would require a volume. I shall shun a discussion of his differences from orthodoxy, for a like reason; also for two stronger reasons, that the standard of judgment, orthodoxy, is hard to fix; and such a discussion would lead me beyond my depth. Waiving judgment upon Robertson as a theologian I wish to treat of him simply as a preacher; and since some may judge that I have expended in laudation strength which I ought to have employed in criticism, I may as well admit that as a preacher I rank him first in the class. Starting with the fact of his remarkable success, I wish to notice a few things which account for his holding audiences in breathless attention to subjects on which the majority are heard with tedium and yawning.

To gifts of nature which are rather discouraging to an emulator he gave an unsparing cultivation. At the Academy in Edinburgh he distinguished himself by carrying off a good many prizes. At Oxford he did not distinguish himself in any such way, but by hard work. At the period when he entered the university his mind was broadening rapidly, and he applied himself to the study of principles, regarding them of infinitely more importance than the minutiae and technical terms of a science.

Indignant that the honors of the university should be given for accuracy in trifles, while original ideas derived from the comprehensive grasp of whole subjects were below par, he regarded the time spent in preparing for honors as little better than wasted.

The result of this turn of study is seen in the addresses of his riper years. He was always treating not of isolated phenomena, but of principles to which those phenomena belonged. If he saw an act of unkindness his thought passed at once to the spirit of unkindness. And so with every form of evil; he seemed to do his work at the root of things.

Burke incurred the condemnation of classical pedants for mispronouncing rectigal. Robertson might have been detected in an

error equally offensive ; but like Burke he had the redeeming quality of avoiding absurdity and contradiction, because like him he claimed no advantage over a subject which he approached, till he held its citadel.

In his taking up each dogma of Roman Catholicism and shaking out the kernel of truth which he saw therein encrusted with error—and I may say in all his discussions—one prominent characteristic is a certain broadness of view.

He aimed at method in study, and arranged all his ideas into subjects, declaring that he hated an isolated thought. This principle he adhered to in practice, rarely falling into the common but grave fault of introducing a thought because it was, considered by itself, a good one.

This omission of everything superfluous, preserving the connection between the really pertinent thoughts, gave one of his short sermons the effect which is obtained in the massing of battalions.

In reading, as well as in university studies, his principle was *ne multa discas sed multum*. To show how slight an indication of culture he regarded the length of the catalogue in which a man numbers up the books which he has read, I quote the following from a letter which he wrote to a friend. "I never knew but one or two fast readers and readers of many books whose knowledge was worth anything. Multifarious reading weakens the mind more than doing nothing ; for it becomes a necessity at last, like smoking, and is an excuse for the mind to lie dormant while thought is poured in and runs through, a clear stream, over unproductive gravel on which not even mosses grow. I do not give myself as a specimen, but I know what reading is, for I could read once and did. I read hard or not at all—never skimming—never turning aside to merely inviting books, and Plato, Aristotle, Butler, Thucydides, Sterne and Jonathan Edwards, have passed like the iron atoms of the blood into my mental constitution."

Having regarded his mind thus, not as a storehouse to be crammed, but as a garden to be cultivated, he did not, when called upon for fruit, bring forth a stock of things new and old, the greater part strangely inappropriate to the occasion, and parade them before men's eyes ; but quietly produced to suit the demands of the occasion. Besides the discipline which he gave himself,

he passed through an involuntary discipline far more severe and more valuable, which did for him the work of a refining fire.

The opposition which he constantly met, so bitter in its thrusts, was cutting to his very sensitive nature. His own experience put into his mouth, "There is a persecution sharper than that of the axe." But painful as this was it was also salutary. Indeed the influence of opposition is rarely otherwise than salutary, bringing out and calling into exercise manliness wherever it exists. The virtues which opposition developed in him were firmness and caution. His firmness stopped short of sternness; and his caution bounded it from rashness. But for the caution thus developed he might, with a natural tendency to liberalism, have gone beyond the truth in that direction, when opposed.

Sickness was another severe teacher; he tells us the lesson it taught him in these words, "If ever that superficial covering of conventionalities falls from the soul which gathers round it, as the cuticle does upon the body, and the rust upon the metal, it is when men are suffering. There are many things which nothing but sorrow can teach us. Sorrow is the realizer. Trial brings man face to face with God. There is something in the sick-bed and aching heart and restlessness and languor of shattered health that forces a man to feel what is real and what is not."

The perusal of some of Cowper's sweetest poems has suggested that the human heart is like those flowers which give forth their choicest fragrance only when bruised. And all who heard Robertson listened with the conviction that he never could have spoken as he did if he had not been bruised. His voluntary discipline made him familiar with all the intricacies of modern thought; his involuntary discipline made him familiar with the intricacies of the human heart.

If there are, as our speech sometimes seems to imply, two kinds of courage physical and moral, he possessed them both; for he could leap a dangerous fence on horseback, or talk down a hissing audience with equal calmness. But this distinction seems to refer to the different modes of exhibiting courage rather than to any divisions of the quality itself. If there are two kinds they are inseparable. The soldier who has physical courage, that is, who sees and appreciates danger, and then faces it, needs no transformation to become a moral hero. A boy who lacks physical cour-

age to give back a blow lacks moral courage to forbear when others cry, for shame! and he who dares to give it back dares to forbear when judgment declares for forbearance.

Perhaps then we may refer these two kinds to one principle—courage considered as fearlessness of personal harm, allowing that it may vary according to the mode of its exhibition from rashness to the most judicious self-restraint. At any rate it is enough to say that Robertson possessed the quality of genuine courage. Not always, however, was it tempered with wisdom. If a voice within suggested, "Robertson you are a coward; you don't dare to do that," he was very apt to put the suggestion to rout by accepting the challenge.

There is one form under which courage is sometimes exhibited which we do not find in him. I refer to what in another department of life would be called cheek. This lowest form of courage is somewhat prevalent among preachers. Among the subjects which they handle are some of the most intricate which ever perplexed the human brain. Now frequently, particularly when inveigled into discussion, preachers will talk eloquently on a subject which they confess to themselves they know nothing of.

When a question which he could not readily solve was put to him, his courage did not stimulate him to a muddy discourse; but prompted him to say, I do not know. He was not ashamed to acknowledge the existence of an ocean of mystery in which all the sounding we have done has been on the edge with the tips of our fingers.

If science and Genesis seemed to disagree he never for a moment undertook to browbeat science; but by an interpretation neither forced nor irreverent maintained that the disagreement was only apparent. No wonder that his words fell like a sledge-hammer upon a point which he did attack when he was so careful to provide that the point was vulnerable.

In the transition from boyhood to manhood his courage saved him, and was in turn saved from an element of instability which attends all courage proceeding on uncertainties. By the transition from boyhood to manhood, I mean that period in our lives when we begin to mistrust the principles and maxims which we have learned by rote of our teachers, and to feel that we could rest our house more securely on a foundation of our own laying. At

this point some, though alarmed, await with apparent indifference whatever crises may come. The greater part strengthen the tottering structure of their faith with props, not daring to look at the foundations for fear of seeing the danger. But the judiciously brave like Robertson go down to the foundation, and if they find it only sand clear it away and lay again from the rock upwards.

With him this process was no child's play. He speaks of it as his trial, an agony from which he came forth unscathed only by holding fast to what was certain still, the grand and simple principles of morality.

No one who has followed him through this period can wonder that after this he exhibited not that courage which dashes forth unexpectedly, and fails when you look for it most, but the steady masculine Roman quality. He had ceased to oscillate; he had settled himself on a fixed foundation—eternal truth.

His sympathy was very strong and almost universal. He found something to sympathize with in every person or body, even when the bad was in excess of the good. He possessed in return the sympathy of his congregation at Brighton in an unparalleled degree, although he seemed to perversely ignore the fact. This sympathy was the thing above all others essential to his success, for it is the cement which keeps many a well laid tower of argument from assuming the shape of a sand hill. If we look for the causes of this sympathy, we shall see the first cause in his healthy objective spirituality and the second in his simplicity. The former enabled him to throw himself into sympathy with others, the latter as well as the former, invited others to sympathize with him.

He was a pre-eminently spiritual man. Now some conceive of spirituality as a cloak covering some of the finest graces of the human heart so closely as to smother them. This conception no doubt arises from examples which they have seen of what was current for spirituality, but was really nothing more than a morbid pleasure in the contemplation of graves and skeletons and a longing for their society, springing from a peevish self-complacent dissatisfaction with all the world. This is indeed a cloak for the rarer graces of Christianity. With this feeling he had no sympathy, being accustomed to express himself in this verse,

"'Tis life whereof our nerves are scant,
More life and fuller that we want,
No heart in which was healthful breath,
Has ever truly longed for death."

His spirituality was like that immaterial thing which we call health. You would hardly notice its presence. It never made any show. It never caused him any personal inconvenience. But it was as much more efficacious than the *other* as health is more efficacious than a cloak. It gave to each of his faculties a vigor, which they would not have had without it.

Again, Robertson was not at all like those who are called spiritual because they severely objectize themselves. He shunned that high road to selfishness. His life was objective. About all the self-examination he ever made, he made as a work of *science*. In performance of *religious* duties he acted almost exclusively on others. He acted on them, moreover, in that vigorous way in which one flesh and blood being acts naturally upon another. When he wanted to do men good, he went among them, and, as Elizabeth Fry did to the prison women, took hold of them.

That he himself ascribed his success in a great degree to this practical objective acting, is manifest from this advice which in the latter part of his ministry he gives to a young friend, "Take care that the mind does not become too fastidious and refined. It is not a blessing but a hindrance in the work of life. For a clergyman who has to deal with real beings of flesh and blood, I believe it perfectly possible for too much of a literary turn to mar his usefulness, at the same time that it gives him more keen sensitiveness in perceiving that it is marred. For this reason if I were in your place, I should be anxious to give life as much the aspect of reality as possible, which a student's life is apt to keep out of sight. I would read for honors and sacrifice everything which interfered with this. But in vacations I would vary this with systematic visiting of the poor, which, more than anything else, brings a man into contact with the actual and the real, and destroys fanciful dreams."

He made his blows tell far better for being unencumbered by any artifices or conventionalisms. Believing that the preacher is not an inventor, but an interpreter, he aimed at clearness as an interpreter's chief excellence. To attain this he found it neces-

sary to break open some of the dead formulæ in which men were wont to express themselves ; and actually startled some by showing them the meaning of expressions which they used as familiarly as household words. To estimate correctly the necessity of such a work, we must remember how blindly men have clung to *words* which to those who uttered them were the comparatively valueless vehicles of invaluable thoughts—the result no doubt of a natural tendency to materialize spiritual truths. Like the heathen, who worship as a god what they at first set up for a reminder and a temple of God the spirit, these word-worshippers hate the man who plays for them the relentless image-breaker. But those who amongst the rubbish of words have groped for the living truth, will honor and love him.

If a man will be candid in an examination of Robertson's sermons he will probably judge that here alone rests a *large part* of the charge of heresy raised against him by those who had appropriated to their formulæ the title of orthodox. I do not say *all* for there are differences real and strongly marked ; but in regard to these differences it remains to be seen whether it is so much the worse for Robertson, or so much the worse for orthodoxy.

The simplicity of his style and delivery was noticeable ; as regards the latter, to be sure he used to lean over the pulpit sometimes, and speaks in low tremulous tones—a thing offensive when it is acted, but by him evidently done unconsciously. He generally stood upright, and in the highest surging of his oratory, exhibited about as much motion and color as a marble statue.

His style was what we sometimes denominate the suggestive. He never wore a thought entirely out in painting it ; nor covered it up with gaudy rhetoric. He gave his hearers an opportunity to do some of the thinking themselves, which is reckoned the chief requisite of a good teacher.

A reader, after reading one of his sermons, feels possessed of original ideas enough to write a sermon himself ; and clergymen on both sides of the Atlantic use them for food. This suggestive quality of his sermons may partly account for the composition of his congregation, in which there was a remarkably large proportion of men. Unthinking girls might mistake muddiness for depth and flighty rhetoric for strong feeling ; but men who weigh and judge what they hear like to get the main thoughts unimpeded

by embellishments. He never used wit and rarely sarcasm, considering these below the dignity of that truth which needs only an application. Taking style in a sense in which it is sometimes used—to denote an elegance imparted to a composition by a careful choice of euphonious words and an exact arrangement of antithetical clauses—Robertson's style was absence of all style; it was unstudied of course, because extempore.

But taking the few sermons which he wrote out, and you will bless that propensity of his mind—call it fancy or good sense or what you will—which prevented him from laboriously acquiring the style of any standard author, because in acquiring the style of another, one acquires mostly his faults. Robertson had, independently of models, that chief excellence of all good writers—an inimitable excellence—the naked grace of naturally expressing that of which his heart was full. One who would speak like him must have that.

A third reason for the sympathy between him and his congregation, perhaps stronger than all others, was his sublime confidence in humanity. He believed every man true till he found him false. Men of business who set every man down a knave until they prove him honest, may smile at his simplicity. Nevertheless I think his a deeper philosophy than theirs. Theirs may be the best policy to detect knaves; his is certainly the best to make men honest. Theirs will do for them to make money by, though they create knaves by unjust suspicions. But his is the only policy for a Christian, though it gives him now and then a bruise.



THE PROTESTANT CHURCH.—John Wilkes was once asked by a Roman Catholic gentleman, in a warm dispute on religion, "Where was your church before Luther?" "Did you wash your face this morning?" inquired the facetious alderman. "I did, sir." "Then pray, where was your face before it was washed?"



REAL MANNERS.—Good manners is the art of making those people easy with whom we converse. Whoever makes the fewest persons uneasy, is the best bred in the company.—*Swift*

A FRAGMENT.

COMFORTABLY ensconced in our sanctum, we are smoking a "Partaga"; a genuine "weed." Aye, we confess it, we are smoking, and what is more, enjoying our smoke. How curiously the smoke rolls out and curls in eddying wreaths above the smoker's head; how delicious the fragrance, how bright the smoke-pictures! What a world of comfort and contentment does the smoker draw from his roll of dusky leaves! What bright visions dance and flit before our imagination! Welcome thou care-dispelling, pleasure-bringing *cigarro*; all hail, O "Partaga."

Banish *Opera* and *Figaro*, avoid like poison the *Cervantes* or the *Puff*, with their dismal pictures; their stupid fancies; their dull and torpid influence. The good Cigar brings rest and comfort; stirs up and kindles every spark of intellectual activity, or soothes the wearied brain and ministers unto the "mind diseased." What castles in the air can you not build in smoke? What delightful paintings can you not tint and color to suit your fancy's play?

Some build up prospects of greatness and of power in—smoke! ambitious and tottering structures!

Some find treasures of domestic ease and felicity in—smoke! mere searchings and gropings for an unknown; only imitation without the ring of the genuine metal.

Some see the poet's laurels twined about their brow in a wreath of circling—smoke! Some see literary greatness and an undying fame close by, within their grasp, obtainable in—smoke! Empty, fruitless, unsatisfactory delusions; they will end as they began in—smoke! Are we uncomfortably gloomy and discouraging? analyze one of these smoke-phantoms.

Puff! Puff! How the rain patters against the window-panes; how cheerless the out-door prospect; see how the passer-by wraps close his cloak and clings to his umbrella, as the drowning man clutches at the floating straw. Now for a smoke picture! Paint my Future, cherished "Partaga." Build me a bright temple, with gilded halls and furniture to match. Show me my portrait, when for a score of years I shall have sought to lead men's minds in the path of justice and of truth.

Puff! Puff!—Puff! Puff!—Four bare walls; a desk covered with books and papers; a man bent over with care and hard work, plying the pen that cannot keep pace with his busy mind; a thought here, a thought there, the space between filled up as organ interludes fill up the space between the stanzas; as the meaner jewels of the royal diadem set off the brilliant diamonds. Unknown yet feared; ignored yet courted; jostled in the surging crowd by the very man whom on the morrow a stroke of your pen may doom to infamy; with no Future but that of the hidden power “behind the throne”; a life of toilsome obscurity; death unmourned, save by a faithful few of fellow workers, for him who was the equal of a king; aye, from whom kings have stooped to borrow wisdom and courted with smiles and favors. Oh “Partaga,” why this darkened landscape, why so many sombre shades? The smoke rolls away; the cigar is out.

As a reflection from our smoke-picture, there is a sad reality in the sketch. Did you ever think, Mr. Editor, of those thousands of talented men, buried in newspaper offices, whose names never come to light, and yet who give to the journal its influence and power? To their chief belong the perquisites of the position; his name may be a household word, but theirs, they who do the work, who ever hears of them? This embodies the truth that it is only when made a matter of commercial value that the newspaper gives position and power. As a shareholder and part proprietor, the editor becomes a different man. His interest centered in his journal; his pen shaping its tone; his voice having a controlling power, he is sought after and courted. But how is the hard-working writer to gain an interest in his journal? Where are the means by which he is to acquire his shares and stock? Clearly not in his salary. That is the problem every editor spends his life in solving; some are successful, some are not. In the majority of cases, in the words of another, “For the editor there is no Future!” Is not that true, Mr. Editor? * * *

SUCCESS IN LIFE.—Half the failures in life arise from pulling in one's horse as he is leaping.

ON THE MISFORTUNE OF NOT BEING NEAR-SIGHTED.

It is a wise provision of Heaven, that no good should be without its compensating evil. There is no such thing as "pleasure unalloyed." Show me an object which casts no shadow in the sun and I will then show you a good which is purely good. The latter would be as great a phenomenon in ethics as the former in nature. This is needful to give the force of *contrast* to enjoyment, making the relish more intense. A seeming evil is often only the reverse side or counterpart of a balancing good. In Mother Goose we have this doctrine of compensation epitomized.

"Jack Sprat could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean,
And so betwixt them both, you see,
They licked the platter clean."

Here the fat which is an evil to Mr. Sprat is necessary to *supplement* the lean: and the lean which is an evil to Mrs. Sprat is necessary to supplement the fat.

I do not claim then that the delights of near sightedness are without corresponding inconveniences. It certainly is unpleasant to embrace fervently a middle aged lady in a dark railroad depot, mistaking her for one's expected parent. It is embarrassing to enter a brilliantly-lighted ball-room and to dimly make out moving or stationary masses of different shapes and colors which you know to be human beings, and many of these beings your lady friends with whom you would like to dance, if you could only get near enough to see them distinctly. It is assuredly provoking to be hailed from across the street by some person undescried, and to remain pensively on the curb-stone staring after his retreating form, and exposed to the jeers of the the multitude. To this species of annoyance I am repeatedly subjected by an individual whom I have learned of late to detect by his red-lined cloak, and by his always addressing me as "gigs" or "lippus." When thus challenged, therefore, I now reply triumphantly by calling out "I know you; you're so and so." It *isn't* nice to make a mistake in one's orthography whereby "Shore Line R. R."

is metamorphized into "New Haven, Hartford and Springfield R. R.," and unpleasant consequences follow the error. Yet all these disadvantages sink into nothingness in the light of counterbalancing good.

First among the proud privileges of the short-sighted man is his eye-glass, double or single, gold or steel. He anticipates the prerogative of age; he bears his birthright on his nose. Nor birthright only, but a badge of respectability, for your near-sightedness is a gentlemanly infirmity. To be blind is piteous; to be deaf is ridiculous—it involves screaming or an ear horn; to be lame, halt or maimed is odious—it involves a crutch; to be near-sighted is simply gentlemanly. Is the lucky dog a swell? What so *swelly* as a pair of golden-rimmed glasses, or better still, a single-barrelled one "suspended dexterously by some magical process in the left eye"? The "nattiest" of canes or even a Scotch terrier is not half so effective. Is he a scholar? What so scholarly as a pair of sober and dignified spectacles? It gives an investigating and weighty air to the face. A man in spectacles never glances or winks: he gazes and stares. A professor without specks is not half a professor. A big book under the arm or a pamphlet sticking out of a side pocket, is not one third so literary and so learned. Observe, madam, the erudite elevation of that nose. The professor is bringing his optical batteries into range. In a moment more they will aim full at your face: then he will survey your personal attractions, not with the flippant come-and-go eye-flashes of a gigless man, but with the leisurely view of one who has hard work to see you at all, and now that he has your pretty countenance under observation will take his fill of looking. Moreover, as the consciousness of a respectable bearing gives really respectability, the glass is a great educator (meaning eye-glass of course and not wine-glass.) Who ever heard of a person in "giglamps" picking a pocket? Who has ever seen a prisoner at the bar in spectacles? I am convinced that a near-sighted world would be a virtuous and law-abiding world.

But the near-sighted man *in* glasses is as nothing to the near-sighted man *out* of glasses. Then it is that the distinctive and peculiar blisses of the thing unfold themselves. These to be understood must be felt. Yet let me strive to convey an idea of them to the minds of such unfortunates as have the full use of their eyes.

First among them is the sense of seclusion, of retirement. A short-sighted man, like a planet, is encompassed by an atmosphere of his own, a ring of distance, an unseen rampart built of the invisible materials, time and space. Within this charmed circle he is master of the situation; everything that comes into it is open to his scrutiny; all beyond is *terra incognita*. The diameter of this circle varies according to the circumstances of light and darkness. I have known nights of extreme murkiness in which the diameter of my own immediate circle has been reduced to an infinitesimal. On such occasions I have frequently come into sudden and violent contact with inanimate bodies or with other persons whose radii of observation were in like manner shortened. Thus the near-sighted man in broad daylight and in a crowded street is sequestered in a privacy of his own. The eyes have been called the "windows of the soul," and pursuing the analogy we may call the lids the curtains, I suppose. But how superior to the simple aperture, the mere hole or *fenestra* of the ancients, is the window which is provided not only with curtains but with Venetian blinds, which screen the inmate from outside notice while he himself peeps through the slats. Withdrawn behind the friendly shade of his infirmity, the near-sighted man may pass his whole list of acquaintance in the street without bowing to a soul, if it so likes him. Perhaps he would rather not meet such a one. Perhaps he is not in the mood to take his hat off to such and such a lady. He goes tranquilly by, looks blankly in the person's face, sees the bow or smile and chuckles inwardly, making no answer. There's no offence, his near-sightedness is his excuse. Moreover, as his sphere of observation is narrow, his habit of taking notice within the limits of that sphere grows more accurate. As he is more or less isolated, reflective modes of thought become natural to him. He gets to be a good deal of a philosopher from being thrown back on himself. His speculative nature is quickened. As he perambulates the street he "sees through a glass darkly," or if he has no glasses on, he "sees men as trees walking," and his imagination busies itself with speculations as to what nature of men they may be. A dot appears in the distance: it has position but not magnitude; now it comes nearer; it grows into a good-sized blot, but is still "without form, and void"; now it approaches rapidly and is seen to be

a woman,—but what sort of a woman? Is she young? Is she pretty? Is she an acquaintance? She comes within the circle of vision, the doubts are resolved, and she passes away again into space. Colors come into sight first, outlines last. As objects gradually approach, guesses become exciting. Thus near-sightedness fosters imagination. The imagination dwells in regions of twilight. *Ignota semper majora*. I remember the shock which I received when I first put on glasses. At first it was a revelation. It seemed to me that I had never truly seen before. But very soon the distinctness of every twig and leaf and the sharpness of each blade of grass, and every minute feature in the landscape, grew painful, and I was glad to return to my old, familiar world of comfortable dimness. There is no cloud-land for the fancy to rest on in that world of sharp outlines, no mellow distance, no haze in blue mountain or softness in the sunset, no sweet hallucinations dearer than realities, no illusions which it is sadness to dispel.

H. A. B.



EDUCATION.—There is a tendency in modern education to cover the fingers with rings, and at the same time to cut the sinews at the wrist.

The worst education which teaches self-denial, is better than the best which teaches everything else, and not that.

INDUSTRY.—It is better to wear out than to rust out. We must not only strike the iron while it is hot, but strike it till “it is made hot.”

CONVERSATION.—The first ingredient in conversation is truth; the next, good sense; the third, humor; and the fourth, wit.

SMALL KNOWLEDGE.—A luckless undergraduate of Cambridge, being examined for his degree, and failing in every subject upon which he was tried, complained that he had not been questioned upon the things which he knew. Upon which, the examining master tore off about an inch of paper, and pushing it toward him, desired him to write upon that all he knew.

ANACREONTIC.

I would not be
 A voyager on the windy seas :
 More sweet to me
 This bank where crickets chirp, and bees
 Buzz drowsy sunshine minstrelsies.

I would not bide
 On lonely heights where shepherds dwell.
 At twilight-tide,
 The sounds that from the valley swell—
 Soft-breathing flute and herdsman's bell—

Are sweeter far
 Than music of cold mountain rills ;
 The evening star
 Wakes love and song below, but chills
 With mist and breeze the gloomy hills.

I would not woo
 Some storm-browed Juno queenly fair.
 Soft eyes that sue,
 And sudden blushes, unaware
 Do net my heart in silken snare.

I do not love
 The eyry, but low wood-land nest
 Of cushat dove ;
 Not wind but calm ; not toil but rest,
 And sleep in grassy meadow's breast. H. A. B.



LYING.—Although the devil be the father of lies, he seems, like other great inventors, to have lost much of his reputation, by the continual improvements that have been made upon him.—*Swift.*

Hook and one of his friends happened to come to a bridge, "Do you know who built this bridge," said he to Hook. "No, but if you go over you 'll be tolled."

A LONE MAN.—The Pawnbroker.

WOODEN GODS ON WHEELS.

THE Wooden God on Wheels is a character well known in college, and not altogether unheard of outside it. It is only in exceptional cases, however, that he ever grows old, and it is therefore natural that he should be found in his fullest development at institutions of learning, where the youth of the land do congregate. He appears under so many different forms, and presents so many and so changeable characteristics, that he is like the chamelion, easily recognized but with difficulty described. Painting the lily were an easy task compared to sketching fairly the Wooden God, and at the outset we would humbly admit that at the best we can be but approximately successful in the presumptuous attempt. Still, result as it may, the effort shall be made.

The Wooden Gods whom, of a sudden, the Freshmen find themselves following, are of two kinds: the Gods of the preparatory schools, who are backed by a large enough crowd of former worshippers to enforce homage in their new surroundings, and the Gods, pure and simple, whose inherent divinity resistlessly asserts itself. These latter Gods are of the "popular" kind. They are good looking, and wear good clothes, and are very "old," and use such smart expressions, and don't seem to be Freshmen at all, you know. They pass notices in the division rooms, telling about the rush on Library street at seven o'clock to-night, and every man must be there, sure. They monopolize the prerogatives of the well-known Per Order, and spread abroad the edicts of "the class" without dispute. They have a great deal to say about "our fellows," and whether we are going to submit to this sort of thing. They give big suppers to the upper class men initiation night, and throw out dark hints of friends who got them through, and electioneer for the right men for society officers, and are very reckless in their threats against the Sophs.

This kind of Wooden God is rather short lived, however, and rarely survives freshman year. He may perhaps stay in college after that, it is true,—though he usually does not,—but somehow he has ceased to be a God, and is prominent no more. Perhaps other Gods have usurped his place, for a new set, mounted on

the very largest Wheels, have been rolled out from the depths of the freshman societies. These are perhaps of the "literary" kind. They have debated, and orated, and declaimed before crowds of upper-class society-runners, until their worshippers, thunderstruck by the fearful and wonderful display, have hurriedly attached the Wheels and trundled out their Gods to the public view. But after a while these noisy divinities lose their power, and many of them are suddenly noticed to be Gods no longer. Then come the class from which springs the greatest number of true divinities, who join with the few survivors of the two preceding series, and form, for the rest of their college careers, the genuine Wooden Gods on Wheels. It is about the time of the sophomore elections that these Gods get fitted into their true positions, which, as said before, they generally hold till the end. They may be in rare cases repudiated by their own classmates, but to those below them, Gods they are and Gods they will ever be. The third, and on the whole, the most enduring class of Gods, are generally rather "quiet" ones, whom the fuss and fury of their noiser rivals threw a little into the shade at first. Whether their "lay" be the literary, or the popular, or the political, or the general combination of these, they all agree in maintaining a modest reserve, and without exception pattern their action upon the *omne-ignotum-pro-magnifico* principle, which serves them so well. We have said nothing of scholarship, for there are very few worshippers of scholastic Gods, and these latter, if in rare cases they have been fairly called Wooden, certainly have of late years never been mounted upon Wheels, and so may be left out of the account altogether.

We admit that we have spoken rather disrespectfully, not to say contemptuously, of the Wooden God, yet we do not by any means invariably hold him either in disrespect or contempt. We often count him among our friends. We not unfrequently admire, though we never worship him. It is not the fact of his being a God, but the circumstances which make him one, to which we give our attention. Many a clever fellow has been in spite of himself trundled about the college yard as the largest kind of a God on Wheels. Many a one has roundly cursed his worshippers for their mistaken kindness in exalting him. We ourselves can remember a time, very long ago, and a locality, very

obscure, when and where even we passed for a Wooden God on Wheels. The sensation was essentially disagreeable ; and though we like to ride, we had far rather walk with the feet of a man than ride with the Wheels of a God. Our own experience should have inculcated in us a charity toward Wooden Gods which we do not possess. We instinctively dislike them, and though subsequent acquaintance may change this first opinion, we always regard them as guilty until proved to be innocent. By "guilty" we mean proud of or satisfied with their positions ; Wooden Gods by choice or attainment, not by accident or in spite of themselves. We think that the Wooden God on Wheels generally belongs to the first mentioned class, and though in this belief we may sometimes have done him injustice, we trust our treatment of him has in the main been fair. The Wooden God, as such, we cannot say that we ever liked. We have fought him for several years, and are forced to admit that in college at least he has frequently got the best of us. It is some satisfaction to think that he generally dies young, and in the outside world is not very often met with. At all events he can there usually be avoided, and even the most belligerent of mortals be enabled, without loss of self respect, to avoid crossing swords with him in an unequal conflict.

SIGN FOR A SCHOOL.—A widow-friend of Lamb, having opened a preparatory school for children at Camden Town, said to him, "I live so far from town I must have a sign, I think you call it, to show that I teach children." "Well," he replied, "you can have nothing better than '*The Murder of the Innocents.*'"

THAT was a triumphant appeal of an Irishman, who, in arguing the superiority of old architecture over the new, said: "Where will you find any wooden building that lasted as long as the ancient?"

WE THINK SO.—May a stupid song be called an *absurd ditty*?

“CUI BONO?”

TRULY, “what’s the use?” I compose myself to write, but “cui bono?” will any one be the wiser or the better because I have written? I doubt it much. As any one may learn good from the vices of another, so perhaps a dutiful reader may glean straws of knowledge from the careless droppings of a negligent writer. But “ah me!” I sigh with all mankind, “what’s the use?” Why take the trouble? How much pleasanter it would be to sit in idleness, building out of the smoke from my cigar ethereal castles, in which I am sometime to dwell, and from which I shall look out a serene and happy monarch. Unhappily, between me and those castles far away, a rough and tedious road is patent to my naked eye, lying so low that I can easily glance over it to that delightful goal, but yet always lying there between me and my haven. But let me dream awhile.

Before me I descry a friend, who just now shared my seat and fancies with me, but who, of sterner stuff than I, laughed at our foolishness, and left me idling as he strode away to tramp over the rocky realities which kept him from the realization of his golden dreams. Although he started bravely, yet ever and anon, I saw him seated by the way, footsore and sad, muttering angrily to himself “cui bono?” while with a tremulous and weary sound, the echo, wafted back from the windings of the tedious way, whispers “bono.”

I cannot but think, as I see him toiling on his way, that I am much wiser than he, and yet I am not sure, for often, as I catch a glimpse of his face far away, it seems bright and happy, all the plainer for the cloud that just now hid it.

My pleasure is to dream rather than to work. Although as I sit, I weave yet more magnificent castles from the wreaths about my head, and as they grow I long to possess them, my heart fails me as I glance along the rugged pathway to their doors. I calm my ruffled self-complacency with the thought that there is great pleasure in the mere contemplation of these beautiful creations, and even if I never attain to them I shall be better for having seen them, while by my looking I gather strength for the struggle if I choose to undertake it.

So I sit, the personification of idleness, lazily taking in the beauties of the scene before me. Plains broad and green, valleys soft and luxuriant, the cradles of the sleeping giant rocks; mountains rough and high, almost terrible in their grim majesty; streams and lakes, sparkling and lovely, make up a soul-stirring picture. While far away the restless, merciless sea tosses and moans, seemingly angry with itself that it can leap no higher. Yet sometimes tired and motionless, it plashes sadly on the sands, whispering faintly to itself "*cui bono?*"

Looking again, I see scattered here and there travelers moving slowly along the wild, thorny paths, all apparently moving in the same direction, but all wearily, and many sadly.

Here, on this rocky mountain side, I see a pale, worn cripple toiling up the steep ascent. His thin, transparent hands grasp convulsively the staff which holds him up as he slips and struggles over rolling stones. Now his tired head drops in his hands, and a sob bursts from his desolate heart, "*cui bono?*" Yet his despondency is only for a moment, and as if a rainbow of hope shone through his tears, a bright smile supplants the gloom of sorrow, and he creeps heroically on till he is lost to my sight in the windings of the way.

Moving along the rocky gorge below me is a slight but beautiful girl, who picks her way daintily among the boulders and brambles which obstruct the path. She sings gaily as she goes, and seems to regard the journey she has undertaken simply as a bit of romance, a mere pleasure trip. But as the obstructions in the way multiply, and a coming storm obscures the sun with its dark mantle, while she shivers at the touch of its icy breath, and shudders at its bellowing thunders and its lightning glances, the farce quickly changes to a tragedy. Terrified she sinks beneath a sheltering rock, alone with the storm and the wind, wailing in her frenzy, "*cui bono?*" In the gathering clouds she too is lost to my sight.

Excited by the strivings of the travelers I have seen, I look about for more. I have not far to look, for they are all about me.

Out on the ocean is a little shallop buffeting the dark waves. A single man urges it through the seething waters. The wind steadily rises, whistling drearily over his head, while the foaming billows rear their angry heads and hiss at him like raging mon-

sters. He pulls with the energy of despair, but his boat scarcely moves, while his arms grow numb, his face is rigid, and a mocking fiend whispers "cui bono?" But his better angel urges him on, and I see him gliding into the haven, a conqueror.

Here a party of men are fighting savagely for precedence in a path in which but one can walk. There is an old gray-headed man, tottering with uncertain steps along the mountain road. Beyond is a family hand in hand climbing the hillside. Here and there are uncared-for children, working unaided but courageously to overcome all obstacles, and reach their journey's end.

As I watch the scene before me I think—"How foolish they all are." "Why could they not be satisfied to stay where they were?" "What the use of all this trouble?" But as I sneer at them, I see my friend who left me long before standing, happy and smiling, in that castle he had seen, holding in his hand the treasure he had sought—"Success." Then I knew that the echo answered truly—"bono."

Looking to the right I see the cripple, whose progress I had watched, seated peacefully at rest, and he too held the treasure he had sought—"Success."

To the left, is the girl whom I last saw desponding, no longer young, but very lovely with her joyful face. She too had reached her journey's end, and she too held the prize—"Success."

On every hand, the travelers I had seen were coming to their destination, and I began to understand "cui bono?" All who were weary and sad now were rested and happy. But was not I at rest and happy too? At rest, certainly, but happy, not at all. A feeling of discontent crept over me that I did not possess what they had acquired, a feeling of shame that I had not dared even to *try* what they had bravely accomplished. The prize I desired was greater than theirs, so my inspiration would be greater. The path which led to it was plain and free from danger, while they had traversed roads obscure and perilous. I was strong, perfectly prepared for my journey, and had no adversaries to contend with, while they had been weak, unprepared for the exigencies of the way, and hindered by powerful enemies. Argue as I would, the conviction forced itself upon me that I was a *coward*. The oftener I sneered "cui bono?" the oftener the echo answered "bono." Mortified, I felt that nothing was left for me but to

undertake the journey which, though tedious, would bring me to "Success." Starting impulsively, I put an end to my dream, and awoke to stern realities.

Well, in truth, it was not all a dream. For years I have been simply sitting still, or if progressing at all on life's journey, it has been by very easy stages, and over no obstacles.

How many others, like me, are sitting with folded hands, discontented and complaining, dreaming of a grand success, but too indolent and cowardly to brave the toil, while multitudes about them, without their native strength, without their acquired resources, and over ways the thorniest and longest, are marching on to honor and happiness?

For shame, ye lazy souls! Why are you idling so? You cannot sail through life on summer seas. No man deserves the name till he has grappled, fought and conquered some great obstacle. Without a struggle in your life, you must die an infant. No *man* will sit, and look, and sigh over a difficulty. They see and tremble perhaps, but fight they will, and conquer they must, who with determination set out upon the pilgrimage of life. *You* are the cowards, *you* are the deserters from the army of the world's heroes who, endowed with strength and aided by circumstances, *refuse* to fight, but from a safe distance, (either here in college, or out in the wide world), laugh and sneer, and cry out "cui bono? cui bono?"

PIUS ÆNEAS.

Virgil whose magic verse enthralls,—
And who in verse is greater?
By turns his wand'ring hero calls,
Now *pius* and now *pater*.
But when prepared the worse to brave,
An action that must pain us,
Queen Dido meets him in the cave,
He dubs him DUX TROJANUS.
And well he changes thus the word
On that occasion, sure—
PIUS ÆNEAS were absurd,
And PATER *permatute*.—Sydney Smith.

SHOWS.

THE sapient editor who gets up the *Memorabil.* for this periodical has very properly devoted a corner to a record of the Town Shows. Perhaps this is not an entirely disinterested proceeding on his part. It may be that he has an eye on Free tickets for the board. But however that may be, it is none the less gratifying to us to see a recognition of so important a matter as the arrival and departure of male and female stars in the pages of this excellent Magazine. It is an important matter. Almost as important as the fact that some base-ball club has beaten some other base-ball club. Nay, almost as important even as the fact that the University crew at present consists of the following named men.

Haven't there been Shows from the beginning of time? Don't every nation on the face of the earth at the present day have Shows of some kind or other? Are not some of the finest passages of Homer and Virgil mere descriptions of Shows; poor shows moreover—mere “fistic entertainments”? Do not the youth of all civilized countries, under the guidance of pious divines and learned pedagogues, spend many hours in reading the report of “the mill” between the Trojan Bully Dares and Entellus, the Sicilian pet? How Entellus was punched off his pins in the first round, but rallied and punished Dares awfully in the second; and how, finally, Dares retired from the ground with his “mug” very much disfigured and half his teeth knocked down his throat.

Among the Greeks, Shows were among the necessities of life. The Government supplied the people with money wherewith to buy tickets. The Theoric Fund was the fruitful source of many a row. Among the Romans, Shows were of the very highest importance, not only to the spectators, but also to those unhappy gentlemen who were “butchered to make a Roman holyday.” The ruins which attract most attention in those cities which, in obedience to the unalterable law of decay in nations, have passed out of existence, are the remains of buildings devoted to Shows. And at the present day, the magnificent halls and elegant Theatres which ornament every city, except New Haven, are the re-

sult of the universal desire to see Shows. Certainly, the sage of _____ has given another evidence of his wisdom by devoting a portion of his time to chronicling the Town Shows.

One of the most conspicuous objects in a city is a blind wall covered with Show-bills. These works of art are of all characters—pathetic, humorous, and exciting. The advent of such plays as “Under the Gas-light” and “After Dark” is usually heralded by a representation of some heart-rending catastrophe, in glaring colors. A villain in red shirt, high boots and large black moustache, is blazing away at a defenceless female with dishevelled hair and a young child in her arms. Show-bills are like some poems, beautiful, not so much in themselves as for their suggestive character. They suggest a comfortable Theatre, a collection of well-dressed, happy-looking people—a low hum of conversation interrupted by soft laughter and the rustle of play-bills, and a general atmosphere of expectancy. They suggest a squeaking of fiddles in the orchestra while the inevitable tuning up process is going forward—the cat-calls and other symptoms of impatience from the galleries—and finally the tinkling of the bell and the rising of the curtain, the disclosure of a scene of dazzling splendor, kings and queens and courtiers, in the most magnificent apparel. But when the show has gone how sad are the Show-bills. How they remind one of pleasures gone forever. They are like the broken remains of a feast with the bright morning sunshine falling on them after an evening of pleasure. The fun is all over. The show came and went. Hasten and paste new bills over the old ones.

To the writer, who confesses to being of rather a romantic turn, almost the pleasantest part of a Show is the short interval before the rising of the curtain. There is such a pleasant feeling of expectancy and excitement. One wonders what sort of a play it will be,—whether Mr. So and So is a good actor, whether the part assigned to her will suit Miss Thingamy’s manner. Or there is an actor whom we have never heard, and we speculate upon his good or bad qualities. We suppose that a time must come when this delightful feeling of expectancy is lost; and when this time comes to us, we shall stop going to the play and mourn over one more pleasure gone;—just as we did years ago when Santa Claus was discovered to be a delusion and a shave.

When we lost faith in that great personage, Christmas lost nearly all its charm. We remember well the fruitless attempts to get up the old boyish feeling of excitement and joy at the approach of the twenty-fifth of December, for several successive years, and the feeling of sadness with which we were at length forced to acknowledge that it was no longer possible. It is a sad time for everybody when old pleasures cease to be pleasures. Yet there are some fortunate people who seem to retain their youth to the end. We have seen old gentlemen who go to the play regularly and enjoy everything that happens from half past seven until half past ten. Your habitual play-goer never goes late, he arrives about twenty minutes before the curtain rises and proceeds to make himself comfortable, stows away his hat and cane where they will give him no trouble during the evening—then slowly reads the play-bill, looks around the house, and by the time the curtain rises he has settled himself down to the business of the evening and gives undivided attention. He enjoys all the good points immensely, as you can see by the expression of his face. He applauds anything particularly good, not loudly but softly, as if he did it for his own especial benefit. His applause is the involuntary expression of pleasure and approval. Who will say that such a man is childish because he is so easily made happy.

We are happy to say that the Drama is supported and encouraged by the students of Yale College, especially in its present degenerate state, (meaning the Drama and not the College). It is a pleasant sight to see the two front seats in the galleries occupied by young men belonging to the first families of the country. Genius is appreciated here at all events. Does not Zoe have full houses? But there actually are some men in College who never go to Shows. To them we speak. Let them mend their ways. *Vivat Theatrum.*

GOOD RULE.—One of the wisest rules that can be observed in study, is to eschew those subjects which afford no footing to the mind.

Man who has a turn for Music: The Organ grinder.

BASE BALL AT YALE.

[BASE BALL has become a leading feature of our College sports. All like to witness a good game, and many like to try their hand. In Yale particularly, less than a year ago, the ball-fever succeeded the typhoid, both taking the shape of an epidemic. Thinking that a review of the matches Yale has played, her victories and defeats, together with a short history of the B. B. Clubs, would be of interest, we induced a friend to make some researches and give us the result of his labors. It was a hard and ungracious task, and thanks are due to him, whose modesty will not permit even the disclosing of his initials. Mistakes may be found, but it was impossible to be perfectly accurate in the first attempt.—ED. LIT.]

Base Ball Clubs appear in the Banner as early as 1859, but the national game did not, we conjecture, occupy its present position as the leading sport of the University until the Fall of 1865, when the class of '69 entered College. A "University Nine" was then, we think, for the first time organized, and under the captaincy of Harry Reeve (S. S. S.) as catcher, and Tom. Hooker ('69) as pitcher, soon took its proper place—in *primis*. While its rival, boating, has been obliged to adopt the class system to sustain life, base ball has steadily increased in popularity, and would doubtless continue to do so were it not for the great disadvantage under which it as well as boating must always labor at New Haven, viz: the great distance of the ball ground and the water from the College buildings. Yale's truest benefactor would be the donor of a ball ground something less than two miles away, as now. Enthusiasm which has to contend with such an inconvenience, must in future be spasmodic.

The misfortune of our Alma Mater is not damp rooms and an unhealthy climate nearly so much as that her friends ignore the ancient maxim that *sana mens in corpore sano semper ubique*. The gymnasium is but a poor substitute for a ball ground. Surely we are leaving the footsteps of the English Universities and becoming more like German Universities in this respect.

Worcester will continue to be an unpleasant name to the ears of Yale men, unless Yale imitates her elder sister in providing ample facilities for all athletic sports. We should like to give the LIT.

readers a complete sketch of the early history of Base Ball at Yale, and we hope some one of the Alumni will supply us with the desired information; meanwhile the following schedule of games played during the past three years, may not be without value and interest. We regret its necessary incompleteness and inaccuracies.

YALE versus :				
Name of Club.	Where from.	Where played.	Date.	Score.
Agallian,	Wes'tyan Uni.,	New Haven,	Sat., Sept. 30, 1865,	39-13
Waterbury,	Waterbury,	"	Wed., Oct. 1, "	35-30
"	"	Waterbury,	" 8, "	52-30
Yale '67 vs. '68,	"	New Haven,	" Nov. 15, "	14-28
" '66 vs. S. S. S.,	"	"	" 11, "	S. S. S. wins
Yale vs. S. S. S.,	"	"	" 18, "	'66 wins.
" " "	"	"	" 25, "	37-45
Charter Oak,	Hartford,	Hartford,	Wed., May 26, 1866,	15-18
Sixty-Nine,	Yale,	New Haven,	Frid., June 1, "	11-10
Charter Oak,	Hartford,	"	Wed., " 13, "	10-22
Waterbury,	Waterbury,	Waterbury,	Sat., " 30, "	25-33
Yale '69 vs. Harv. '69,	"	Worcester,	Thurs., July 26, "	36-33
" '69 vs. Mutuels,	New Haven,	New Haven,	Wed., Oct. 3, "	26-29
" '70 " " "	"	"	" 10, "	28-16
Yale vs. Waterbury,	Waterbury,	"	" 17, "	52-41
" '70 vs. Mutuels,	New Haven,	"	Sat., " 20, "	12-15
Bridgeport,	Bridgeport,	Bridgeport,	" " " " "	59-10
Waterbury,	Waterbury,	Birmingham,	" " 27, "	21-33
Yale '69 vs. Nassau,	Prince'n, N. J.	Princeton,	" May 4, 1867,	52-58
" '70 vs. Bridgeport,	Bridgeport,	"	" 25, "	21-26
Liberty,	Norwalk,	New Haven,	" June 8, "	29-12
Yale '70 vs. Bridgeport,	Bridgeport,	"	" 22, "	53-13
" " " " " " "	Norwich,	Norwich,	" July 4, "	24-13
" '70 vs. Harvard '70,	"	Worcester,	Thurs., July 18, "	38-18
" '69 vs. Harvard '69,	"	"	" " " " "	23-22
Waterbury,	Waterbury,	New Haven,	Wed., Oct. 9, "	13-8
Columbia,	Colum. C. N. Y.	"	Sat., " 19, "	46-12
Waterbury,	Waterbury,	Waterbury,	" Nov. 2, "	26-10
(tie on 9th inning).				
Union,	Morrisania,	New Haven,	" June 6, 1868,	14-16
Lowell,	Boston,	"	" " 13, "	13-16
Liberty,	Norwalk,	"	Wed. " 17, "	20-5
Nassau,	Prince't'n, N. J.	"	Thurs., June 25, "	30-23
Star,	Brooklyn,	"	Sat., July 4, "	31-14
Union,	Morrisania,	Tremont, N. Y.	Frid., " 17, "	9-19
Atlantic,	Brooklyn,	Williamsburg,	Sat., " 18, "	16-40
Eckford,	"	Brooklyn,	Tues., " 21, "	11-19
'71 vs. Harvard '71,	"	Worcester,	Thurs., July 23, "	18-36
Harvard,	"	"	Sat., " 25, "	17-25
Liberty,	Norwalk,	Norwalk,	" Sept. 26, "	40-11
Eckford,	Brooklyn,	New Haven,	Wed., " 30, "	15-12
"	"	"	Sat., Oct. 10, "	19-17
Bridgeport,	Bridgeport,	Bridgeport,	Wed., " 28, "	14-6

Showing a Summary of:

Games played,	- - -	42	Class matches,	- - -	14
Games won,	- - -	23	Total Yale score,	- - -	1064
Games lost,	- - -	19	Total opponents' score,	- - -	858
University matches,	- - -	28			

Showing, all told, a pretty good record for Yale.

* *

MINOR TOPICS.

THERE can be no doubt that the present commodore of our navy is a badly abused man. For three years he has sturdily pulled his oar at Worcester and elsewhere, and other men have got the credit for it. Men, too, not real but imaginary; mere hypothetical individuals, conjured up by newspaper reporters, and known to none others. Shall we call up the long list of Copps, and Clapps, and Copes, and Cobbs, and Cupps, and Cubbs, with their always varying initials, whom we read of as "members of the Yale University crew," and whose personal peculiarities are noted at length in metropolitan journals? Truly, did these mythical oarsmen exist in the flesh, a mighty throng would they form. As a matter of fact, however, they represent one man: that man is COPP. It may seem an easy name to spell—but it is not. It may appear that those four letters can be correctly combined without difficulty—but appearances were never more deceitful. History, even, seems determined that it is all a mistake; that there never has been, and never shall be, such a name. The unpleasantness which ended at Yorktown, really made its first noteworthy manifestation on Copp's Hill, but the cable newsman of the period telegraphed home "Bunker's Hill," and deprived Copp of his eminence and monument together. The special correspondent of to-day follows in the footsteps of his revolutionary predecessor. He ignores Copp. There is no such man. There may be a Cobb, or a Clapp, or a Code, or an anything else that begins with a C, but there is no Copp. The "quivering university shell" may "dart under Tomlinson's bridge and up the broad Connecticut" as often as you choose, and "the brawny arm of its athletic stroke" may direct it; but it carries no Copp, and it never can. Lately a new element has entered into the problem, for Cope has joined the crew. If things have been mixed before, what may we expect next year, when the special, in writing up the new men, shall describe one as "a brother of the well-known Bill Cade of '69, commodore of the Yale navy"? We shudder to think of the prospective blunders. Confusion worse confounded will express it but mildly. Yet, after all, why should we care?

What's in a name?

Him whom Yale men call Copp,

Under another name may pull as well.

THE majority of those who try to "run" a newspaper, can only "run it into the ground," and there is no profession calling for greater versatility of talent than journalism. We are glad to see how widely this subject is being

looked at and discussed, not only in this but in other countries. Noble and powerful as the journalistic profession is, it is like a strong citadel surrounded by many outworks, all of which must be captured and held before admittance can be gained into the stronghold. While we say to the would-be editor, "Persevere, and do not be discouraged," we beg leave to remind him that he starts on a rough and narrow road.

POLITICS, properly, have no place in a College magazine like this. As a general thing, we mean to confine ourselves and our readers to the College world, but the importance of our last national election, the wonderful quiet with which Americans enjoyed their greatest privilege, the triumph of true Republican principles and the glorious election of GRANT and COLFAX, demands at least a passing notice. Now at last can we feel the security of a genuine and prosperous PEACE in the country which we love so well. Other nations view with wonder the spectacle of a great nation choosing its Chief Magistrates, at the same moment of time, from Atlantic to Pacific, with almost absolute tranquility and quiet. We Americans regard it as the natural sequence of a genuine Democracy.

WHAT is the use of continually cramming the mental stomach with an indigestible mass of Greek roots and abstract mathematical formulæ, besides a dozen other equally useless studies, which those whose minds do not readily adapt themselves to, must either "skin" or "flunk." There is no mind so dull but that some line of study can be found to interest it; and yet the patent marking system makes about half a class of only "average" ability. More practical studies are needed in the course, and if the theoretical are necessary for the sake of discipline, give us something practical for the sake of *knowledge*. How many in College are familiar with the history of their own country, to say nothing of that of other lands? We would be almost willing to print the names in the Lit. of those who are; free, gratis, for nothing. How many have anything more than a smattering of English or American modern literature? How much of a knowledge of French or German is acquired in two or three terms? Not enough to enable one to read ten lines of a German paper without a dictionary. They do say "*nil de mortuis nisi bonum*," but would not a little more attention to living languages be better than three years compulsory study of the ashes of the dead? What a valuable amount of chemistry is stored in the Seniors' brain! How many Juniors would like to pass a thorough examination in Geography? But why grumble, when the present system seems to others perfection, judging by the reluctance with which any change is made.

THE *College Courant* had a very sensible article in an issue of some weeks ago, headed "Ptyalism." A copy of that article ought to have been sent to the parents of every child who must have a substitute for chewing gum, or going back further, a rattle, in his mouth. But apart from the disgusting nature of this habit, and its sickening effect on those in the neighborhood of a tobacco-chewer, has it not a bad influence *physically* on the individual himself? Said a victim to this habit: "Well, that article in the *Courant* didn't say it hurt a man to chew." Didn't! All right; we will try and supply the deficiency. Look at JOHN SIZAR's work on "Alcohol and Tobacco" (page 21), where he modestly states a few of the physical effects: "enfeeblement of the human mind, the loss of the powers of intelligence and of moral energy; in a word, of the vigor of the intellect, one of the elements of which is memory." A case is cited by Dr. CORSON (page 28), where a man had chewed for seven years and was troubled with "nausea, emaciation, nervousness and palpitation of the heart." And as a general statement, a few of the constitutional effects of chewing, all substantiated by many cases and years of experience, are enumerated as being (page 29): giddiness, sickness, dyspepsia, diseased liver, loose bowels, congestion of the brain, apoplexy, palsy, mania, loss of memory, amaurosis, deafness, nervousness, emasculation, syphilis and cowardice. All these are corroborated by BOUSSION in his *Treatise on Tobacco*, and a few more are added. How is that, Mr. Ptyalist! *Does it hurt a man to chew?*

THE Duchess of Devonshire's original, patent "Grecian Bend," which the ladies have extensively adopted, is thus mentioned by an exchange:

"The Grecian Bend is readily distinguished from colic—so say physicians—by the expression of countenance, which in the former disease is complacent and self-satisfied. Nevertheless, in both cases the patient appears as if she had eaten two green apples and then drank a pint of milk. Some wise one recommends the following prescription, which, if taken three times a day, after being well shaken (that is, the patient), will certainly cure:

15 drops of paregoric,
2 ounces of decency,
4 ounces of common-sense."

Our only excuse for clipping and inserting this here is that we are sorry to see that the "Bend" has been introduced into College, and is known in one or two instances *not* to be the result of hard study. Can it be that *straps* and *panniers* have been introduced within these classic halls? Shades of departed modesty forbid!

Now that everyone has spoken on the subject of removing the Colleges, we suppose the old LIT. may be permitted to speak. The arguments on both sides seem to be about six of one and half a dozen of the other. The Faculty, besides other considerations, do not care about giving up their present homes or walking to "Edgewood" or the Hallock estate, in order to hear a recitation; the Alumni, to a great extent, don't want old associations destroyed and all the remembrances that cluster about the ancient piles of brick, banished; the Corporation don't like to lose the advantages of the present buildings and the central position; the citizens are divided between a desire for the elms and College lawn, and the bliss of being relieved from "noisy students," etc.; while the trades-people would infinitely prefer to have the College where it is. The LIT. thinks that if the amount of cash to be realized by the transfer is sufficient to make any real difference in the advantages of the institution, by all means move. The whole thing seems to turn on this mercenary pivot.

EVIDENCES of awakened literary zeal are manifest in the increased patronage of the open Societies, by men of all classes. LINONIA, of late, has had as many as *thirty* within its walls, and the Debate has been sustained in an able and effective manner until after *ten* P. M. Good! this is a step in the right direction. Where extemporaneous speaking is such an element of power as it is in this country, everything that tends to its encouragement and development should be made use of. Walk up, gentlemen!

AN Englishman has just published a work entitled "Happy Thoughts," which is really a valuable addition to humorous literature. The writer, in a quiet way, experiences all the inconveniences of country life, and after each experience has a "happy thought" how to avoid its recurrence. Not having a copy of the work we are unable to give extracts, but they run something like this:

I doze * * * * sometimes in my room. I look, inquiringly, over the side of the bed. A bull-dog, alone! White, with bandy legs, a black muzzle, and showing his teeth: what a fancier, I believe, would call a beauty. Don't know how to treat bull-dogs. Wish Boodles would shut the door when he goes out. I look at the dog. The dog doesn't stir, but twitches his nostrils up and down. I *never* saw a dog do that before. I say to myself, in order to inspirit myself, "He can't make me out." I really don't like to get up while he is there.

Happy Thought—To keep my eye on him, sternly. He keeps his eye more sternly on me. Failure.

* * * * *

Happy Thought.—One ought always to have a bell by the bed in case of robbers, and a pistol. 7.45. The dog has been here for a quarter of an hour and I can't get up. Wilks, the butler, appears with my clothes and hot water. The dog welcomes him—so do I, gratefully. He says "Got Grip up here with you, Sir? He don't *hoften* make friends with strangers." I say, without explanation, "Fine dog that," as if I'd had him brought to my room to be admired. * * * And so on through the work. The book is one of the "Handy-Volume Series," and is by F. C. BURBAND. It is published in London by Bradbury, Evans & Co. It is a sure cure for the "Blues," and is quite refreshing after reading thirty pages in the "Human Intellect." There is a possibility that it is not so able a work as the latter.

PRESIDENT HAVEN of the Michigan University, in his recent report says some very sensible things about admitting women into our Colleges. Woman, in every conceivable shape, is being pretty well discussed at the present time. The question what she shall have and what not, drives the philosopher crazy in his struggle between gallantry and expediency. But certainly, woman ought to be able to claim as extended privileges of education as man, *if she wants them*. The New Haven Boarding schools are very poor substitutes for a female department of Yale. By all means let the ladies "stop that knocking at the door," and let those who have the power bid them "Come in." Tried *fairly*, the experiment can do no harm, and if successful, will be the means of doing much good.

THE greatest obstacle against which a college paper has to contend is the pecuniary one. Among students, it is natural that literary ability should be more common than financial tact, and their chosen editors are generally better writers than business managers. Hence undergraduate sharers of editorial honors think themselves lucky if they are able simply to "pay their way"; while a college journal which actually makes money is a rare bird indeed. There is, in this city of New Haven, a weekly paper called the *College Courant*, owned and published by a gentleman whose exceptional business ability has made it a financial success. It is devoted to general college news, and educational information, "is written for by the professors of nearly all the prominent colleges," and gives up several pages to undergraduate matters at Yale, which are attended to by three editors employed from the Senior class, by the proprietor. The college does not elect the editors or control in any way the paper, which is as much a private property as is the *Palladium* or the *Register*.

We repeat, then, our former statement, which we gave as a well-known fact, not an "opinion" of our own, that the *Courant* "is not in any

sense a member of the 'college press.' " That it devotes attention to Yale news, and supports Yale interest, and is written for by Yale men, and is owned by a Yale graduate, does not touch the question. Almost as much might be said of the *New Englander*, and quite as much proved by saying it. By the "college press" is usually understood those papers and periodicals which are edited and published by the undergraduate students in the different colleges, and these are, with few exceptions, under the direct control of the colleges they represent. It is absurd for a private enterprise like the *Courant*, not satisfied with its recognized position in the Press of the country, to claim at the same time a place beside these undergraduate bantlings which it long ago outgrew; and we are glad to notice that the different college papers are getting to appreciate this fact, and refuse to admit the claim. It is due to themselves that this should be done; for it is manifestly unjust to admit any competition between undergraduate "play-journalism" and the well established paper of a gentleman in active life, which happens to be devoted to college matters. We are always ready to give the *Courant* its due; but we shall, as often as may be, publish the fact that it "is not in any sense a member of the 'college press.' "

NEGRO-WORSHIPPING individuals have always shown more or less of the symptoms of temporary insanity. In their overweening anxiety to ride their "hobby," they ride him continually into the most ridiculous absurdities. In the *Independent* for Nov. 14, Theo. Tilton declares that "God has predestinated the negro to be President of Yale College." Continuing his vagaries, he says with prophetic inspiration: The hour of the negro is done; the hour of woman has come. As a legitimate consequence, why not amend your first statement, Theo., and declare that: God has predestinated the *female* negro to be President of Yale College!! Both propositions have the same elements of sense, and both are—*nonsense!*

WE propose a little grumble about the College Choir. It is a very threadbare topic, but in the hope of doing some good, since it is impossible to do any harm, we will criticise it a little. Why is it that we have music in chapel so poor as to be a source of discomfort to all of any musical taste, and of shame whenever we have friends there, while Yale is so universally acknowledged to be at the head of American colleges in its out-of-door singing? The faults of the choir are patent, but the causes are not so apparent, and as for any means of reform—why, no one seems to think of that. In the first place, the selection of tunes is poor; with the voices most students have (naturally fine it may be, but uncultivated),

the selection of slow, choral tunes is simply offering a premium for bad singing. We are not equal to sustained harmony. Then, in the second place, the best material which college affords is not always in the choir. We may take Beethoven as a pretty fair criterion of our college singers, since there a man's voice is the only consideration, not his class nor the length of time he has been a member. Why is it then that we so frequently see a person who is hardly thought competent to sing in the chorus of Beethoven, a solo singer or even leader, in the Choir? Those of us who remember the first part of last year, need look no further for an illustration. There appear to be two reasons for this, first, a dislike of the style of music the choir sings, and second, the fact that the leaders and soloists must be from the upper classes, no matter how far inferior their abilities to those of some under class man. It is not many years since it was a pleasure to hear the choir, and many attended chapel especially for that purpose. This superiority was due, undoubtedly, to the better quality of the voices then, especially in the first Tenor. Such voices as those of Mead, Barrows, Butler, Jennings and G. Young, are no more heard among us; but there is no reason why we should not do the best we can, and employ our best materials. Why cannot the choir be reconstructed, the best singers of college enlisted, the best men (irrespective of class) be made the soloists, and a new era of chapel music inaugurated? We can have good singing and do have it, on the fence; why must we be compelled to listen to such poor attempts and miserable failures in chapel?

ALL the papers throughout the country have discussed the late Williams College *imbroglio*. Some have argued the case for the Faculty, some for the Students, and it is rather a noticeable fact that the "poor" students have had the worst of it in these newspaper opinions. Now that the matter is settled, and the students have justly been obliged to haul in their flaunting banners, the foolish nature of the contest is readily seen by all. The rule in itself may have seemed unjust, but the fact that it has been in successful operation at Yale and other Colleges for a score of years or more, would tend to prove the contrary. That the whole marking system is faulty many of our worthy professors are beginning to admit, and in course of time it will probably be materially amended, if not abolished. But Faculties are like a good many other people, rather slow, and as "Rome was not built in a day," so all great works take time.

DR. SHAW, the naturalist, was one day showing to a friend two volumes written by a Dutchman upon the wings of a butterfly, in the British Museum. "The dissertation is rather voluminous, perhaps you will think," said the Doctor gravely, "but it is immensely important."

MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

The Month

Has been in general quiet and without incident, the only noteworthy event being the social celebration in honor of A. Johnson's last Thanksgiving Day, with the account of which our record closes. An accidental fire at 127 N., on the evening of Thursday, Oct. 29, was discovered in time to scare the occupant and save the building, while watchmen lying in wait defeated the attempts to ignite the fence and north coal-yard on the evening of election day, Tuesday, Nov. 3. These latter pleasantries were doubtless intended as a fitting finale to the minor celebrations about town earlier in the evening, in honor of the "glorious news," but the powers that be frustrated them, and added a general dam-ages item on the term bills, besides. However, as the south coal-yard has been substantially, not to say gorgeously, rebuilt of brick, perhaps all parties should be satisfied with the final result; we, having no term bill to pay, certainly are. The chapel organ has been put in tune and the choir are at work perfecting the so-called Christmas anthem. Two days before Christmas, the term closes, and in anticipation of the usual examinations, the review has begun in most of the studies. The Seniors have been at work on Prof. Porter's new volume, investigating the "Human Soul" at the rate of fifteen pages per diem, and on account of the size of the book have generally dispensed with the arm exercises at the gymnasium. With them also, Lieber's "Civil Liberty" has succeeded Perry's "Political Economy" for some weeks. These books, by the way, seem to us the most interesting of the course thus far. Compositions are read by the Seniors in a desultory sort of way, whenever a member of the faculty can be found to listen to them, and the price of substitutes has risen to \$2.50 and \$3.00 per composition. The usual "prize subjects" have also been announced to the Sophomores, who in return have forbidden the wearing of the Alpine hat by the Fresh of '72, and stolen from them their copies of

The College Catalogue

For 1868-69 which was issued Thursday, Nov. 12, from the press of Tuttle, Morehouse & Taylor, who, since the closing of Mr. Hayes's office, a year or more ago, have been the official college printers. Among the "fellows" of the corporation, Rev. George Richards of Bridgeport, takes the place of Rev. Joel H. Linsley of Greenwich, Brig. Gen. Benj. S. Roberts, U. S. A., is put down as "Professor of Military Science, under appointment of U. S. Government," and Charles L. Ives, M. D., "Professor of the Theory and Practice of Medicine." The other changes have been noticed before. In all, there are 53 instructors on the list, the same as last year, and we may remark that the year of graduation decides the order of their names, which at first glance seems chaotic. Of the total 724, 519 are academical students, divided as follows; Seniors 115, Juniors 117, Sophomores 111, Freshmen 176; the 206 others being thus distributed: Theological 25, Law 17, Medical 23, Scientific 140. As to residences, 26 States, and 10 "other places" are represented. Connecticut heads the list with 253, followed by New York with 100 less, though among the academicals, N. Y. is only 16 behind. Massachusetts stands third with 56, and Pennsylvania close behind with 54. Ohio has 32, Illinois 27, New Jersey 23, Kentucky 14, Missouri and Tennessee 9, California and Michigan 8, Wisconsin 7, New Hampshire and Delaware 6, Maine, Rhode Island and

Maryland 5, Vermont, Iowa, District of Columbia and India 4, Indiana, Louisiana, Texas, Ontario and Wales 3, South Carolina, Georgia, Minnesota, and China 2, while these five localities send each a single representative: Arkansas, England, New Brunswick, Ecuador and South Africa. We have condensed the above from the *Courant's* table, without taking the pains to verify; "if mistakes occur, therefore," etc. The following facts in regard to residences in the city, however, we have ourselves arranged, by the aid of the calculus, and they may therefore be relied upon: of the 519 undergraduates, 254 occupy rooms in the college buildings, and 265 in the town outside, according to the following summary, in which the "ins" are first mentioned: Seniors 104, 11; Juniors 88, 29; Sophomores 47, 64; Freshmen 15, 161. We learn that the Art Gallery is open daily from 10 to 1 from December to April, and in addition, from 3 to 5 during the other months; also that owing to lack of funds no instruction can at present be afforded. A great many of the pictures temporarily placed in the Gallery during the summer months have been recently removed by their owners, but enough remain to make the place well worth visiting by all. We may remark while speaking of catalogues that the strictures of a *Courant* correspondent upon the last *Pot Pourri*, seem to us just, in the main, and that we believe its "Table Talk" was worse than any conceivable college "club" would ever tolerate,—which is saying a good deal. The wretchedly designed initiation cut, however, suggests a little

Society Gossip,

In regard to the supper given by the sophomore initiation committees of Sigma Eps and Delta Kap to their "predecessors in office," the committees in '70. This took place at the New Haven house on the evening of Friday, Nov. 13, and was much more of an affair than usual, gorgeous engraved invitations and bills of fare being issued, to say nothing of "the feed" itself. The '69 committees were also in attendance at the festive board—those who are left of them, for their obituary list is quite large. Out of regard for the innate modesty of the survivors we refrain from publishing their names.

The junior societies have gone to pledging Freshmen, after the old manner; Alpha Delta Phi, on Wednesday, Nov. 18, giving notice that it would refrain from the business no longer. The elective glories of January glitter very brightly about these times, and a "coalition" which has been talked of, and perhaps adopted, gives Psi U. five Cochs and two Editors with the chairman, D. K. E., three Editors and four Cochs, with the spoon-man. The members of the class outside these two societies we understand number almost or quite as many as those who are in them, so there is a chance of fighting perhaps, and of dividing the class on "the issues of the hour." W. R. Beach, H. B. Mason and T. J. Tilney were elected the last week in October, class historians for the three divisions of '70; though perhaps this is a

Personal

Rather than a political item. Of the four historians at '70's annual dinner last year—W. L. Burton, G. L. Huntress, T. T. Player and D. D. Wolcott—one only remains: such is the fate of genius!—Of the recently organized "second six" of the University crew, C. H. Smith, '69, has been elected captain. Mr. Josh Ward has inspected *the* University crew, and expressed himself well satisfied with the commodore's selection. Mr. Dennis Leary, their last summer's trainer, by the way, has come off clear from the "Foul Play" at the Broadway Theater in which he was concerned some time ago. —Candy Sam has "seen" a ghost, and our old friend, Daniel Pratt, Jr., has made a

sensation at the Woman Suffrage Convention, held at Boston a week or so ago. His last "oration" was pronounced before the Cambridge Law School, and in a recently issued circular—"which any man of knowledge, wisdom, and understanding will not refuse to pay 25 cents for"—he gives us the prospectus of his new paper, *The Pratt Hercules Gridiron*, and complains, that though he "has spoken more than 100 miles on the Pacific railway, from New York to Toledo," he has "only received \$1.50 from the presidents of the roads."—The International Copyright Association of N. Y. recently elected as its treasurer Mr. Henry Holt of '62; and Mr. Charles Astor Bristed of '39, in reply to a minor topic in last month's LIT., has kindly written to us the following explanatory note: "There is a very good reason why 'Five Years in an English University' has not been and will not be reprinted. Since its publication so many changes have been in the Cambridge examinations and the mode of taking Honors that a large portion of the book would require to be re-written." Rev. W. T. Bacon of '37, founder of the LIT. and afterwards of the *Morning Journal*, and for a time editor of the *New Englander* has recently become proprietor of the *Derby Transcript*.—The Linonia Library has been so thoroughly re-arranged and classified, by E. P. Wilder of '69, that it is now sometimes possible to find a desired volume. And in the Linonia "society" Stuart Phelps of '69, having a taste we presume for galvanic experiments, has proposed a constitutional amendment which begins, "No one shall enter into any prize debate of this society," etc. If the "amendment" went no further than we have quoted it, it would deserve to be enacted, especially after the striking out of the word "prize." And having gone so far as to mention Linonia, we can hardly retreat without an account of

The Thanksgiving Jubilee,

Which took place on the evening of Tuesday, Nov. 24, after the good old fashion. The names of the committee in charge were given in our last. As usual, the Seniors came in by way of the back door, at an early hour, and obtained their reserved seats, while the Fresh and outer barbarians rushed madly upwards as the show was about to open, and obtained for the evening the "highest stands" admitted of by circumstances. The mythical "longest and shortest" of their number, who were all of an equal and moderate size, were duly dragged upon the stage and "measured," Mr. Martin being "president," and Mr. Parsons "secretary." Under the charge of these two gentlemen the meeting then went forward. W. C. Gulliver of '70 first pronounced a "sermon" upon "Analytical Mathematics as a Means of Religious Instruction." Several very good hits were made in the course of his rambling remarks, which were of the incoherent sort expected of Jubilee orators. Then came "the spasmodically pharmaceutical tragedy" entitled "My Turn Next!" the dramatis personæ being Juniors. G. L. Huntress excellently sustained the leading part, and the "get up" of J. E. Curran as "Farmer Wheaton" was ludicrous in the extreme. The other actors were H. J. Faulkner, R. Johnston, F. R. Schell, C. E. Perkins and R. Baldwin, all of whom did themselves credit. "Owing to circumstances" the "prize debate" between Cleveland and Reeve did not take place as announced, and "Three cheers for Tutor Keep!" were given in place thereof. The "CLASS-ica(1)odes" by C. H. Smith were then "re(a)d hot." [We print the title in the manner given on the programme, to bring out whatever inherent force there may be in the joke.] The "odes" were good, telling over as they did college incidents in pleasantly written verse, and were well received. Last on the list was the "mysterious, Milesian, medieval moral-play" entitled "Teddy Roe," the

part of which character was acted by W. G. Alger of '69 in a manner which would have done no disgrace to a professional. "Bobby Gamut" "on a tight," by A. H. B. J. R., was presented perfectly—"so natural, you know." The other characters were by W. H. Hinkle, B. Jones, R. Baldwin and A. Cameron, with whom no fault could be found. Thus ended the "rootst Annual" show, to the satisfaction of all concerned. The hall was densely crowded, and there were, as usual, occasional disturbances with the Fresh, but in general, order and decorum were well preserved, and the members of the faculty who were present will probably have nothing to complain of on that score. We append the "Etcetera":

"The procession will march upon the 'first stage of discipline' according to the following programme." "N. B. To secure competent officers to lead the meeting, the Committee express their determination to go *all lengths, short* of absolute force." "Every candidate for the Presidency must have a stand of 2—feet—(in his stockings.)" "At this stage of the programme, the order of the proceedings will be seriously interrupted by 'The Wickedest Theologue,' who will be indignantly rejected from the hall, as 'the morals of this show must be preserved.'" "10, Fin—ale. To be had of Moriarty after the performance." "Members of the *incoming* class will find seats as soon as possible." "The Females who appear on this occasion for the first time, ('as such') were maid at the expense of the Faculty, who have kindly loaned them to the committee. To avoid the shafts of Cupid they are *mail-clad*." "No one allowed to be high except the secretary." "Excitement will be turned on at 7.45 P. M." "BY-LAW. As no one will be permitted to enter Prize Debate who is not present at the Jubilee, *all who attend* are required to write excuse papers, stating the cause of their absence. These must be sent with Bath Ticket enclosed, to the Clerk in the College Post Office." The music was supplied in the intervals by the "Dulce Strainers", who were well enough, though they might have been better. No mention was made of the traditional "opening load."

The Town Shows

Of the month have been varied and entertaining. Theo. Thomas' Orchestra was simply perfection, and in another direction, almost as much can be said of the exhibition of Camilla Urso. Then Bateman's "Grand Duchess" and "Barbe Bleue" were—well, they were Opera Bouffe. Chanfrau made two appearances, as "Sam" and "Joe;" and Edwin Adams in the "Heretic" and "Dead Heart" helped introduce "his friends." Charles Barron appeared as Hamlet, the Drunkard, and Don Cesar Bazano to good audiences. Of Kilpatrick's stirring oration on Sherman's grand "March to the Sea," and of Gough's lecture on "Circumstances," we cannot speak too highly. The Hoffman concert, the readings of Mrs. O'Donovan Rossa, the lecture of Henry Vincent, and the jokes of La Rue's minstrels, complete our record. One thing we have passed by—the "Stage Struck" lecture of Miss Olive Logan, delivered November 13. It was a disheartening failure, for to the best of our belief there was in the whole house but a single appreciative listener, of whom modesty forbids the mention. Miss Logan is about the wittiest woman now before the public, and sensible withal, and we do not wonder she is disgusted with her recent cool reception by unappreciative New Englanders. Yet these same stolid Puritans go into raptures over the tirades of Anna Dickinson! Well, well, such is life. Chacun a son gout. But then, you know, some people never used to read H. C.'s old *Saturday Press*.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Exchanges, Notes, etc.

The following exchanges lie before us on our table :

Loomis' Musical Journal, *College Courant*, *Western Collegian*, *Gristwood Collegian*, *American Literary Gazette*, *Willoughby College Collegian*, *Hamilton Campus*, *New York Citizen*, *Vidette* (Williams College), *New Haven Register*, *Packard's Monthly*, *University Chronicle*, *Denison University Collegian*, *Amherst Student*, *Brunonian*, the *Nation*, *Norwich Bulletin*, *Harvard Advocate*, *Nassau Literary Magazine*, the *Round Table*, the *Sorosis*, *Journal of Education*, *College Days* (Ripon, Wis.), *Michigan University Magazine*, *Lawrence Collegian* (Appleton, Wis.), *Atlantic Monthly*, *Hamilton Literary Monthly*, *Trinity Tablet*, *Qui Vive*, (Shurtleff Coll.), *Ave Maria* (a Catholic Magazine from Notre Dame, Ind.), *The Scholastic Year* (same place), *Beloit Monthly*, *Christian Banner*, *Sabbath at Home*, *College Standard*.

The following opinions of the LIT are selected from our exchanges. We always like to know what others think of us, and to have faults found, stimulates us to remedy them. We give them as being of interest to all LIT. readers.

"The YALE LIT. wears its thirty-four years lightly, and becomes more lively with each number."—*Advocate*.

The *N. Y. Citizen*, a new and welcome visitor, says : "We have received the YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE for November. This periodical has latterly been a credit to Yale College, and has been conducted with a skill and judgment that would hardly be looked for among undergraduates."

Says a voice from St. Louis, the *Journal of Education* : "We are glad to welcome among our exchanges the YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE, which sustains the reputation of its best days."

Ripon College pays us a handsome compliment : "The YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE for October lies on our table, and is received by us with a hearty welcome. This publication deservedly stands among the first of American College Periodicals. Under the head of Collegiana we find articles of interest to every college student. May prosperity attend you, and may your merit never depreciate."

Says the *New Haven Register* : "We were not mistaken when we said of the October number of the YALE LIT. MAGAZINE, that it was capable of better things. The November number now before us is conclusive proof of this. If the October number was dull the present one makes up for it. Fortunately, the "LIT." is not the North American Review, and should not attempt to imitate it. The articles are on subjects peculiarly interesting to its readers. Our own recollections of College life make us heartily sympathize with the author of 'Hard Swearing.' 'Point' contains some very sensible suggestions, and the article 'Vanity Fair' contains what Prof. Porter could call 'useful information,' with more propriety than some things to which he attaches that appellation. For sale at the book-stores."

The *Norwich Bulletin* adds a friendly word about the October number, which we had not space for in our last issue : "The YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE comes with the old title page, familiar to College students for thirty-four years past; but we regret to see changes inside which makes it seem like a new acquaintance. Its contents are very interesting. The 'leader' is about 'The law of decay in nations.' The magazine presents a gratifying contrast with the ponderous *Yale Courant* which comes to us weekly."

Those are but a "few out of many" samples.

Notes, etc.

Speaking of Commencement day at Oxford, the *N. Y. Journal of Commerce* thinks that, "In point of decorum it is evident our Yale and Harvard have much the advantage of their illustrious English cousin."

We find the following in the last "Brunonian." "With malice toward none, etc.," we insert it here. Mark this quotation and reservation:

"The *College Courant* of Yale believes in small wit and plenty of it. Under the head of Pepper-box ('Pyxis Piperis'), our friend waxeth very facetious over the recent gift of the Messrs. Hazard to the University. 'R. G. Hazard,' it says, 'and his son, Howland Hazard, have just given \$40,000 for the endowment of a professorship in Brown University. Poor Brown! An institution of learning is certainly to be pitied when it has to resort to Hazard for endowments.' The mis-spelling of Mr. Rowland Hazard's name in the first line is intended for a joke, no doubt. There was a splendid chance for another joke there, if the *Courant* had only seen it. Why not call him Howling Hazard, and ask why Brown would insist on Howling besides her Hazard?

"'But is it moral or commendable,' proceeds the *Courant*, in a strain of exquisite sarcasm, 'to maintain a professorship by Hazard?' 'Or,' with a final outburst of fun, 'is the professorship itself a Hazard?'

"It is very hazardous, for more reasons than one, for the *Courant* to inaugurate such jokes as these. It should remember Yale has a name, and according to this system, anybody or anything which has a name, is liable to be tremendously peppered. This style of joke can be produced in any quantity. Our devil suggests the following specimen: Why may New Haven students be said to prefer malt liquor? Ans.—Because they are great at (Y)ale, but feeble on water."

We notice in one of the last "Harper's Weekly" a cut of the Yale Art building, and a notice thereof.

The *Journal of Education* comes to us from St. Louis, containing much valuable information about education in the West.

The *College Courant* has resumed publication of the open Society minutes. This gives it a little the semblance of a "Yale" journal, but the ruse is "too thin!"

The *Sorosis*, "devoted to the interests of women," has taken a place among our exchanges. It is a very sensible and well-edited paper. It contains the fashions for gentlemen!

The *New York Citizen* has any quantity of those interesting little items about people and things, besides stories, poetry, etc., *ad infinitum*.

The *Nassau Literary Monthly* claims the encomium of being the handsomest looking College periodical.

The *Harvard Advocate*, No. IV, devotes six columns to Base ball and Cricket.

Loomis' Musical Journal for November has its usual fund of interesting matter, and a very pretty waltz by Kinkel, called "Lotta's Favorite."

Packard's Monthly is always good. It is waging a righteous war against the iniquities of New York, and gives some of the shady views of New York life.

The *Round Table* and the *Nation* are as full as usual of clear and logical articles on the various matters of the day. They take the lead among the weekly papers.

The *Atlantic Monthly* for December fully sustains its well earned reputation. It seems almost unnatural to read "Fields, Osgood & Co." where "Ticknor, Fields & Co." stood for so long.

By the *College Argus* we see that Warren has been engaged by the Class of '69 to take their pictures. That is very good for Warren, "not so much so" for the Class.

Says the *Hamilton Campus*: "The *College Courant* continues to come, and dally grows to be less and less a College paper. Its columns are lately filled with long disquisitions on the city of New Haven, its wants, faults, bad streets and general degeneracy." The *Campus* also publishes in full two of the *Litt's* last Minor Topics.

We notice in the *American Literary Gazette* and *Publisher's Circular* for Nov. 16, a notice of Prof. Porter's new book. The book is beginning to attract general attention.

New Books.

We have received the following books from the firm of LEE & SHEPARD, Boston, Mass. They can all be obtained at the store of H. H. PECK in this city.

A THOUSAND MILES WALK ACROSS SOUTH AMERICA. By N. H. Bishop.

This book is the narrative of a young Massachusetts gentleman who made a journey of 12,000 miles, of which 1,000 were made on foot. He started with a capital of forty-five dollars and returned home with fifty. The book is interesting, and valuable as conveying much useful information in an entertaining manner.

SYDNEY ADRIANCE, OR TRYING THE WORLD. By Amanda M. Douglas.

This book we have not had time to read, but the author has published several well-known works, such as *IN TRUST*, *CLAUDIA*, etc. The *American Baptist* says of the writer's style: "The incidents seem more like photographs of facts, tinted by the imagination of the writer, even as a picture is touched by a skillful artist."

CHANGING BASE. By William Everett, author of "On the Cam."

As the motto of the book indicates, it is a story of boy-life interestingly told, and full of pleasant facts. The plan of the work is embodied in the Latin lines:

*"Im studet optatam cursu contingere metam,
Multa tulit fecitque puer, sudavit et aliiu."*

DOMESTIC LIFE. By Dr. Byford, of Chicago, Ill.

A valuable and profitable work. Its purpose is to set forth the principles which govern our domestic relations and their relative importance as compared to our other positions toward each other. The plan is well carried out, and we predict for the work a good "run."

THE LITTLE SPANIARD. By May Mannering.

This is No. 4 of the "Helping Hand" Series. Illustrated and designed to convey valuable truths to the young "clothed in attractive garb."

DOTTY DIMPLE OUT WEST. By the author of "Little Sandy."

This is No. 3 of the "Dotty Dimple Stories."

LION BEN OF ELM ISLAND. By Rev. Elijah Kellogg.

This is No. 1 of the "Elm Island" Stories, and the object of the author is well stated in the preface to this work. "The desire to meet a want not as yet fully satisfied, to impart pleasure, and, at the same time, inspire respect for labor, integrity and every noble sentiment, has originated the stories contained in the 'Elm Island Series,' in which we shall endeavor to place before the American youth the home life of those from whom they sprang. * * * Price \$1.25.

THE HUMAN INTELLECT. By Noah Porter, D. D. Published by C. Scribner & Co.

We do not propose to review this work at length. It is undoubtedly one of the great works of the age, and will be welcomed by all scientific men as an elaborate and exhaustive treatise on the psychology of the soul, etc. It is the great work that Prof. Porter has spent a score or more of years in completing, and which will bring honor and fame to him. Like all scientific works, treating of abstract subjects, it can be interesting only to those interested in the author's theme. As a text-book for a College, while

more complete and thorough than Hamilton, it seems *too* elaborate for the limited time it is studied. Generalities are all we can hope to master in six or eight weeks study, and to compel the learning of ten or twelve pages on a single idea, is to insure an almost total ignorance of the entire subject on the part of the majority of students. This elaboration of ideas and making discussions of them *exhaustive*, is necessary of course to the completeness of the work, but not to it as a text-book. For instance, on pp. 219 and 220 is given a complete summary and review of the *hundred* pages preceding, and yet but few students would remember even that; but that contains essentially all that has been spun through a hundred pages. If a condensed review and summary of the whole work was prepared and studied carefully, with occasional portions elaborated by a lecture perhaps, we are convinced more students would know something about the book than will do so now. However, the book is a great and valuable addition to any library. Its defects, if any, will be judged by abler critics. It comprises 700 pages. Price \$5.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

AT length that blissful period in the Lrr. editor's life, when he is called upon to furnish a "Table" for his number, has come round again. What shall we say, and what shall be our text? Various Scriptural passages, selections from Shakespeare, extracts from '*Noah's Ark*;' (this joke is not original and will probably be understood only by one of the *Courant* editors), a quotation from some of the classics, have been suggested, but we are obliged to dismiss them all for lack of time to "read up." As a last resort, a line or two from one of our most popular songs of the day, is moved, seconded and carried. This song we premise is one of the sentimental *genus*; species—tragic; its melody brings pleasure to the student heart; its rendering by a full choir thrills every nerve with joy profound and deep. Need we mention "Constantinople"?

"Kind friends, your pity pray bestow
On one who stands before you,
And listen to my tale of woe"—

(The next line is of necessity omitted, as we can make no rash promises.)

Having discovered a text, the next thing to do is to write as though you did not know what it was. For a precedent in this line, we refer you to Artemus Ward's "Babes in the Wood," or the sermon of almost any divine of the present age. This style of writing is all the rage in fact.

With this introduction, we crave a charitable judgement as to the merits of our December number, at the hands of the Lrr. readers. We have tried to publish an *interesting* magazine rather than an "able" one. We shall be met with the criticism, probably, that in our efforts to attain this end we have sacrificed the Lrr.'s position as a "representative of the literary ability of the College." But that these critics are hard to please is evident from the fact that when a number *is* published with the intention of being an "able" (i. e. deep, labored, intellectual, etc.) one, these carpers, being *unable* to see in that light, call it "heavy, dull and prosy." Verily, gentlemen, ye are hard to please!

Lucky idea—To say nothing about the character of the next number, and then read the criticisms. Singular how one thinks of such things just a trifle too late to put them in practice.

Now a word to the Lrr. reader: Your duty is not done, sir, when you have paid your subscription, however pleasantly you may choose to look at your receipt and think so. That the Lrr. cannot be published unless it has this pecuniary support is undeniably true. But as to what it will be when published, you yourself are to decide. If you think it would be improved by the addition of an article on this or that subject, sit down and

write it. There is the easy solution of your own problem. There *is* an advantage in making a personal application for articles, it is true. You make your own magazine and know just what it will be, and can assign your own subjects. But the point is here: contributors ought to come in from the whole College, and not from the limited circle of one man's acquaintance. The Freshman has as much right to be heard, and has just as good a chance as the Senior, if he would only make the attempt—and above all, write on familiar topics. But how is the sad reality! An occasional article on an abstract subject, sometimes displaying wonderful ignorance of the theme, finds its way into the P. O. box, only to find its way into the waste basket. The LIT. should be the last place for heavy, studied, “read-up” articles, except in exceptional cases. What is wanted is the man's own thoughts and sentiments on what is passing about him. Give us these, and you will have variety and life.

So much space for grumbling. How about current events?

First, the weather is detestably fickle. When Old Sol *does* condescend to show us the light of his countenance, we have bright and pleasant days; regular Indian Summer weather in fact. But when he *don't*! Oh the mud and the wet and the cold and everything else disagreeable!!

In the astronomical line, we had a good shower of meteors the other night, but they came rather late for comfort. What with meteors, earthquakes, tidal waves, volcanic eruptions and a few more of Nature's little pleasing practical jokes, the Colleges bid fair to be removed, whether the Faculty and Alumni approve or not.—*Quæra novum hospitium*, said Erasmus, which saying, as we stumbled on it the other day, recalled to mind the new dormitory. If Brinton wants to write a volume on “Myths of the *New World*,” let him devote a chapter to this dormitory. Our children's children *may* see it; we can only mournfully gaze upon the four stakes marking its boundaries. *O tempora, O mores*, when respectable men promise one thing and do another.

Winter draws on apace. Already we feel its premonitory symptoms. An occasional clear, cold night makes the traveler think of furs and warmer clothing. The early frosts that silver the meadows and the fields, foreshadow the beautiful snow-banks, and the thin frozen film on the surface of the quiet pools betokens the approach of ice and its attendant pleasures. We can almost hear the tinkling sleigh-bells sounding in the cool, crisp air. Look to your skates and straps, think of the swift cutter and the heavy robe which the prairie-lord contributes to your comfort, dream of the Christmas fire and the ancient Yule-log, and then welcome old winter with his silvered locks, stern yet pleasant countenance and frosty garb.

“See winter comes to rule the varied year,”

sings the author of the “Seasons.”

“Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, yet kindly,”

sings the immortal bard of Avon.

To our kind friends we wish you all a very merry Christmas. Before we meet you again with our familiar features, the winter will be two-thirds gone and all its pleasures tasted. May no home have a vacant chair, no eyes weep for those whose presence filled their hearts with joy but a short twelve-month before. The LIT. wishes you all success in examinations and a happy time at home, and craves only a place on your table. Yes, Reader, let not the coldness of the coming season chill your hearts. Have a warm place for all your friends. Welcome them one and all with the same familiar greeting; be they old ones or new, give them a place at your fireside and bid them usher up the friend who will try and entertain you, and on whose card is written “DECEMBER LIT.”

VOL. XXXIV.

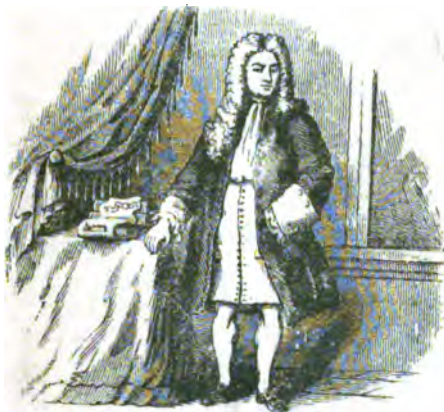
NO. IV.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED

BY THE

Students of Yale College.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSIS
Cantabunt SOBOLES, unanimique PATRES."

FEBRUARY, 1869.

NEW HAVEN:

PUBLISHED BY THE EDITORS.

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MDCCCLXVIII.

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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXIV.

FEBRUARY, 1869.

No. IV.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '69.

LYMAN H. BAGG,

HENRY V. FREEMAN,

EDWARD G. COY,

HENRY W. RAYMOND,

EDWARD P. WILDER.

T. JONES ESQUIRE'S ELEPHANT.

PERHAPS the most refreshing thing in the world—excepting always advice in whatever form offered—is to hear people talk about the wealth of colleges. One would suppose,—to overhear a five minutes' conversation between almost any two persons upon the subject, that our principal institutes of education were stupendous hoarding corporations whose outer language, indeed, was that of sackcloth and the beggarly palm, but whose cabinet speech was redolent of Erie and five-twenties. A choice morsel for the sincerity-mongers is the ever repeated cry of education, “Give, Give,” viewed in connection with the vast quantities of real estate and the uncounted thousands of invested legacy “which belong” to such colleges, for instance, as Yale or Harvard. One is irresistibly reminded of the bags of Tetzels gold which flew over the Alps and alighted on the Pope-fingered walls of St. Peter's very much as feathers would fall on a Cardinal's hat.

While therefore the public, scarcely yet recovered from the Williams College sensation, is discussing the merits of the marking system, we, who bear the burden and heat of the day, most

ardently wish this indulgent public would at the same time acquaint itself with some facts bearing upon another point,—the true financial state of our colleges, and some of the embarrassments under which our ‘marks’-lectured Faculties have to labor. Facts indeed are already coming to light. There are a few real friends of colleges who understand that chests of treasure locked up in bank vaults, duly labeled and ticketed “For Ephraim Jones & Co. to build the Air Line Railroad,” or “For the Sisters of Charity to erect an Orphan Asylum,” do not particularly enrich the officers of the bank ; and so, that \$50,000 from John Smith to erect a Library building, and Ten Thousand dollars’ worth of land from somebody else, donated on condition it shall never be sold, do not add much to the wealth of a college. These facts, we cheerfully suspect, are gradually being ascertained ; and yet there are multitudes of people to whom the elephant allusion at the head of this article conveys no meaning. It is very hard to realize that a college may have millions of dollars given to it for specific purposes, hundreds of thousands under fixed conditions, and yet be after all very poor ; that the care and using of this money as specified, itself costs money and may drag hard on the treasury ; that library buildings are useless without books in them ; that Professors are human and cannot live or teach unless good salaries be provided to support them ; that even memorial chapels are out of place in the same area with rows of tumble down factory shaped brick buildings ;—that, in short, an elephant is a very awkward and ruinous gift unless the donor present with it a large amount of ‘nutritious aliment’ with which to sustain the beast, and build for you a barn in which to put it. Haven’t you ever been presented, impoverished reader, with a fine coat and pair of boots, and been compelled to mortgage two months’ earnings to earn vest, pants, and hat to match ? Or has Christmas ever brought you a neat chronometer, one of Ball & Black’s best, and driven you to your wits’ end to secure a chain for the article ? And the chain secured, could your bosom rest content without pin and studs to match ? Isn’t it nice, too, to find a pair of slippers worked by dainty fingers laid at your door some fine morning, and afterwards learn that it will cost three or four times as much to have them “made up,” as the entire slippers will be worth ? But then it is so vulgar to make presents of things that

will be really and immediately useful ! And so, too, it is so 'cutting' to give *money* to a friend ! I knew a country parson once, a meek, pious man, whose family were brought to the very verge of starvation by the gift of a horse and carriage with which his parish kindly presented him.

Still, the elephant is a very popular animal, of which to make donations. It has certain advantages not possessed by other less pretentious gifts. It is very large. To present it looks generous on the part of the giver. Also it argues well for the receiver. Only kings keep elephants. A college with two or three immense endowments, however specific, passes for a very royal institution. Again, the sides of elephant present a very broad expanse of blackboard on which the name of the donor may be written so as to be seen of men afar off. Furthermore the elephant is a very permanent beast. He lives to a very old age and can for many years stand a monumentum in eburno of said donor's liberality. Other advantages still belong to this kind of gift, which need not be explained. But certain it is that it takes entire precedence of those humble and obscure donations, from unknown givers, which flow noiselessly into a Treasury, furnishing the life blood that keeps an institution breathing.

The application of all this to Yale College is mournfully just. Real estate to the value of nearly \$70,000 looks annually to the general Treasury of the college for payment of its taxes, while it returns to said treasury not one cent. It will be useful bye and bye—certainly—when your grandchildren and mine frequent these classic shades ; but is that the best kind of a donation ? Somebody or other wanted, a few years ago, to make Yale College a present of a dormitory—a very laudable wish, abstractly considered, and touchingly suggestive of the anguish he must have endured in gazing upon our present structures. So he must present a dormitory fund, insufficient of course for immediate use, but with the understanding that it shall be allowed to "accumulate" until it shall have reached a figure high enough and the inevitable "price of building materials" shall have come down low enough to warrant the erection of the edifice. In this way \$130,000 have been foisted upon the corporation, to be looked after and taken care of. In like manner, Mr. Joseph Battell, a few years ago, gave \$30,000 for a chapel, which, for the same

reasons as the dormitory fund, is still accumulating. So Mr. Chittenden founds a Professorship; Mr. Dodge offers \$10,000 toward the erection of a new building for the Theological department; Mr. Linsley gives \$5,000 to purchase books for the college library, (which, by the way, is a most judicious specification, if you must label your money at all); Mr. Larned bestows \$5,000 for musical instruction; somebody else \$15,000 for a new Professorship, and still another gives \$500 for the promotion of the interests of religion in college; (which last two are pretty wee elephants); and so on to the end of the chapter. An interesting statement printed by the Executive Committee of the Society of the Alumni last summer, from which some of these facts are gathered, may be found at the Treasurer's office, and will furnish still further suggestive facts and figures upon this subject.

But meanwhile the general fund of the college, upon which nearly every one of these specific funds makes some kind of a draft, and on which depends almost the entire management and repair of the buildings, premises, &c., the salaries of officers and employees, the provision of instruments,—and a hundred expenses which must be connected with a great college like this, is scarcely increased a particle. During the past nine years only \$5,000 have been given to this most needy of all departments; and that was the “welcome legacy of Chief Justice Williams of Hartford,” now dead, whose small but effective donation compares very favorably, according to our notion, with the princely thousands that lie fettered and almost idle in the hands of trustees.

We were astonished to discover the other day, how few of our Professorships were endowed, and even those how meagerly! “Only one,” says the report of the Treasurer to the Committee above mentioned, “has an endowment nearly sufficient for the support of a family in New Haven”! Poor and meager then as the salaries are, actual provision is made for only six or eight; and all the rest must draw from the general fund. Can we expect that men of genius and note, men whose services would be of the kind which such a college as Yale should have, and who would lend the inspiring influence of their names and labors to the university;—can we expect, in short, that distinguished professors, who would amass fortunes elsewhere, will consent to live on pulse and cabbages for the sake of being Daniels at our

court? Isn't it rather a curious circumstance that Professors such as Hadley and Dana and Porter and Loomis and Silliman, can be induced to stay here at all, when "receiving" to quote from the same pamphlet "hardly two-thirds the amount given to some of the youngest ministers in the city?" And all these, with many others, must be dependent largely upon the already exhausted, and by everybody forgotten, general fund! We certainly are not surprised that the corporation can give our professors no larger salaries; they have not the money to give. Yet we marvel that any but second and third rate men are ever willing to attach themselves to Yale College under such paltry inducements.

You see, then, the drift of our argument. We are begging in behalf of the general fund. We want no more princely endowments for this and that particular object, however noble and necessary in itself considered. We wish the next millionaire who dies with benevolent intentions towards this college, would hand over half a million dollars to our Corporation, with a "Here, gentlemen, take this and use it as you please; improve your buildings and grounds, increase the salaries of your professors, buy books, apparatus, furnishings; if you need more buildings, build with it; do what you will with the pelf, only make it as useful as possible." One such donation would do more for Yale College than a score of specified endowments, unbuilt dormitories, desolate art-galleries, and starveling professorships. The best gift you can make to a poor man is dollars, not broadcloth nor potatoes. The very best gift you can make to a College is also dollars not labeled. None so well know the immediate and pressing wants of a college as its faculty and corporation; and no man can judiciously flatter himself that he sees the exact necessity of the hour with clear enough eyes to warrant putting his money there and nowhere else. Mr. George Peabody's munificent gift is perhaps an exception, so far as any can be. That liberal gentleman saw that the college had a magnificent collection of zoological specimens, rare stones and precious minerals, and no place to put them. He provided the place. And yet we venture to say, Mr. Peabody's \$150,000, if thrown into the general fund, would have done more to advance the interests of this college, promote its real growth, development and reputation, than ever will the walls of the future Peabody Museum do.

We are not growing up on all sides symmetrically. Yale College is something like a long pier or dock which must be built out into the water. Plenty of people stand ready, each to offer a pile to be pushed down into the earth, but very few care to do the inglorious task of filling in. The result is, we have a great many piles driven in far out from land, which we cannot hope to reach till we have done an immense amount of solid filling between.

The Street Art Gallery is represented by the extreme and remotest of these piles. It is an advanced outpost even beyond hailing distance. Years of growth and development must elapse, thousands and thousands of dollars must be given to the general fund, to ramify thence through the various channels of culture and education, before we can hope to *appreciate*—much less use a school of the Fine Arts such as Mr. Street designed and founded for us. We cannot use such things until we grow up to them; and meanwhile those who give them to us, withhold the very means by which they might hasten our growth. All honor to Mr. Street for his munificence and his honest desire to cultivate here a taste for the fine arts. But he might almost as well have placed his Gallery on the line of the Pacific Rail Road, for all the good it will do for many years to come.

The same might be said as truthfully, though not as forcibly perhaps made to appear, of sundry other endowments. We question, indeed, to be a little irreverent, the utility of the projected Peabody Museum; the vast treasures of which shall be concentrated upon a six weeks' course of lectures in Geology! The present cabinet collection in the dingy yellow building is no mean one; and yet we venture to assert that scores of visitors have, in a half hour's ramble among the cases, derived as much benefit from the collection, as any student now in college will ever do. Will things be any better when the museum is erected? Perhaps the Faculty will add six weeks to the course of lectures then, in consequence of the increased facilities for illustration!

Just such another six weeks' lecture course is devoted to the study of chemistry in this college. We wonder some one doesn't give two or three hundred thousand dollars for a magnificent laboratory whereby that course might be illustrated! We cannot help smiling now as we remember the patient endeavors of Prof.

Silliman last term to teach chemistry to the Senior class in six weeks. We verily used to pity that earnest man as he stood lecturing away enthusiastically to an audience which knew perfectly well that it could not learn chemistry in six weeks, and so idled the hour in dozing and scuffling. It is nonsense to say in defence of such a system that the college course only aims to give a taste of these things. Why not be consistent and give us only a taste of Latin and Greek? What beneficial effects, for instance, might arise from a six weeks' course of Lectures on the Latin language! How it would "open the field" to our astonished gaze, so that in after years we might choose it if we liked!

Still less satisfaction is it to refer inquiring visitors to the Scientific School, and say, "There things are done better. There more time and better apparatus are devoted to these studies." We always wonder when doing it, whether the Scientific students refer visitors in a similar manner to the academicals, to find what they in turn are deficient in.

The difficulty is radical. The whole system of education here needs to be changed. We must learn something of chemistry before we can use a fine laboratory. We must acquaint ourselves somewhat with the principles of the natural sciences, before a Peabody Museum can be of advantage to us. We must cultivate in some degree our tastes, glean some knowledge of art, and perhaps expand our souls a little,—before we can appreciate a fine Gallery and School of the Fine Arts. To do this, the first step must be to cut off at least the first two years of the course; to raise the whole curriculum two years at least. The next, to set the age of admission two or even three years farther forward. Then, with the number of students much diminished, and a better and more earnest class in hand, to commence a thorough and long system of optional studies,—a system which shall profess to carry the pupil a good distance into the science of language, or art, whatever it may be, which he may choose. Such a system would *require* heavily endowed museums and cabinets; it *must* have costly and complete laboratories; it would need magnificent art galleries, and not only these, but music conservatories, botanical gardens, and various other elephantine accessories, in the giving of which donors might indulge at once their liberality and their vanity as much as they chose. But such a state of things

would presuppose all that immense outlay upon the filling-in process, all that symmetrical development and growth which can be secured only by a full and unfettered treasury in the hands of an experienced Corporation; all the very things for which we are contending. The system we speak of can no more exist until these preliminary steps have been taken, than a palace could be built before its foundations were laid. And no more absurd would it be for the builders to gather materials for tower and turret, for gates and all the rich adornings of the palace, before the walls were built, than it is for generous donors to endow a high latin and algebra school like this with splendid museums and costly art-galleries. Far better build us up first, educate us up to these luxuries, by giving us well-fed and well-brained professors, whose business shall be to kindle and develop in us taste, refinement, ideality; placing us in comfortable,—nay, beautiful—dwellings, surrounding us with natural and artistic forms and well laid grounds, walking with us through the best paths of literature and giving us special time therefor, so that our libraries need not be mere huge collections to which we can point admiring friends, nor gardens in which each hour spent is stolen pleasure.

Mr. Street we know meant to do us the highest kind of good; and in speaking well of him we by no means do it merely out of reverence for the motto 'nil nisi bonum,' etc. His idea was to establish here a genuine and active school—not a mere collection of paintings and busts—in which art might be practically taught. But if his aim was to benefit either Yale students or New Haven citizens, he might better have established a first class daily newspaper and built a good opera house; while if he wished to advance art, he might better have invested his money for the benefit of the poor artists of New York, or to found a perpetual course of lectures in that city. As far as real utility is concerned, for the present generation of either Yale students or New Haven citizens, the Street School of the Fine Arts might almost as well stand in the middle of an Illinois prairie as in the west corner of these college grounds.

The truth is, we are all of us, New Haven citizens especially, about as near ready for an art school and gallery of choice paintings as the Patagonians are for Prof. Porter's Psychology. Not a very cheerful reflection perhaps, nor very complimentary to our

neighbors ; but wholesome enough for a community which will fill Music Hall to overflowing for a scurrilous minstrel troupe, and suffer fine Shaksperian tragedy to play before empty seats ;—a community that will rush frantically to see low comedy played, and let Italian opera or a Thomas' orchestral company go starving from its doors ;—a community, in short, that will see Phillips and Curtiss utterly ruin the finances of an Institute course, so that Anna Dickinson must be called upon to restore them. We judge of soil by the quality of its crops sometimes. People who show good taste in one branch of art are not apt to be doughheads in another. The head that carries an eye for painting and sculpture, generally carries an ear for good music. The soul that expands while gazing upon a beautiful masterpiece of the brush or the chisel, seldom fails to drink in with delight the grand strains of a Mozart and a Beethoven, or the strange reveries of a Hamlet.

Yet we would not make a sweeping assertion. There are people, a few in this city, a few students in this college, who visit the art gallery occasionally when it is *not* a reception night, and when they have *not* friends from out of town who must be taken through the formality of seeing the great elephant. Now and then a person may be found who really goes alone to walk up and down those galleries ; who will even draw a chair and sit for hours before that dark Murillo ; who will turn then to "Jeremiah," and after gazing an hour into those prophetic eyes, venture to doubt that the prophet is a blacksmith after all, or that Barak at his feet is a corn doctor. I have seen persons once or twice in those galleries, who I really believed, if put to the test, cou'd tell the difference between Byzantine art and Flemish ; or distinguish between the truth telling, bandy-legged, and often repulsive figures of a Rembrandt, and the soft colorings, the graceful forms and spirituelle faces of a Leonardo da Vinci. Such persons stand long before that exquisite portrait of Mrs. Trumbull ; then turn and walk for days together among the Jarves pictures, extracting delicious nectar from that collection of dry skin and bones.

But these, as I have already hinted, are few. Ninety-nine out of every hundred who enter that building are strangers who think it would be scandalous to leave the city without seeing the Art Gallery, together with their citizen friends who go to show them the

way thither. A resident or student frequenting the place alone, and in earnest, is an almost unknown phenomenon. The truth is, we all of us know about as much of art as we do of Sanskrit, and we need a gallery of the one about as much as we do a library of the other. I was strolling one afternoon through the south room, when a party of ladies attended by two gents came in and wished to know where the Jarves collection was. I conducted them to the door of the gallery, when one of the ladies exclaimed "Oh! ain't they exquisite!" "Beautiful!" echoed a second. "Elegant!" murmured a third: "Superb!" chimed in one of the gents; while I stood wondering and dumb, straining my eyes to catch the sarcastic expression which I supposed of course was on their faces. But nothing of the kind. Each pair of lips wore an imperturbable smile of approval! I turned away disgusted. And to explain my disgust to those who have never seen this Jarves collection, let me state here, that there is not a particle of anything 'exquisite' or 'beautiful' or 'elegant' or 'superb' in it from beginning to end; and yet I doubt if an intelligent man could spend a month's hard study on any topic with more profit than on this same homely Jarves collection.

At my left as I turned, stood that beautiful statue of Ruth, and on the other side a student—a senior in college—with a fair lady on his arm. I had turned barely in time to overhear him assuring his assenting companion, that he "believed that was cut out by Raphael!" I rushed out into the south gallery. That witty lady was not present who once declared that "if old Jeremiah could only see Mr. Allston's picture of him, he would assuredly write another chapter of Lamentations!" Had she been present I might have asked her opinion of some of the other pictures, perhaps that gorgeous view of the White Mountains, by Wust. It is fair to presume she would have remarked, "That's nice!"

Such is the appreciation of our last and greatest elephant. What shall be the next? Or possibly will people see some day, that dollars—unlabeled, undedicated dollars—and *not* elephants, are the great and pressing want of Yale College?

MR. FOPP'S MATRIMONIAL HERESY.

A FEW evenings since, we were surprised, and, to tell the truth, not a little vexed by the intrusion of Mr. Fopp. Of Fopp's liability to drop in upon us at any time, we were well enough aware, to be sure ; but we had taken such immense pains that Fopp should be apprised of our idea of him, that we had confidently looked forward to a discontinuance of his calls. But Fopp, as everybody knows, is an amazingly cheeky fellow. Thinking that our disparaging remarks about him were aggravated by a surplus of bile, and that the acrimony of our own feelings toward him would work off with the sourness of our stomach, he had called, he said, to inquire about our health, but really, as we discovered, to lecture us upon matrimony. No one who knows Mr. Fopp, will dispute his ability in this sphere. His conversation is as redolent of the ladies as his hair of pomatum—it sparkles with matrimonial philosophy, like a January heaven with stars.

Scarcely, said Mr. Fopp after a few preliminary flourishes, scarcely is the young adolescent uncaged from home, before he has concentrated his affections upon some sweet Dulcinea. The two are thrown together by chance ; their hearts are besieged by a reciprocal emotion of love. The amorous swain awaits a favorable opportunity for declaring his passion ; the favorable opportunity very soon arrives, the happy day is appointed, and the twain become one. Such, said Mr. Fopp, with note-worthy precision, is the whole history of plebeian courtship and marriage ; but I tell you that the rainbow does not sooner lose its hues than do such hasty marriages their hopes of happiness. Depend upon it, my young friend, (we were Fopp's senior by some five years), depend upon it, that early and hasty marriages are among the curses that were entailed upon an erring race. They are forbidden fruit, of which to partake, experience has demonstrated, is to be wretched.

But among the wealthier and higher classes of society, marriages are contracted less hastily, and more after the manner of business exactness. Here you see the affections bartered for

beauty, for money or for station. The patrician young lady is educated into regarding matrimony as the grand object of life. Every thing that she does, is done with a view of facilitating this desideratum. The delicacy with which she touches her piano or harpstrings is one of the jockeyisms of the trade. The languishment with which she drops her throbbing temples upon your manly breast in the midst of the polka or the waltz, pursued Mr. Fopp with becoming warmth and eloquence, is an enchantment designed to warp the victim's judgment before she assails his heart. And it is wise, wise in the young lady to do so—for if the young men should exercise sound judgment in the disposal of their hearts, I fancy, said Mr. Fopp in a tone of levity, that the connubial epidemic would rapidly abate.

Music and dancing, resumed Mr. Fopp after a momentary pause, are the main agents in the matrimonial market. As the soldier is allured to danger by the inspiriting power of the fife, so the music of the harp or the plaintive-voiced guitar has ravished many a young man's heart, and led him into dangers that he knew not of. Even I, quoth Mr. Fopp, whose heart is encrusted with experience, and subordinate to the brain, even I have sometimes felt the lethargic effect of music upon the judgment, when listening to the warblings of some honey-toned Amaryllis. The young man mustered into society and unadvised of the snares that are laid for him, is often made captive by some virgin warrior, before he has even suspected, much less provided against the insecurity of his situation.

But dancing is even more seductive than music. Let me put into prose the poetry of your ball-rooms. Thither go a hundred pretty women, a few in search of pleasure only, the most in search of husbands as well. Out of this latter class wives can be selected, which, like spectacles (to copy from Goldsmith), are adapted to every age between sixteen and sixty. A half-hour being occupied in the toilet room and devoted to the tightening of corsets and the application of *rouge*, they are prepared to enter as Saint John once did, into the market-place. Their adornments of dress and gew-gaws of finery are designed, lotus-like, to intoxicate the unwary victim's judgement, and make him a dutiful subject at the shrine of female power. We reminded Mr. Fopp that he was transgressing the prose which he had promised

us, but heedless of the interruption, he proceeded. Soon music rises with its voluptuous swell. The lady, in the parlance of the horse-jockeys, is now shown off—in other words she dances. The gentlemen are the witnesses to her graceful curvetings, to ‘the tripping of her light fantastic toe’; they are invited to look at the symmetry of the animal’s build, to note its movements, almost as airy and elastic as those of the fabled Pegasus. Nay this is not all. The gentleman is at liberty to try for himself; he may clasp that tautened waist, he may measure that light step, may hear the rise and fall of that soft breathing, may refresh his manliness by a view of beauties that are but half concealed.

The young lady of the ball-room literally ‘may be seen of men.’ The ‘human form divine’ is put to the use of a merchant’s show case. Those articles that most address the senses are carefully exposed with the view of facilitating their sale.

Mr. Fopp, psychologically measured, had reached “Part Fourth”; he turned his mind in upon itself: for several minutes he was strangely reticent and reflective; then exhausting a goblet of wine, he proceeded as follows. Love, my dear fellow, appertains to fogysm, and is now well nigh become obsolete. A few, it is true, even at this late day, maintain that a degree of mutual respect and affection between the candidates for marriage, is essential to their contracting the matrimonial alliance, but the advocates of such an idea are rapidly becoming of fewer number and of more questionable gentility. These few belong to the *οἱ πολλοί*—to the under-stratum of society. The eminently genteel, of whom, my dear fellow, you and I are a part, repudiate this senseless idea. We would make the romance of the heart subordinate to the dictates of judgment. We would marry for prudential reasons, and not for a fancied affection. We would become husbands whenever our creditors should become pressing. We would be sons-in-law, whenever our houses should get mortgaged. In a word, we would marry, if by doing so, our liabilities might be cancelled.

Such is our philosophy of marriage; a philosophy that ought, at once, to recommend itself to every prudent and thoughtful man; and yet, said Mr. Fopp in a sorrowful tone, even among my own sex I have encountered objectors to this doctrine—men who prate of the fancied ‘flame’—who complain of the absence

of the 'divine spark,' and raven-like, croak out prophecies of future unhappiness; men who would forfeit everything to a mere heart affection, which their seedy coat and unpolished boots should teach them to control. I tell you, it makes me, who am a prudent man, blush to see the improvidence of such men.

Mr. Fopp paused: not like Antony, that his heart might come back to him again, but that he might take another draught of wine—which being done, he resumed as follows. Let us suppose that you or I, or any other poor devil, has married an heiress. Are we to be blamed for it? If we furnish the brains, ought not our wives to contribute the funds? Or, if we be good men, ought we not to be valued at a high price? Are there not traits of character and gifts of education which will outweigh the bulkiest purse? But, says the objector, you altogether ignore the existence of love, that characteristic of humanity, which sprung from heaven and which glorifies earth; that type of ingenuous youth which makes life a holiday and the home a paradise. It is vain, said Mr. Fopp, in vain to reason with such dogmatists. They forget that love is evanescent; that like an ignited taper, its first is its brightest glow; that the domestic paradise is liable to the intrusion of bitter trouble, and a serpent tongue whispering of misplaced confidence, and of a mis-mated and unhappy life. Love, my dear fellow, requires a peculiar regimen. It does not fatten in poverty, or on a dinner of vegetables. It is a sprout of the heart, requiring for its growth, the clear morning sunshine of youth; but clouds of care and trouble will sooner or later come and darken the sun-rays and like the sensitive plant, it withers up and dies. Yet love is a mighty popular and pretty-sounding word, and one that you could scarcely spare when making your proposal.

But in this connection, remarked Mr. Fopp, as though he were the lecturer and not the bore, it is worth our while to observe that female beauty, like the male's education and talent, has its price. The maximum value of beauty is a lordly millionaire. The minimum value of beauty I have never been able to satisfactorily determine. It ranges all the way from a city merchant to a county squire. It fluctuates, like the gold which it covets. It depends largely upon the favorableness of the lady's age, upon her sprightliness of speech and action, upon her mas-

tering those tender blandishments that suggest to us some naughty thoughts, but win for her the desired proposal. The beauty of sweet sixteen catches the millionaire; but when six years older, unless circumstances unusually befriend her, her beauty begins to wane and her chances of getting the millionaire become less. At twenty-five, she lowers her hopes another peg; and now, if she be wise, she brings her remaining charms to bear, not upon the bloated money-lender, but upon some flourishing city merchant, or some well-fed city official. At thirty, when time has mildewed her complexion and her chances, she retires from her former sphere of operations, becomes of a sudden, devout in a country meeting-house, makes a call or two at the country parsonage, and finally ends her virgin anxiety by wedding the clergyman. I would not willingly misrepresent any one's motives, said Fopp, as though, like Brutus, he were an honorable man, but I can't repress the suspicion that the conversion of your faded beauties is oftener more fictitious than real—that it is a trick against the unmarried parson, a mere bait for the matrimonial noose.

At this point we interrupted Fopp, as is our custom whenever he reaches such a degree of impertinence, and plainly told him what we thought of him. Ah! my dear young friend, he replied, with a placid, imperturbable smile,—but we had placed already a door and a flight of stairs between us, and submitted joyfully to a temporary exile from our domicile which should give respite to our lacerated feelings. We take the liberty to offer these pernicious sentiments of Mr. Fopp's to the public, once for all, in the faint hope that the said Fopp may therewith rest content; or at least, no longer seek heartsease exclusively in our humble hermitage.

TWO MOONS.

The poet sat upon the fence,
One lovely night in Soph'more year :—
The breeze was soft, the sky was clear—
He thought no one could overhear,
And he did thus commence :

“Shine on, O silver-beaming Moon !
E'en though you glow with borrowed rays :—
No Dickerman your course delays,
And holds you back 'until you pays,'
As he held me this noon.

“Shine on, O mystic-featured Moon !
Your face I think is mostly cheek :—
I wish I'd had it all, last week,
'When to escape a flunk in Greek
I fell down in a swoon.

“Shine on, O quondam-worshipped Moon !
Your 'lay' as god was based on rock :—
Were I as unknown in the flock
Who run me, surely I'd be Coch,
And doubtless take the Spoon.

“Shine on, O ever-constant Moon !
I love your soft, alluring, light :—
And, as I bid you now good night,
Rejoice to think no foe can blight
Your glory, which will still beam bright
When comes another June.”

The poet leaned across the fence,
One dismal night in Junior year :—
The wind was chill, the sky was drear,
He, careless who should overhear,
These words did thus dispense :

“Keep dark, you flickering lunar ball !
I now, alas ! know what you are :—
Your ugly mug I'd like to mar,
And smear it over thick with tar,
So that you couldn't shine at all.

“Keep dark, you pock-marked lunar ball
Old Tycho's streaks please now relax ;
Remember that you can't melt wax ;
Your horizontal parallax
I never could recall.

"Keep dark, eccentric lunar ball !
 You doubly cursed, librating orb,
 On the blue sky a hideous daub,
 Why did you all my stand absorb,
 Which at the best was small ?

"Keep dark, intemperate lunar ball !
 No water can your surface show ;—
 And yet your baleful beams below
 Cause earthly tides to ebb and flow,
 To rise and then to fall.

"Keep dark, inconstant lunar ball !
 I hate your ghostly glimmering glare :—
 I now withdraw me to my lair
 A skinning paper to prepare :—
 To-morrow I the fates must dare,
 Inside Alumni Hall."

The poet haunts the fence no more ;
 No more the college knows his face :
 Fair Luna's course he couldn't trace ;
 They therefore "sat upon his case,"
 And we his loss deplore.

The moon shines on just as before,
 Apparently all unaware
 How much it adds to student care,
 How hard it makes the Junior swear
 That annuals are a bore.

CANDY SAMUEL.

I LEARNED the story of Samuel Ferris' life, not from dusty folios and yellow letters. I have neither searched the College records nor disturbed the books in the libraries of Linonia and Brothers-in-Unity. No discovery of hidden manuscripts has lightened the biographical labor. The story has been taken from the lips of its hero, and is in substance an autobiography.

Theodore Ferris was born in the month of April, thirty years ago. He looks older, but for this appearance, the vicissitudes through which he has passed, easily account. His wrinkles are made more by experience than by time. He has not always been

a citizen of New Haven or the Union. Toronto, in Canada, is his birthplace. The Ferris family, however, I am happy to write, is an old United States one, but they are none of your mushroom aristocracy, fresh from cane-fields or rice-swamps, for from the earliest records they have lived in the North, and in the days of slavery belonged to the Ferrises of Westchester.

Samuel's father sought his fortune in chopping wood and doing errands for bluff Canadians, but while our hero was yet a baby, came back to the United States and found employment in the tea and flour warehouses of New York where he easily gained large wages, for he was a tall, stout man, not afraid of work. Sam grew to the age of sixteen, exposed to all the dangers of the metropolis. Few perceived the indications of future greatness, which were destined to raise him to the dignity of purveyor of sweets to Yale College. Our hero did not waste his time, however, but advanced through the third reader and began the multiplication table and elementary geography, although he confesses he was not very diligent in his studies at that time, and says he gained most of his knowledge away from school.

In 1854 he came to New Haven. He was the smallest of the family, but strong and intelligent, and knew how to take care of himself as well as any man. His eyes were then bright and piercing. Until this period his father had supported him, but the boy now wished to make his own living, and with this intention devoted himself to the art of cookery, for which his race have a peculiar talent. But he was no domestic drudge, whose most distant expedition is a walk to the docks of a Sunday afternoon. To use his own words, he wanted to be stirring about and seeing the world. Through this love of adventure, he embarked on a coasting schooner, owned by the Trowbridges, and set sail for the West Indies. One voyage but deepened his love of ocean, and for years he was a landsman only at distant intervals. He became an adept in his art, or he says with just pride, he "could cook as well as a woman." In stormy nights his hand was also useful in reefing sails and pulling ropes. We may well believe at such times he was no skulker.

The staple of the coasting trade at the time was molasses. Perhaps this circumstance afterwards inspired him with his immortal idea of making molasses candy. This, however, is only conjecture. Our biography deals with facts.

One summer morning the schooner *Gil Blas* cleared from West Haven with a full crew, among whom was Samuel at his usual station, by the brass kettle in the galley. The trip was successful for the owners, but unfortunate for the cook. His hand became partially disabled and his vision very obscure. He had formed bright plans for a voyage to Europe. These he was obliged to give up and felt very badly for a time, but, like a man, commenced to earn his living by peddling oranges and lemons about the streets of New Haven.

He was now at the threshold of a great career. A friend taught him to make molasses candy, and destiny led him to concentrate his energies in selling this luxury to students. His friend, who was also a candy seller, had at the time almost a monopoly of the college trade, and feeling himself above competition, was perfectly willing to instruct Samuel in the art of making candy for the small sum of thirty-five cents. He had no idea what a formidable rival he was raising up against himself. This little business affair was the most brilliant bargain Samuel Ferris ever made. He says himself the instruction was worth far more than what he paid for it. The pupil grew mightier than his master. He commenced a brisk competition and finally drove him from the contest. His instructor has worked in a wagon factory ever since, save a short interval when he was in the army. Sam's next competitor was a nameless worthy from New York, who sold such excellent cream candy as to secure a large share of the college patronage. But Hannibal, who then worked in a regular confectionary shop, taught Sam to make nicer cream candy than his rival, who also gave up the contest, sold his sugar kettle and chickens to Samuel, and returned to the home of his childhood. But of late years, Hannibal himself has entered the lists against his former pupil, and the competition of the candy men waxes hot. Sam has, however, a wily plan to overcome Hannibal next summer, which we are not at liberty to disclose.

The year 1859 was marked by two important events in our hero's career; his marriage to Miss Wright, and his purchase of the famous tin box, in which he has ever since carried his wares. The marriage has been blessed with four children. The tin box is still good, although it has lost the brass handle and key, which adorned it when new, and has received but one coat of paint in

nine years. When Sam commenced trade he carried with this box a basket of oranges. The principal consumers of the golden fruit were southern students, and Mr. Ferris relates with approbation that one collegian from the cotton states would buy about a dozen oranges every day and eat them from morning till night, saying they reminded him of home. Since 1860, when the stream of southern students was checked by war, apples have been in the most demand.

Sam has appeared in Spoon exhibition on three different occasions, and says he had the best time two years ago when he acted as judge in prize debate, and refreshed himself occasionally during his arduous labors by sipping champagne.

When Sam was a sailor, he wore a fierce moustache, but has softened the general appearance of his face by cutting off the ends of it and adding side whiskers. The ring in his left ear was presented to him by an English sailor. That in his right ear, as he observed with a chuckle, was given to him by a young woman. The silver ring on his finger belongs properly to his aunt. The gold ring was given to him by another young woman. I accused him of being a flirt in his younger days, but although he laughed he said he was wilder since his marriage than he had been before that event.

Sam's immediate relations are not famous, but this does not prove his family stock to be a lowly one, for, like the century plant, it may only bloom once in a hundred years and then produce a perfect flower.

Such is the sketch of a life more adventurous than many of us imagined. We hope it may long be preserved, for if the Candy Man were removed, college life would lose much of its sweetness.

H. B. M.

A FEW CONTRASTS.

THE shortness of the step from the sublime to the ridiculous is nowhere more manifest than in our college life ; to those who see the ludicrous in things as well as to those who seek a moral for every event, there is a wide field for discovery ; and he must be a vegetable, indeed, who can pass these years without finding that in comparison we may begin, in contrast continue, and in merriment end, if we but will, the days of our college years. The Freshman "new to earth and sky" is grieved that his politeness to the conductor of our matins is unappreciated, and while being hurried out of chapel, finds little truth and less consolation in the wise remark of Mr. Descartes, "Cogito ergo sum." By similar acts of comparison we are all often obliged to conclude that *we are not* (some) to any considerable extent. The contrast between the Professor who "slightly cauterized his fingers in experimental research," and him who makes such wise sayings as "small boys swap cents," is usually remarkable, physically as well as psychologically ; as Shakespeare makes Caesar say—

" Let me have men about me that are fat,
 " Sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights ;
 " Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look,
 * * * such men are dangerous."

We should cultivate the former, for they are susceptible, while from the man of lean and hungry looks, proceed such sounds as "below average," "conditions," "dropped," and such like hated phrases. We once knew a man so bashful that the sight of a hair pin or a lace veil would bring the blush ; his intimate friend tried to inaugurate for him a flirtation with a milliner's wax woman. We cannot commend either as examples to our tender readers, but merely make the mention to show a law of contrast.

Here the boating-man and the dyspeptic ; the jolly man and the confirmed croaker, are harnessed together and pull well. The "Philosophicals" and "Disappointments" are often most intimate, while "Colloquies" and "Obloquies," which are so closely alike, more often remain apart. Poverty and wealth go hand in hand for the coveted sheepskin. Most of us long to be just what we

are not, spite of the fables which tell us how unfortunate the realization of this wish has often proved. To see the Liliputian admire and envy the seven-footer, while the latter returns the compliment, merely shows what ungrateful wretches we can be. We are unique in many of our customs—barbarous too, perhaps—but the sight of a dozen Seniors trying to exact a supper from a Freshman; of fences and buildings painted gratuitously with a taste which challenges the frescoes of the old cathedrals in all but color of paint, makes us long for the flesh pots of some “fresh water” College where, comparatively speaking, every man can recline under his own vine and fig tree, even though the Freshman goes unbled and the citizen buys his own paint pot.

We have some degree of gushing affection for our “Alma Mater dear, etc.” and expect to have the requisite supply of tears sent on for class day, but we do think that in respect to many small vices, of which these are but trifling and trite examples, we suffer by contrast with our more inland, and therefore, as we imagine, less civilized institutions. The distinction, however, which here at least is most observable, is that between men of *manly independence* and *unmanly dependence*, which, though often noticed, ought never to be an exhausted theme until the “fools are all dead.” It is not less amusing to note the deep personal interest which many men take in their division officer, or even in the subject of religion, when an examination is pending, than to see the deep lack which is not unfrequently returned. These decided cases of love lost conduce to a smile. But the mutual tickling plan works more smoothly in our relations to each other; we are more ready and easy to gull and be gulled; and the radiant smile of politeness when there is an axe to grind, contrasted with the refreshing coolness when the noise of the grinding becomes low, is fraught with vanity and vexation of spirit for the party of the second part—but with most ludicrous feelings to disinterested witnesses. If we could see ourselves as others see us, there would “probably” be more manliness in the world. It is positively astounding to note how low a man will stoop to accomplish ends which in a year he will look upon as at least puerile. Fortune most frequently deprives these of their glory in the end. Mark the upright man who scorns this groveling meanness; inspect his conduct whose independence has been his boast, and contrast

his success with the "toady's." Where has the latter retained that hold which he has gained by deceit ; where has the other lost, by his strong character, the affections of a worthy man ? And yet men will insist on cutting off their own noses out of "sheer cussedness." Verily, if Sodom and Gomorrah had seen half the vicious instincts which are daily displayed in any of our enlightened communities or refined and select cliques, they would have repented long ago. Why should we let manly independence die out ? We admire it, but shun it ; we preach it, but look to others for its practice ; we long for it, but fail to grasp it when within our reach. Do we wait for secret societies and the marking system to be abolished ? The evil will be the same, though the immediate causes differ. We suspect we hit the answer a few lines above ; "Not till all the fools are dead." We can then but pray for an increase of funerals ! We close with the hope that you will remember, gentle reader, the proposition which we had intended to prove when we began, but which our digressions have made impossible—that "like poles of a magnet repel, and unlike attract."

TWO FLAWS IN THE "SYSTEM."

I HAVE long wondered what ails us students of American colleges. What is the reason that every week the *Courant* finds it necessary to publish a fresh tirade against college misdemeanors ; that city papers abound in sneering allusions to students ; that worthy old citizens pass groups of us, ominously shaking their heads, and nervous landladies prate eternally of the good time coming, when they shall take no more of us to board ; while the city must keep half a dozen of glaziers in constant exercise upon its street lamps, and the Faculty must employ nightwatchmen to prevent the "coal yards" being burned, the fence torn up, or some slumbering tutor's windows broken about his ears ?

I take consolation in knowing that we of Yale are not the only college students against whom such charges might be

brought ; but consolation at best is poor stuff ; it never remedies the evil. To say that college students in America are everywhere pretty much the same, viz ; what a civilized European would be likely to call a set of savages or idiots, according as he found them drunk or sober,—is not very gratifying to a patriotic American. It argues either that American college youths are, in every point of common sense and refinement, inferior to the University scholar of the other side of the sea, or that there is some great fault in the American college system. To these two alternatives I would like to ask attention.

Does the American student in European universities find himself at once among equals—or among superiors ? Does he find them developing forces of character or mind that are new to him ; or discovers he among them a sense of honor, a high tone, or generous sentiment, to which his own soul is a stranger ?

We are forced, then, to the other alternative. There must be some great defect in the American college system, that shows our young men,—*while at college only*,—in such unhappy contrast with German and English students.

The recent disturbance at Williams college brings up again a subject which has been so much discussed that nothing short of a most menacing condition of things, like the present, can make it interesting. I mean the subject of college discipline. Once more we have thrown upon us the grave doubts and questions, the numberless speculations that have been expended upon this subject of "governing" college youth.

That youth need "governing," is, I believe, everywhere in this country practically assumed. That college youth especially need it, one would infer to be the conviction of at least all our college Faculties. Certain it is, that college youth are honored with the greatest amount of it. "Governing" is made a part of the "system," and doubtless our intellectual development would be incomplete without its beneficent aid. This, at least is the practical form in which the subject is put to us. There is scarcely a school, seminary, or college in the land, whether it teach much or little, well or ill, that is not fortified with a stout disciplinary code. Brains are very good in their way, and it might be well, under favorable circumstances, to cultivate them ; learning, indeed, is useful, and the scholars should get learning ;

good teachers may well be employed to instruct these youth, and appropriate studies should be selected with care ; but above all things, let us establish "order," let us have "discipline;" these precious souls must not be allowed to go astray ; we must hedge them well in with restrictions ; they must conform to "rules ;" ay, regulation, regulation is everything !

This is practically the language of our Faculties in their cabinet meetings. Accordingly, much pains are taken to form a suitable code—a code which shall comprise enough restrictions, prohibitions and the like, to secure the student beyond a doubt from all paths of temptation, all deviations, etc., and which shall certainly train him to be a great and good man,—besides furnishing meanwhile the most consoling sort of indemnity to anxious parents at home, and the highest kind of testimonials of the moral character of the institution. At some schools these rules, published together with the catalogue, form no ill-sounding advertisement that the moral training of the pupil is there made an object of careful attention. At Mt. Holyoke, I believe, with characteristic thoroughness (which is palliated in this case by the fact that the actual instruction of the pupil is likewise thorough), the rules, properly sectioned and tabulated, are each day read aloud to the members of the institution assembled in a body, doubtless for their daily comfort as well as to act as a perpetual lamp unto their path. Here at Yale, our Faculty, with more sense, are content to distribute them in a formidable pamphlet form to each Freshman class as it enters, and thereafter to let them rest undisturbed, while the "government" of college goes on upon an entirely different basis.

I well remember the time when that voluminous publication was handed to me from the tutorial desk, with what trembling awe I hastened with it to my room ; with what reverence I conned its pages, carefully committing the very words of each solemn "rule," and wondering how in the world I should escape, in view of such regulations, a speedy expulsion ! Since then years have passed. I came across it the other day hidden under a pile of rubbish that I tenderly call "memorabil." I drew it forth, gazed upon its venerable and long forgotten features, and smiled aloud. Ah ! thought I, it was well that my "matriculation" was "put off" until my memory had become weaned from that pamphlet and

my conscience had ceased to be a Freshman's! At least until the latter process had been completed, I never could have taken that matriculation oath.

Honestly, now, isn't it time to admit that this matter of so many "rules" is all nonsense? Does it not belong to a set of ideas of the past, which in most other departments have long since been exploded,—ideas which some people are fond of calling "puritanical," and which not unfitly perhaps may be termed puri-tyrannical? Are they not at least based on a false notion of education,—a wrong estimation of human nature? I cannot believe that the young men who flock to our universities and seminaries come as a body from the most depraved classes of society;—that they require, therefore, extra-judicial restraints to be placed about them; that they need to be hedged in with rules and prohibitions from which common young men, city clerks, farmers' boys, and factory operatives may with safety be exempt. What purpose are these restrictions intended to serve? Merely as chafes and fetters to take the place of the asperities of the old monastic life? If so, then let us have done with the mediæval barbarity at once! Or are they only formulæ, like the cap and gown, to lend dignity to the vocation of the academy? Then, by all means, away with the rubbish! Or are they really supposed to be useful in the way of discipline to the student himself? Then, surely, they argue little for the course of education, the actual instruction given and the class of studies adopted, if these cannot develop and discipline the mind without the aid of a factitious disciplinary code! If a university education is worth anything at all, it ought to reach into the man's mind, set up there its throne, get possession of his reason, and thence work outward into his every day life and conduct. It is surely a lame system that first puts both hands upon a man, clothes him in a strait-jacket, cuts off here a privilege, there a liberty, denies him the free action of a man; then whispers a few words of its philosophy in his ear and turns him loose upon society, expecting him to show forth a developed and disciplined mind! Development, indeed, is gained fast enough in this way,—development of all the restless, law-hating, extravagant propensities of his nature, but discipline never! It is in human nature to chafe under restrictions of every kind, unnecessary restrictions to abhor. Gov-

ernments are gradually learning this, are gradually tending towards republicanism and the guaranteeing of individual liberty. Those people, it is universally admitted, are the most civilized, best developed and best behaved who have to submit to the fewest restrictions, who are the least subject to rules and powers. Our College Faculties have yet to learn this fact! In these enlightened centers of civilization the old curriculum is still rigidly embraced; and while the noblest principles of civil liberty and self-government, together with all the liberalizing influences of classical and scientific studies are dealt out by the professorial tongue, the same old narrowing "discipline" of arbitrary power is dispensed from the professorial hand!

Narrowing, do I say? Precisely so. For what can more effectually neutralize the broadening influence upon the soul of an extensive course of study, than the enforcement of the little, petty, contemptible rules that infest every educational institution in the land, and the consequent feeling engendered between Faculty and students? You see the result. In every college, students arrayed against Faculty, in every seminary, pupils against teachers, upon the universal principle of "You try to compel me, and I'll dodge you if I can."

Who can say that this feeling of opposition to Faculties, of resistance under compulsion, does not abundantly account for the great army of student misdemeanors which so plainly are injuring the reputation of American colleges? Why these unhappy distinctions perpetually drawn between American students and European? Every observer notes how boyish we are, how we lack manliness of action, and independence of thought. Every professor who has travelled abroad, complains on returning, of our utter indifference to the subjects we study, our disregard of the instruction given us, and even—with shame be it said—our scandalous deportment at lectures and recitations! How many of the ridiculous pranks that even Seniors in college may under such circumstances be guilty of, how much of the silly nonsense, the puerile playing and scuffling, the idiotic snickering at every peculiar expression—not to say natural infirmity—that the professor or reciter may betray;—how many of these things may be explained by this simple view of the case, let every one's experience decide. I do not believe that American youth

are naturally depraved. I have the acquaintance of several foreign university men now in this country, whom perhaps, it is fair to take as average types of their university culture; and I do not find the majority of my classmates less courteous in society, or less honorable in mutual intercourse, than they.

The system of *discipline* we believe, then, is faulty; and chiefly because it engenders those bitter feelings between Faculty and students, which give rise to this sort of conduct on the part of the latter. We know it is regarded as unorthodox for the governed to find fault with the system of government. We are aware how 'bad' a 'sign' it is for young men to show the spirit of insubordination. But it is not of this that we would be guilty. Ours rather is the temerity of deploring that regimen, that disciplinary code, which, in every college and seminary creates a feud between Faculty and students. We admire not the system which must necessarily array the one of these parties in opposition to the other, which must set at variance interests that out to be thoroughly one. We disapprove of that mode of discipline which forces the Faculty into the unnatural position of a *governing* body, and not unfrequently, as in the recent unfortunate Williams rebellion, lays them open to the charge of tyrannical government, while its effect upon the student is to make him dishonest, forgetful of the object for which he goes to college, and even, as in that case, rebellious.

A feeling of cordiality between the two parties would make this state of things impossible. We should see no more of this resistance to authority, this continual evasion of college rules, this notion which most students seem to entertain, that every requirement escaped from, every lesson "cut," every rule dodged, is so much clear gain. Immediately, this is the result of the whole marking system, which occasioned the disturbance at Williams and which is the ground of untold ill-feeling in every college; but remotely it is the effect of this very feeling of hostility between Faculty and students to which I have alluded, and which has brought the marking system into use. Do away with the one, and the other will fall to the ground. Now without stopping to condemn the course of evasion, dishonesty, and unmanliness, which young men in process of intellectual training are so prone to take,—it condemns itself fast enough,—we may

do well to consider how far our Faculties are responsible for this. If any part of the responsibility falls upon them, we have a right to look to them, as our most learned and wisest bodies, for the initiative steps to reform.

First then, let their conduct and bearing toward the student be unexceptionable. Second, we are no friends to arbitrary power. Its effects—wherever exercised—are pernicious. It reflects unprofitably upon those who exercise it, and is fatal to the large manly development of those who are its victims. Let this be abolished.

While, therefore, we impute none but sincere and honorable motives to our college Faculties, we would respectfully urge upon them measures to bring about a more wholesome and cordial feeling between themselves and those who come to learn of them. The establishment of more social and friendly relations would be the first step in such a movement. A great deal of assumed dignity would have to be laid aside. The bars would have to be thrown down for a freer intercourse, a more unrestrained interchange of thought and opinion between professor and pupil. The professor would have, in many cases, to come down to the level of his pupil in order to reach him. But what of that? Is it the dignity of the Prof. or the instruction and development of the student, that the college course is designed to secure? We question, indeed, whether any real dignity is ever sacrificed by such a course. Imagine the followers of Plato or Socrates, or those who sat at the feet of Gamaliel, paying an *exacted* homage to their leader, or trembling under the perpetual threat of a "mark" for disrespect or disobedience! For my part I believe that nine-tenths of the dignity assumed by many college Profs. is mere "bosh;" and just here I suspect was the chief cause of the Williams college disturbance. A feeling of distance between Faculty and students, an imperiousness on the part of the former which forbade parleying with the latter,—the consequent impossibility of coming to an agreement, or settling of grievances,—and so the rupture.

Such conduct never kindles awe in the breast of a student. It never begets a reverence for the professors. But it does develop all the inferior and unmanly traits in the character of the student. I know one such professor,—no matter whom, nor in

what college,—a man exceedingly jealous of his dignity and the "authority of the law." He could tolerate no familiarity on the part of the student. His dictum was final. Expostulation with him was always impertinent. Should a student be unlucky enough to consider himself aggrieved, let him beware how he expressed himself to Prof. ———. "What, what, sir! Do you call the action of the Faculty in question?" Trifling improprieties of conduct, unintentional errors of deportment in the presence of an officer,—little things which a man of real dignity and a large heart would never think of noticing, were sure to call down a rebuke from the doughty professor as "disrespectful."

Here, we are confident, is the root of the evil. This is the reason that American youth are placed in so frequent unhappy contrast with the students of the European universities. It is nonsense to explain it by saying we are younger and more boyish, and need therefore, more "safeguards" placed about us. Human nature is the same the world over. The Yankee boy enters Freshman as honest, as manly, and with as fair promise of noble achievements in life as ever the pupil from Eton or the Gymnasia passes into the University. And when the four years are over and life has laid upon him its heavier hands, he shows himself in time every whit as strong and honorable and dignified a man as the university graduate of the old world. If, then, the character of our youth show such a discrepancy merely while going through our college course, and neither before nor after, it surely argues some defect in our college system. This defect, we believe, is the one we have mentioned, viz; the absence of warm friendly relations between Faculties and students, and the entrusting of too much arbitrary power to the Faculties. Power is mischievous even in the hands of educated men,—when made discretionary. The unwarrantable action of our own Faculty, which in general is remarkably free from this fault, in compelling the entire Junior class to pass a second examination in Natural Philosophy at the last annual,—the consequently unjust suspension of one member of the class who,—however unwisely—declined to submit to the requirement;—and the manifest absurdity of singling out certain individuals of the Sophomore class to pass through a second examination in French for similar reasons:—these instances abundantly show the tendency of

great powers unwisely invested ; and doubtless the experience of every college in New England could add strength to this position. If ever our people wake up to the demands of the age, and require our educational institutions to adopt a more liberal and liberalizing policy, the first reform demanded will be the cutting down at one stroke of the exercise of arbitrary power by college Faculties.

I have written in the spirit of the Eikonoclast, having laid down only two positive propositions, to wit ; the establishment of more cordial relations between Faculty and students,—which can be done by the Faculty themselves,—and the stripping of arbitrary power from Faculties (save the power to dismiss a student), which can be done by the voice of public opinion acting through college corporations. In a future paper I may inflict upon the readers of the LIT. some further propositions of a more positive and definite nature.

"THE TOILERS OF THE SEA."

THE Toilers of the Sea should have been a chapter in *Les Misérables*—an episode in the life of Jean Valjean, a few strokes of the pen would have made the necessary alterations, since the similarity between the characters of the two men, the convict and the fisherman, is so marked that the one immediately suggests the other. The same herculean strength, the same melancholy amounting to misanthropy, the same manner of life so far as circumstances would permit, the same singleness of purpose thwarted by no self-sacrifice however great, the same kindness of heart, whether exhibited in the princely benevolence of the wealthy manufacturer or in the humble endeavors of the Guernsey fisherman to rescue from the cruel boys the nest homes of the birds of the cliff. Such is the impression received upon reading "The Toilers of the Sea" after a perusal of *Les Misérables*. "Les Misérables" was the life work of Victor Hugo. "The Toilers of the Sea" but a day dream—the suggestion of an idle moment—a side play in his great drama. We can almost trace

the association of ideas which led him to its composition; some one of the acts or circumstances in the life of Jean Valjean—perhaps the scene at the Navy Yard, where the marine was rescued by the convict, resulting in the latter's escape—developing a trait which would have made him a fine sailor, a smuggler, or coaster—nay even an island fisherman. What more was needed to suggest Gilliatt? For as to the "Toilers," the use of the term is unwarranted. There was but one toiler, the central figure—the *sine qua non*—the "malicious Gilliatt"—take him away and what remains but a few dry disquisitions on natural history, such as those on that ocean myth, the "Devil Fish," or philosophizings on the rocks of the channel, the currents of the sea, the influence of fogs, the signs of the weather,—mixture of wisdom, superstition and nonsense, in which Victor Hugo delights to indulge; which is continually cropping out in all his works, stamping them with a marked individuality ever betraying their authorship, giving them that indescribable tone and finish which we insensibly and naturally designate as peculiarly French. We stated at the outset that the adventures of Gilliatt should have been woven into the life of Jean Valjean—that the Toilers of the Sea should have been a chapter in *Les Misérables*. It may have been a presumptuous assertion; one which would not perhaps meet the approval of the admirers of these two productions of our author—of those who would object to any addition being made to the one or any subtraction from the other. No one, perhaps, would wish to diminish the writings of Victor Hugo, while, nevertheless, the opinion might be entertained that some things were out of place in the two novels. Take out of the Toilers of the Sea, the chapters on witches and haunted houses, devil fishes and submarine caverns, rocks and currents of the sea, together with the thousand and one grotesque fancies in which the book abounds, and there would be husked out a very fine chapter for *Les Misérables*. From the latter take that much and justly admired description of Waterloo, which for vividness and accuracy is unsurpassed, and which enchains one's attention with its absorbing interest, and which so exhibits the varied talents of the author that we are at loss as to which we should admire most, his powers of description or his philosophy and ingenuity displayed in assigning the causes of Napoleon's defeat, and estima-

ting the results of the battle. Yet with all its interest what has it to do with the fortunes of Jean Valjean or even of Thenardier? necessary neither to the plot of the story nor to the development of the characters of the principal actors. A very valuable contribution to history, of no value to fiction. That novel, it appears to us, would approach the nearest to perfection into which there was admitted no passage or sentence, certainly no chapter, which had not a direct bearing upon the story, being absolutely necessary either to the construction of the plot or the development of the *leading characters*. There is, however, a certain school of modern novelists, taking their cue perhaps from Scott—who, notwithstanding, is very careful to put all his history, &c., in the shape of an introduction—who delight in this digressive style of writing, and who make it a point to alternately set before us scraps of Philosophy, History, Fiction, Poetry, and what not else that go to make up a literary patchwork by no means readily named, and so we find ourselves almost at a loss as to whether we shall call the contrivers of these nondescripts, Historians, Poets or Novelists. But as long as writers of genius, like Hugo and Dickens, give countenance to the fashion, the small fry will mock with their tinklings the ring of the true metal. That these digressions are faults and that they are found repeatedly in Hugo's writings, cannot be denied. Though highly interesting in themselves, they should be assigned another place.

But irrespective of all this, there is a fascinating interest in the *Toilers of the Sea* by itself, that enchains the attention of the reader and reveals the powers of the author; a work possessed of merit sufficient to add to the reputation of any writer other than the author of *Les Misérables*. Although it is confessedly a love story, the interest which is excited by it centers in the great life work of the hero. What may be distinguished as the material rather than the sentimental, the means rather than the end, the lonely toiling on the rocks of the Downes, the rescue of the engines from the wreck of the *Durande*—everything else is forgotten, we have no thoughts of Lethierry, the existence of Demichette even, is for the time being blotted from the memory—the same fascination allures us which is the charm of *Robinson Crusoe*; the manifold contrivances and ingenuities, successes and disappointments which precede the ultimate attainment of his

object, continually adds to the interest, and we are hurried along to the end, which, when we have reached, causes a sigh of regret that there is nothing further to learn, and which diminishes our satisfaction at the successful completion of the task.

Gilliatt, as we have said, is the central figure of the story ; the Jean Valjean of the *Toilers of the Sea*. Like him he is proscribed by society ; like him, his life is solitary and sad ; we see the heart sorrow of the exile author in both of his creations. The melancholy which tinged their lives is but a reflection of his own sadness. This tenderness of sentiment, however, which is a mark of a refined and educated mind, seems in our view to be inconsistently displayed in the ignorant Guernsey fisherman ; while his love for Demchette partakes of all the romance of chivalry, and in fact the whole love affair is to say the least, strange. The two lovers being as far apart as the two extremes of English society admit, while the loved one seems to occupy the mean between them, too high for Gilliatt, too low for Caudebec, and here again the Parisian is seen in the delineation of the character of Deruchette. She makes her debut in the opening chapter with a graceful little act of flirtation, which would have done credit to a Paris belle. That word "written by her with such naivete on a white page." The name of Gilliatt traced in the snow was destined to result in serious consequences. The victim of this bit of coquetry seemed as unimpressible as a stoic—but that little act kindled a love within him that ceased only with death ; while to the maiden he was, and continued to be, nothing but a name and all thoughts of him vanished from her mind as did that Christmas snow before the morning sun. And yet what was there in the character of Deruchette to inspire such love ? A pretty-faced doll, well-nigh characterless in her aimless life, uneducated as well as unsophisticated, her innocence so great as to amount to imbecility—secluded from society, she was the childish companion of a solitary and unpopular old man.

"Gilliatt had never spoken to Deruchette ; he knew her from having seen her at a distance, as men know the north star ;" had it been otherwise, the charm would have been broken ; that "charm of distance which lends enchantment to the view." The practical fisherman was for once entangled in the meshes of sentimentality, while to his lady love he was nothing but a name.

"With Deruchette impressions vanished like the melted snow." Even her guardian uncle, who seemed to have no idea of any responsibility, was forced to reprove her girlishness—"Come, no more childish tricks—you are a great girl."

That there was considerable romance in this love affair no one will deny. A crisis at length seems to come. The Durande is wrecked on the Downes. Iness Lethierry is saved from bankruptcy only by the rescue of the boat's engines from the wreck. "The man does'nt exist who could do it," remarked a bystander. If he did "I would marry him," said Deruchette innocently. That was enough to determine Gilliatt. With the utmost secrecy, as though "escaping from justice," and with an eager haste which impelled him to take the shortest and most dangerous route through the fear of a rival in his most desperate undertaking, he hurried to the wreck—so unreasoning is love! This is the introduction to by far the most meritorious portion of the work. As a portrayal of the energy and endurance, of the self sacrifice and earnestness of purpose which love can inspire, it is probably unsurpassed. The power with which we are made to realize the stupendousness of the undertaking and to enter into the spirit of the enterprise; the distinctness with which are presented to the mind the countless expedients and inventions to which necessity compelled him to have recourse, the gloomy wildness of the place, the privations and sufferings of the "Toiler," his anxieties and discouragements, his heart-sickening dread lest after all he should be deprived of the object of all his sacrifices and labors; but above all the intense degree of sympathy awakened for the tireless worker, and the joy with which we hail the successful termination of the undertaking—all these reveal the genius of the writer, compensating for all defects and revealing the true merit of the *Toilers of the Sea*, and which are amply sufficient to secure from any reader expressions of admiration. But when we examine it from a different standpoint, we are compelled to admit the improbability of the whole undertaking—that a man single handed, unacquainted with the first principles of mechanics, without tools, in the midst of storms, should succeed in removing from almost inaccessible rocks the ponderous engines of the *Durande*, surpasses belief. But Victor Hugo delights to indulge in the improbable and grotesque. All his characters, as well as the scenes in which he

places them, are strangely unreal—the same impossibilities and incongruities are ever cropping out, and with a reckless boldness which is sometimes quite refreshing, he endows his heroes with traits that in actual life are never found combined. Gilliatt is incomprehensible. He is at one time endowed with the non-impressibility of the stoical German; he next appears with all the sentimentality of the Frenchman, as Troubadour-like he indulges in nightly serenades to his "ladie faire," when, Presto, change! and he immediately appears in a new role, exhibiting all the pluck and resolution of the Englishman, combined with the ready invention of a genuine Yankee. While his Deruchette, in turn, is passing from girlish fickleness to irrepressible womanhood and is deeply in love with Caudray, the Parish Priest, evincing by this fully as much romance in her composition as was exhibited in that of her absent lover. While the finale of the whole story, the cruel disappointment of Gilliatt when, after his safe return, crowned with success, he learns the death of all his hopes, his noble surrender of all claims, his well laid plans, even, to secure the success of his rival, awakens within us feelings in turn, of admiration and pity; we are nevertheless compelled to confess that it is not in accordance with human nature, and is inconsistent with the developed character of Gilliatt—but pre-eminently was it an inconsistency to make the patient, self-controlled *brave* Gilliatt to *cowardly* take refuge in self-destruction. The man who could endure every distress of mind and body, was certainly not afraid to live. Victor Hugo made an impossible combination; nobody but a Yankee could have rescued the engines of the *Durande* from the rocks of the Downes—no one but a Frenchman would have died on the Gild Holm' Ur.

F. S. W.

MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

Our Record

Embraces the two preceding months, and closes with Feb. 3, in the midst of a driving storm of rain and sleet. We have had all kinds of weather in the interim, warm and spring-like days alternating with those of coldness sufficient to freeze up Saltonstall and the ponds at Hamilton Park and the lower part of the Green, which latter the city officials have kindly flooded for the benefit of the small fry who are its chief patrons. There have been only a few "skating days" at Saltonstall and the Park, however, and "the season" in this respect has been a failure. The only notable thing about the usual term examinations, was the employment of Calliope hall by the Seniors, as their German ex. was a written one, and no other college room which can be warmed is of sufficient size to allow sixty men, "at the proper distance apart," to be seated within it. It was terribly cold there, however, and the heating apparatus of the place would have to be improved, along with the rest, before it could be made a very popular billiard hall, as some one (an unfortunate reader of Egmont, doubtless,) has wildly suggested. The term closed Dec. 22, and the college choir was safely delivered of the usual "Christmas anthem," the previous Sunday morning, to the great joy of all. Thursday, Jan. 7, was the opening day of the present term. "Sam," elsewhere immortalized, began the year with a new box, gorgeously lettered, of which his historian has made no account. The clock "goes" now and then, and is supplied with new hands,—or those which seem as good as new after their long absence. The moon, under the direction of the proper authorities, has had an eclipse, though the clouds spoiled part of the show. On the last Saturday night of January, however, it shone with sufficient brightness to disclose a first-class "rush" between Sophs and Fresh, to admiring outsiders. It came off about midnight on West Chapel street. No peelers or faculty interfered, and the contestants rolled one another in the mud most beautifully. Plugs and bangers have not yet appeared, but may be expected shortly, we presume. Of a more original character than this last rush, was the snow-ball fight between the two classes last December. This occurred one noon on Library street, and we believe the Fresh claimed the victory. The College Bookstore has been sold to J. W. Hartshorn, Lrr. editor in '67, by its former proprietor, H. B. Mead, of '66, and its competition with "the down town concern" continues to be as profitable as ever—to the students. Sarony has nearly finished taking the class negatives, and the proofs, so far received, give remarkably good

satisfaction—some men actually being content with a single sitting! A foot race at Hamilton Park between a Soph and Junior, who were formerly classmates, “for \$10 and glory,” furnished considerable sport one cold Saturday afternoon: the successful contestant making his four miles on the icy track in 37m. 54s. The velocipede is the plaything of the hour among the Seniors, who, next to haunting the room of the picture committee, find in its subtle and alluring capabilities their chief amusement. At the close of the term in December, the usual

Junior Appointments

Were announced, as follows: PHILOSOPHICAL ORATIONS—Chandler, G. Chase, Dana, Learned, Welch; *High Orations*—Andrews, Logan, Morrow, J. H. Perry, Randall, Stearns, Strong, Tilney; *Orations*—G. L. Beardsley, Buck, McCutchen, Metcalf, Ross, Spaulding, Warren; *Dissertations*—F. S. Chase, Cope, Cummings, Hume, Jewett, C. W. Kelly, McClure, Scaife, Shepard, Tyler, White; *First Disputes*—Baldwin, De Forest, Kendall; *Second Disputes*—M. B. Beardsley, Cary, Eddy, Lindsley, Riley, Shattuck; *First Colloquies*—Clark, Countryman, Drew, Fiero, Gould, Lewis, Selden, Terry; *Second Colloquies*—Clapp, Coy, Crane, Gaylord, Hutchins, Jenkins, Van Schoonhoven. The Junior Exhibition takes place Wednesday, April 7, and the class, after referring the matter to a committee, have decided to hold the usual farcical “promenade” the evening before, and help pay the faculty’s music bill. Messrs. DeForest, Hume, Huntress, Kelly, Reeve, Ross, Shattuck, Terry, and Tilney, were appointed a committee to take charge of the mournful affair, and we presume are ready to pay a round price for the glory of their positions; for we doubt if the Fresh and Sophs will be seduced into giving their support; and when it comes to a class tax—Well! we admit we are disgusted at the action of the class, and turn even to a consideration of

The Term’s Studies

To bring us relief. These are, for the Seniors, Lieber’s Civil Liberty (just finished), and Woolsey’s International Law, to the President; Psychology (just finished), and Stewart’s Moral Philosophy, to Prof. Porter; and History, to Prof. Wheeler. Lectures on History by Prof. Wheeler, and on Moral Philosophy by Prof. Porter, take the place of evening recitations. The two gentlemen are the respective division officers of the first and second divisions. Two compositions, on subjects selected from the 118 different ones proposed, must be written by each man during the term, and from the “average” of these and the two written last term, a dozen men or so will be awarded prizes. The second daily recitation of the Seniors begins at noon, instead of at 11.30 with the others.

The Juniors recite Latin (*Germania* and *Annals of Tacitus*) to Prof. Thacher; *Otto's German Grammar*, with prospective *Lebensbilder*, to Prof. Coe; and *Natural Philosophy* to Tutor Smith. *Calculus*, as an "optional," in place of Latin or German, is recited to Prof. Newton by some. Prof. Loomis gives lectures on *Natural Philosophy* three times a week, which the Scientifics as usual attend; and two "forensic disputations" in the course of the term are required from each man. Scholarship, instead of the alphabet, decides the order of the divisions, the seats in chapel, and so on: which will rather "mix things" for the class historians, we imagine. The first division are not "marked" for their daily recitations in *Philosophy*, but are subjected to fortnightly examinations instead.

The Sophomores also are this term divided and seated according to their "stand," as a sort of substitute for the private announcement of scholarship, usually given them about this time. Last term the "mathematical stand," alone, determined the order of their divisions. They recite Greek tragedy (*Antigone* of Sophocles) to Prof. Packard; Latin (*Cicero de Amicitia*) to Tutor Otis; and Davies' *Analytical Geometry* (which is a milder type of Puckle) to Prof. Newton. Compositions are read every fortnight, and Prof. Northrop has instructed all how to take the first prize. Prof. Bailey also gives lectures on *Elocution*, and conducts declamation exercises at such odd times and in such places, as the faculty see fit to grant him for the purpose.

Tutor Sumner in Greek (*Odyssey*, and now *Herodotus*), Tutor Miller in *Algebra*, Tutor Richards in *Euclid*, and Tutor Keep in Latin (*Quintilian's Institutions*), attend to the Freshmen, according to the old programme. It is noticeable that this class, spite of the usual mortality, keeps up its numbers wonderfully, being largely recruited from '71, which, we understand, hardly musters an hundred men, all told. The respective division officers of each class stand in the order named.

The Seniors begin Feb. 22, attending Prof. Sanford's three weeks course of lectures on *Anatomy and Physiology*, at the

Medical College;

The commencement exercises of which took place on the evening of Thursday, Jan. 14. Luther H. Wood, Ph. B., of New Haven, read the thesis for which the Silliman prize of \$150 was awarded; George W. Benjamin, M. A., of New Haven, delivered the valedictory address, upon the subject, "Scientific Progress as relating to Medicine"; and Dr. E. K. Hunt, of Hartford, offered to the graduating class some "Advice for Young Physicians." The examinations occupied the two preceding days; and the degrees were as usual conferred by the President in person. In

addition to the two mentioned, the names of the graduating class, with their theses, are as follows: David Crary of Hartford, "Phenal"; John Morgan of Hadlyme, "Scarlatina"; Byron W. Munson of Seymour, "The General Practice of Medicine"; David Poll of Hartford, "Scarlatina"; Gould A. Shelton of Huntington, "Diphtheria"; Hanford L. Wixon of New Haven, "Phthisis." The next session extends from Feb. 10 till July 20, with a prospective attendance of some thirty students. We may remark also that the Theological College building will soon be in process of erection, as a "little gift" of \$30,000 has lately been bestowed upon the proprietors of the same. This York street show naturally excited less attention than

The Prize Debates

In Alumni Hall, though these passed off more quietly than usual. The Linonia Sophomores contested on Monday evening, Jan. 18, over the resolution "That the State ought to enforce the Education of all Children within its Jurisdiction." The judges were Prof. H. N. Day, Prof. J. M. Hoppin, and Hon. G. H. Watrous; the speakers were Frank Johnson, of Pine Bluff, Ark.; Alfred B. Mason of Chicago.; George A. Strong of St. Louis.; George C. Jewell of New Haven.; Edwin F. Sweet of Vineland, N. J., and John W. Starr of Guilford; and the three prizes fell to Sweet, Mason, and Strong. The Sophomore Brothers, on Wednesday evening, Jan. 20, tried to answer the conundrum: "Are sumptuary laws expedient?" Hon. L. B. Bradley, J. W. Alling, M. A., and S. A. York, LL. B., were the judges; Henry R. Elliot of New Haven, James McNaughton of Albany, Herbert E. Kinney of Griswold, Howard Mansfield of New Haven, Watson R. Sperry of Guilford, N. Y., Oscar H. Cooper of Texas, and Cornelius E. Cuddeback of Port Jervis, were the speakers. Mansfield took the first prize, Cuddeback and Kinney the second, and Elliot the third.

The Senior Brothers, on the evening of Tuesday, 19, discussed a somewhat longer question: "Should the English Government compel the sale of Irish Lands in order to establish Peasant Proprietorship?" The judges were Prof. George E. Day, Prof. James Hadley, Tutor Robert P. Keep; the speakers were Rufus B. Richardson of Groton, Mass.; Willard G. Sperry of Billerica, Mass.; Bernadotte Perrin of New Britain.; Cornelius Sullivan of Bristol, and John B. Isham of New Haven; and the three prizes fell to Isham, Perrin and Richardson. The Linonia Seniors, in the afternoon and evening of Wednesday, 20, considered the "Expediency of Penal Colonies." Rev. Dr. Daggett, Rev. Dr. Martin, and Prof. Wheeler listened to the arguments. The speakers were William A. Copp

of Grafton, Mass.; Henry J. Dutton of Ellsworth, Me.; Edward Heaton of Cincinnati.; Henry V. Freeman of Rockford, Ill.; A. James Copp of Grafton, Mass.; Edwin Hedges of Bridgehampton, N. Y.; Henry W. Raymond of N. Y. City.; and Edward P. Wilder of India. The first prize fell to Wilder, the second to Copp and Freeman, the third to Heaton and Raymond. This latter gentleman, by the way, is the only member of '69 who has participated in all four of the prize debates. The Freshmen and Juniors are reserving their powers for next term, when the former make their first and the latter their last ("effective") strike for the bubble reputation. Though in another direction the usual number have already gone up to glory through

The Class Elections,

Which took place in the President's lecture room on the afternoon of Wednesday, 27, with the following result: COCHLEAUREATI—David M. Bone, Petersburg, Ill.; Henry A. Cleveland, New Haven; Henry J. Faulkner, Dansville, N. Y.; Ross Johnston, Pittsburg; James G. K. McClure, Albany; Samuel S. McCutchen, Plainfield, N. J.; Edward G. Selden, Norwich; John W. Shattuck, Coleraine, Mass.; Roderic Terry, Irvington, N. Y. EDITORS YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE—Edward P. Clark, West Springfield, Mass.; Jotham H. Cummings, Worcester, Mass.; William C. Gulliver, Knoxville, Ill.; Charles H. Strong, New Orleans; Thomas J. Tilney, Brooklyn. Mr. Gulliver was afterwards chosen chairman of the Board, and it is understood that Mr. Cleveland will be Spoonman. The meeting was controlled by the junior-society coalition, mentioned in our last, and few outside the members of the two ruling societies were present. All others will refuse their support to the Spoon Exhibition and Lrr. for the coming year, according to the published statements of their—presumably authorized—representatives. The Cochs were duly initiated at the New Haven House, Jan. 29, and performed certain uproarious pranks about the college early in the following morning. We are not permitted to disclose all we know in regard to the unlimited "smear" partaken of by the officers and invited guests of the occasion.

On Saturday, 23, the Seniors likewise assembled to dispose of the last elective spoils of the course. The contest though short was sharp and fought out to the end with that good-natured hatred and lazy energy so characteristic of Sixty-Nine. Did those who think political corruption in college is confined exclusively to bloated and insolent coalitions, understand how many "Index" checks were distributed without a *quid pro quo*, and facts of that character, they might possibly take a different view of things. However, we must forbear, lest by further insinuations we offend those

"popular idols of a triumphant majority:" Henry A. Beers of Hartford, CLASS ORATOR; Lyman H. Bagg of West Springfield, CLASS POET.

At the same meeting

The Boating Interest

Was attended to by the election of the following officers for the class crews; *Captain*, Eli I. Hutchinson of San Francisco; *Lieutenant*, A. James Copp of Grafton, Mass.; *Purser*, E. Ritzema De Grove of New York. The Freshmen, also, on account of the absence of their former captain, have promoted their old officers, making J. P. Studley captain, L. S. Boomer first lieutenant, and W. H. Bradley second lieutenant. H. W. B. Howard remains purser as before. Commodore A. D. Bissell of '68, recently presented the navy with \$86, by receipting a bill for that amount which had long been due him. A three mile course has been marked off on Lake Saltonstall, and the spring races will probably be rowed there. Perhaps if the experiment proves successful, the university crew may practice there to get accustomed to still water,—though we understand that there is a prospect of the Harvard crew offering to pull the next race on the Connecticut river at Springfield. Commodore Wilbur Bacon of '65 published some time ago in *Wilkes's Spirit of the Times* the facts and evidence, which he had been at some pains to collect, in regard to the time made by the victorious Yale crew in 1865. His letter seems to prove conclusively that the "time" in question was "17 minutes and 42½ seconds," instead of a minute more, as has been urged by partizans of Harvard. To facilitate reference to the facts we may remark that the entire letter was republished in the *Courant* of Dec. 12. Gymnastic exhibitions, for the navy's benefit, will probably be held toward the close of the term; and possibly Beethoven may give a concert for the same laudable purpose,—at least its occasional posters inform us that this fraternity is still alive. Phi Beta Kappa, too, is reported to have sold a charter to Rutgers College and paid off the boat-house debt with the proceeds; while a still more improbable rumor says that the three senior astronomical prizes (awarded Jan. 19 to Charles D. McNaughton of Jackson, Mich.; Charles W. Bardeen of Fitchburg, Mass.; and Charles H. Bullis of Macedon, N. Y.) have been invested in horse-car tickets, for the benefit of the university crew, by the well-known oarsmen who received them. It is not impossible that an additional revenue may be derived from

The Alumni Associations,

Which have been holding their annual "bums" of late, and have doubtless amassed much money thereby. The Chicago association met on the

evening of Tuesday, Dec. 29, N. C. Perkins of '57 presiding. About 50 members were present, representing half that number of classes, from '35 to '68. The Philadelphia association held "a banquet" at Augustin's on the evening of Thursday, Jan. 21, the president, Judge William Strong of '28, in the chair. President Woolsey and Profs. Fisher and Packard represented the college, and responded to the toasts in its honor. Over 60 were in attendance. S. C. Perkins of '58 is secretary, and H. M. Dechert of '50, treasurer of the association. As the latter was "a prominent boating man"—perhaps—we expect great things from him. The Boston association "smeared" at the Parker House on the evening of Monday, Jan. 25. The college was represented by Profs. Hadley, Hoppin and Lyman. Dwight Foster of '48 is president, and Asa French of '51 secretary, for the ensuing year. Last, but not least of all, the New York association "celebrated;" following up these provisional gatherings with a truly metropolitan convocation. Some 250, or about half the supposed number of Yale men resident in the city, assembled at Delmonico's on the evening of Friday, 29. Attorney General Evarts—better known as YALE LIT. editor of '37—presided. President Woolsey, Profs. Porter, Thacher, Silliman, Newton and Gilman were in attendance, as well as the veteran electrician, S. F. B. Morse of 1810, and many others not unknown to fame. The meeting was held upon the anniversary of the day in 1779 when President Ezra Stiles dismissed the college for a fortnight's vacation, on account of the lack of "grub" in common's hall. President Woolsey's address, spite of his implied desire to the contrary, has been reported in the papers, and so is public property, we suppose. He referred to the proposed change in the college corporation, whereby the "six senior senators of the State of Connecticut" may be displaced by college graduates, and favored the idea, remarking that there is nothing likely to oppose its being put in practice, if the graduates choose to make the effort. If they do not, things will go on as before—the "six senior senators" being practically little more than a name, and doing neither harm nor good. As for removing the college, he remarked that the college was not rich enough to move—whereas we always supposed its poverty was the very thing which made removal desirable. His closing remark that the college and its officers should have more money, no one knowing the facts can dispute. Mr. Evarts' perversion of the well known line in Horace, whereby "Vividus Morse" took the place of *Pallida mors*, was "well received," and consequently has been going over the country, fearfully and wonderfully misspelled, for the benefit and delight of provincial readers, upon whom it is palmed off as "an extract from Virgil." If the jokes reported in print seem stale, it should be remembered that all table talk is apt to appear pointless to an outsider. We do

wish, however, that the alumni would have enough regard for the feelings of undergraduates to refrain from "toasting" the "success of Linonia and Brothers," as if those defunct institutions were really in existence. If they *must* call up "old memories" regarding them, let them "drink to the dead," after the approved fashion, and we can endure it.

Prof. Porter's "Human Intellect," which has gone into a second edition, has received all kinds of treatment at the hands of the critics, but all seem to agree in admiring the fairness with which he treats theories and positions hostile to his own. Prof. Dana's *Mineralogy*, has also been complimented by the best qualified judges as "a truly wonderful book." Prof. Silliman delivered a lecture before the American Institute at New York, Dec. 18, on the "Philosophy of the Tea Kettle," which, with the rest of the course, was reprinted in the *Tribune*. Prof. Northrop has also been lecturing in the country towns of this state and Massachusetts. Prof. Gilman was elected early in December, secretary of the New Haven Colony Historical Society. The "Minister's Association" of this city has instituted a "home course" of seven lectures, which are delivered fortnightly in the First Methodist church by various city pastors and D. D's. The opening one, on "Books and Reading," was by Prof. Porter, Jan. 21; and the fourth, on "Marriage and Divorce," is to be by President Woolsey, March 25. Inasmuch as the lectures are delivered for the general good rather than for lucre, tickets for the whole seven are sold for a dollar—and the joke is said to be on several senior-society men who purchased them while unaware of the fact that all the lectures are given on Thursday evenings. This course, however, was not intended as a rival to the regular

Town Shows,

Which, during the last two months, have offered many and varied allurements. Lecture goers have had their choice between such extremes as Ralph Waldo Emerson and Robert Laird Collier, George William Curtis and Anna Dickinson, Wendell Phillips and Henry Vincent. Theodore Thomas has given two or three orchestral concerts, which failed to receive the support they deserved. Parepa Rosa also paid us another visit. Mrs. General Lander, "the tragic queen," as "Mary, Queen of Scots," satisfied the admirers of her "Elizabeth" impersonation in October. Clarke's Comedy Combination, [no connection with 58 s. m.] presented "Nan the Good-for-nothing," "Slasher and Crasher," "The Day of the Wedding," etc., very acceptably, early in December; and Miss Major Pauline Cushman, who *didn't* pick a man's pocket in New York, illustrated that great moral, *Ledger* story of the "Hidden Hand." For minstrels we were

avored with Duprez & Benedict's, La Rue's, Buckley's and Haverly's, all of which were good, except the last ; but all entirely eclipsed by Kelly & Leon's company, who on Jan. 25 and 26, gave the best minstrel entertainments we have ever visited in New Haven. The burlesque operas of "Grand Dutch S," and "Belle L. N.," were quite ahead of anything on the programmes of the average travelling minstrel troupes, and in absurdity are only surpassed by the real. The Lingard gave one of his characteristic entertainments the evening after Christmas ; and Maggie Mitchell, as "Fanchon" and "Little Barefoot" delighted as usual, her many admirers, and convinced them anew of her wisdom in refusing to go outside the field wherein she has no rival. She was, too, unusually well supported, and the same may be said of Hackett, *the Falstaff* in "King Henry Fourth," wherein Hotspur was ably impersonated. The sword thrust which finished him seemed genuine and natural. As for Hackett himself, it is enough to say that he *was* himself. He is one of the few who cling resolutely to the old classic dramas, and fight honestly to make the American stage respectable. Such deserve all credit therefor. We shall be interested to observe how the "Falstaff" of Mark Lemon, the veteran editor of *Punch* who is soon to visit the country, compares with that of Hackett ; as the former is the only actor who does the character without padding. During the entire week ending Jan. 23, we were favored with a first-class dramatic company under the management of Mr. Pray, in which a new and rising star, Miss Ethel, was the chief attraction. Her renderings in "Camille," "Romeo and Juliet," and the "Hunchback," won much admiration and many friends. The entertainment of Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams, under the management of Lowell and Simmonds, on Friday, 29, brought out the amusing points of the bould Irish nature ; and Mrs. G. C. Howard, who appeared as "Topsy" in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Christmas eve, finished the month by presenting a stage version of "Oliver Twist" in which she sustained the part of "Nancy Sikes" (or "Sykes" as the programmes called it). Dickens however, cannot be dramatized, and an admirer of Oliver Twist would hardly be delighted with last Saturday night's show in Music Hall. This week, Max Maretzek treats us with "Norma," and Edwin Forest appears as "Jack Cade" and "Metamora." The only future announcement we have to make is a reading by Prof. Bailey—this time in a hall *not* provided by the faculty.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Books Received.

A goodly number of books have been sent to us to be noticed in this issue of the *LIT.*, some of which are valuable and some almost worthless. It is impossible to do justice to them all in the brief time which Editors of a College Magazine can devote to general reading. There are, however, some from which we have derived both pleasure and profit; and which we can cordially recommend to fellow students as the very best kind of investment for loose dollars and spare time.

LANDMARKS OF HISTORY. By Miss Yonge, Author of the "Heir of Redclyffe." New York: Leypoldt & Holt, 1868.

A work of three volumes of unequal size, and producing therefore upon fastidious eyes a not very pleasant effect; but abundantly redeeming itself when opened. The first volume points out the prominent 'Landmarks of Ancient History,' down to the Mahometan Conquest (which Miss Yonge spells in a manner much to our Mohammedan disgust) in the eighth century. The second carries the narrative, under the head of 'Mediæval History,' as far as the Reformation. The third, which is written with more care and skill than either of the others, and contains as much matter as both, brings us down to the death of Napoleon. It is this third and last volume which is the best feature of the work, and which will well repay careful reading. To the present Senior class especially, in connection with Prof. Wheeler's lectures, we can do no greater kindness than to recommend Miss Yonge's third volume for diligent perusal. The great necessity with college students in reading history is a work which shall be brief, a devourer of little time. But no work can be brief and at the same time comprehensive, without being somewhat dry. If the historian gives us condensed pages of facts, names and dates, we will not read them. If he attempts to show forth 'principles' too freely his work does not comprehend enough facts, without being so bulky that we cannot venture it in that case either. Miss Yonge has taken, between these two extremes, just about the path which we like to follow. Her great charm as a historian is in keeping constantly before the reader all the different portions of contemporary history at once, and in their relations to each other. She gives us a bird's eye view of events. She then fastens our attention upon a number of prominent points, clusters everything temporarily about these, but leaves larger works to fill up the chinks. Historians usually have much to say about 'principles,' by which they

mean their own opinions, and with which they stuff us to repletion. We are especially grateful to Miss Yonge that in her work a sharp distinction can be drawn between principles and opinions; and that while her obvious aim is to enforce the former, she troubles us with few of the latter. No one can read the "Landmarks of History" without being surprised to find how many ideas as well as facts he has gathered. A very valuable chronological index of events since Napoleon's fall forms the closing feature of the work. For sale by Judd & White.

THE IDEAL IN ART. By H. Taine, translated by J. Durand. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. Pp. 186. 1869.

A rare little book, deserving a long review. Those worshippers of the beautiful who remember M. Taine's lectures on the "Philosophy of Art," a few copies of which found their way to this country some years ago, will hail the renewed popular interest in that gentleman's works as a revival of art itself. We were delighted some months ago in reading his "Italy, Rome, and Naples"; and now comes another book, *The Ideal in Art*, giving definite shape and completeness to those beautiful theories advanced there and in the "Philosophy." The present volume forms, like the "Philosophy" mentioned, a portion of a course of lectures delivered before the School of the Fine Arts in Paris; and the author's aim, we should judge, was not more to advance Art-culture and worship itself, than to correct some prevailing errors and lay down sound views of Art criticism. One, to feel the full value of the book, should read it after Ruskin. It will act as the best tonic and corrective that can anywhere be found, after a rich and sometimes—it must be confessed—not very wholesome dinner at the table of that generous host. Especially fine is that element of M. Taine's theory of Art criticism, which points out the absurdity of reducing judgment upon all works of Art, as is so often done, to a single standard. He would have us believe that of two specimens totally different and based upon totally different rules, each may be perfect,—a theory which people are generally willing to accept in regard to all things except art and religion. The true province of the critic is to place himself if possible in the artist's very soul, enter into his feelings, fancies and aspirations, and so work himself into sympathy with his designs; rather than to perversely attempt bending these to his own preconceived notions, or to somebody's set rules of criticism. This is precisely what M. Taine starts with; and the result is he leads us through ever fresh and wholesome pastures wherein art-hungry souls can feed without fear of being mialled. One objection, however, we have to M. Taine.

His remarks about literature do not altogether please us. We would rather his digressions into this department of art had been fewer and less extensive. His theory in the main is doubtless correct. For instance, we can see that in regard to many things, mankind outgrows the tastes and aptitudes of one age in the totally changed relations and circumstances of a later. The finest relics of Byzantine art do not please us so much as pictures of the Dutch and Flemish school; which, however homely and commonplace in their designs and coloring, have a certain bold truthfulness, a fidelity to nature, which irresistibly attract us. These, in turn, imbued with the stern austerity of the Protestant mind, fail to stir the soul as do those still later warm delicious masterworks of the Catholic schools of Venice and especially of Florence. But when M. Taine turns aside to seek illustrations of this truth in literature, he proves too much. To be sure, the spirit of our past age cannot enter wholly perhaps into the enjoyment of William of Malmesbury and the venerable Bede. But before boldly asserting that between the two intellectual eras a great gulf is fixed, M. Taine should stop to consider 'What if Bede's and Malmesbury's chronicles should be translated into strictly nineteenth century English?' Would there in that case be anything unintelligible after all in the *spirit* of that ancient literature? And when at last M. Taine assures us that the clowns of Shakespeare no longer please, our indignation scarcely knows bounds. We reply that they are almost the only clowns in the whole field of literature, that do please.

However, as a treatise designed to convey sound views of art, M. Taine's little book is a jewel; and we cordially recommend it to those solitary frequenters of the Art Gallery to whom allusion is made in the opening article of this magazine. For sale by Judd & White.

TOBACCO AND ALCOHOL; It does pay to smoke; The coming man will drink wine. By John Fiske, M. A., LL.B. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. Pp. 158. 1869.

This book is designed evidently as an annihilator of Mr. Parton, whose chapters on "Smoking and Drinking" are familiar to all readers of the Atlantic, and have lately been published in book form. We remember with what an air of triumph the Anti-tobacconists, Anti-license-law people, and Champions generally of the various "movements" all over the country, received Mr. Parton's sentiments when they were first published; and we are strongly reminded of it by the uproar of approval from an opposite quarter, which now hails Mr. Fiske's reply. The controversy is interesting, for, though it partakes of the nature of most controversies in that it can never be settled, it is likely to bring out a good many facts which the public can suffer no harm to know, especially conducted as it

is by two such persons as Mr. Parton and Mr. Fiske, neither of whom deals very strictly with argument, but wander off, each into numerous side issues and narratives often quite suggestive and entertaining. Mr. Parton was, to begin with, a little unfortunate in not being familiar with the rules of the syllogism, and in begging most of the questions which he set out to prove. He accordingly placed himself quite at the mercy of Mr. Fiske, who taking the full benefit of the position, batters his adversary with ridicule and sarcasm to a pitiful pass. In fact we cannot call Mr. Fiske's book written in either the most manly style of argument or in the best of taste. He is by no means free from the very same illogical deductions which he laughs at in Mr. Parton. The latter gentleman declares that he once stood near a party of men who were smoking and swearing simultaneously; also that had they not been smoking they would not have been swearing; and concludes thence that tobacco is demoralizing. Mr. Fiske, after laughing roundly at this, and declaring it his intention to proceed in a much more logical way, argues as follows: Those things which are deadly poisons when taken in large quantities are not necessarily poisonous in small doses. Very true. But listen: Salt taken in large quantities is a deadly poison; in smaller doses acts as an emetic; in very small ones is an absolute necessity of life. Hence tobacco which is fatal in large quantities, and nauseating in smaller must be *necessary* to the system in very small quantities! Ergo, it does pay to smoke! Now we, for our part, fail to see much difference between the two styles of argument. Mr. Fiske of course, will get by far the larger part of popular applause, will be petted and flattered on all sides, and told that his reasoning is very conclusive,—because, as is plain, those who smoke and drink, at least among the male persuasion, are much more numerous than those who do not. Even the Nation, whose dictums we generally swallow down as so much gospel, asserts that Mr. Fiske discusses his subject with “moderation, clearness and penetration;” whereas we think it must be evident to any impartial man, if such a one could be found, that Mr. Fiske does nothing of the kind. That gentleman is certainly safe in asserting that the coming man will drink wine. But he nowhere gives proof that wine will be a benefit to him. He might have said the same of tobacco, for, to the best of our prophesying, that weed will be used by four-fifths of the coming men for several coming generations. But we fail to find evidence in Mr. Fiske's book that tobacco or any other stimulants will improve the health of our grandchildren; and when he attempts to prove by appeals to scientific authorities and knowing allusions to pneumogastric nerves and medulla oblongatas, that tobacco is an absolute necessity to healthy digestion, etc., he simply appears ridiculous. Every body who knows anything at all about scientific authority, knows that the

great preponderance of it lies on the side, except in rare cases and for strictly medicinal purposes—*against* the use of tobacco and alcohol. But the truth is, scientific authority will be allowed little weight in the matter anyway. So long as people like these things they will use them; and there perhaps the discussion had better rest.

Mr. Fiske's book, however, is worth reading, and may be found at Judd & White's.

GLOVERSON AND HIS SILENT PARTNERS. By Ralph Keeler. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Pp. 372. 1869.

This is a novel of California life, as it is lived in San Francisco at the present time. Its plot is not very deep, nor are its characters, when out of the commonplace, especially life-like. Had the most original of them, Miss Garr, been called Miss Kai-gar, we think the author would have been troubled to explain the ellipsis, and show "good reason for" her existence. Though we should judge that he was not a "college man," his classic allusions are not infrequent, and his metaphors often mathematical; the best of them, and in fact the best single phrase in the book, being this: "The expression of Sophia's face, at this moment, may be stated as zero divided by infinity. Nothing so blank and disagreeable can be found anywhere else, outside of algebra." If the author thought it necessary to represent Mr. Gloverson as saying "you be damned," to his clerk, he should have honestly spelt out the word, as Dickens does when he allows the Cheerybles to damn Tim Linkinwater. Dashes only add to the vulgarity. Bad taste is shown in printing the monogram "SG," and also the letter-heads, "Office of George Lang," etc. In this latter case, too, it is a fair criticism to charge against the author, since he goes so far out of his way to place before our eyes the exact letters, that his omission of the *year* from the date of the letter is a serious blunder. In printed letter-heads it is always indicated. The most reprehensible thing in the book, however, is the printing the music to the "song of friendship," and then adding in a foot-note: "This song is also published in sheet-music, with accompaniment for the piano-forte." Why couldn't we be told, as well, that "Mrs. Clayton's elegant furniture came from Cole & Co's on Pine street"? or that "Dixon engaged Locan & Co., of 625 Clay to procure for him his present to the Garr"? or that his own good clothes in which he bids us adieu in Chapter XXXVI, were "from Bullock & Jones, the well-known clothiers, on Montgomery"? So much for "sarcasm." If the book has truly depicted the manners and customs of that locality of which we should all know more than we do, it will deserve to have these minor blemishes overlooked and forgiven. For sale at H. H. Peck's.

DR. HOWELL'S FAMILY. By Mrs. H. B. Goodwin. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Pp. 361. 1869.

This is a very disagreeable story of the "pious" sort; an overgrown specimen of the most virulent class of Sunday-school books, wherein the good boy reads tracts, learns his lessons and gives his money to the heathen, dying happily at the age of eight, while the bad boy, his cotemporary, in attempting to rob a bird's nest falls and breaks his leg, but manages to crawl into a sail-boat for a pleasure ride, and the day of course being Sunday, is consequently drowned. As nothing can be more unnatural and immoral than the nature and morality of the typical Sunday-school book, we are not aware that anything farther needs to be said in regard to the present volume in which the fundamental idea is amplified to the conditions of maturer years. There is nothing excessively inspiring in the sight of wax-figures, nor would their companionship be likely to induce a state of boisterous joviality, yet to our mind existence among such would be far more tolerable, than among the terribly unreal personages who make up Dr. Howell's Family. The imagination that can conceive of such impossible beings as real, must certainly be in a bad way, and is evidently in need of rest and retirement. For sale at H. H. Peck's.

HILLSBORO' FARMS. By Sophia Dickinson Cobb. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Pp. 423. 1869.

"This little book does not claim to have any special moral or mission. Its author has not aimed, through it, to teach anything, or to prove anything. She has looked on nature and life in some of their quiet and little-noticed phases, and, loving what she saw there, has tried upon her modest canvass, to paint it. If her readers shall find the picture true, her object will be gained." After quoting this modest little preface, there is no disposition on our part for saying more, since "additions would be useless." Supposing, though, that we deemed the book deserving a terrible criticism, how should we be able to correctly address the author? The question is old but ever appropriate, for repetition brings reform at last. When *will* "authoresses" learn to prefix the all-important "Miss" or "Mrs." to their names, and so save their critics from the most distracting guesses as to the proper title? We recommend the *Sorosis* to attend to this matter forthwith; especially since *it*, by reported legislative enactment, is about to change its State. The book may be had at H. H. Peck's.

ROSAMOND DAYTON. By Mrs. H. C. Gardner, author of "Rosedale, a Story of Self-Denial," etc. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Pp. 234. 1869.

The preface of this book announces as its object, "to teach this one truth—that accountable human beings have no right to live just for them

selves." By this simple announcement Mrs. Gardner has defeated, we fear, her very object in view. People are not apt to open themselves to those who proclaim beforehand that their intention is to convert them. We wonder indeed, taking society as it runs, that the publishers did not object to Mrs. Gardner's preface as likely to injure the sale of the book. Really, however, the book teaches not only the truth advertised, but a number of other truths, and teaches them too without employing any of those obnoxious inferences and that orthodox cant which characterize nearly every book with a moral. We have seldom enjoyed a story more than this of Rosamond Dayton; and yet it is not much of a story. The author has not succeeded in making her conversations always sparkling or even natural. There is plenty of that bookishness in talk, which puts long affectionate sentences into the mouths of little people, and makes old people guilty of half-hour homilies; but there is also a deal of freedom from this. On the other hand, the sly touches at popular weaknesses, the "take offs" upon individual follies and peculiarities, remind us strongly of Rev. Cream Cheese and his flock, in the inimitable Potiphar Papers. They are admirable. The book will pay reading. To be found at H. H. Peck's.

MADAME DE BEAUPRE. By Mrs. C. Jenkin. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. Pp. 278. 1869.

This is a love story,—a picture of the social life of to-day in a little town in France. The picture seems true and natural, though to be sure we have never "been there", and the course of the "grand passion" is traced out in a manner apparently life-like and probable, though as to this also we must plead ignorance, if we are wrong. The book is after the manner of, and perhaps a trifle inferior to, the "Psyche of To-day", which preceded it, but will be sure of a welcome from the many admirers of the latter. If it teaches no particular moral, it is at least easy to read and interesting throughout, and this is about all a novel reader cares for. To help pleasantly while away a day of leisure, we are sure the average reader could ask no better companion than the fascinating little Madame de Beupre. As to faultfinding, our critical eye noted some half-dozen typographical blunders, which escaped the "reader", and are likely to escape most readers also, we presume. We object, too, to the arbitrary way in which Mrs. Jenkin interchanges her French and English words and titles, calling a man "Pastor" in one line and "Pasteur" in the next, and so on. Lastly, we protest against a book printed in November, 1868, bearing the imprint "1869",—though we know of course that "they all do so." For sale at Judd & White's.

A MANUAL OF MYTHOLOGY ; in the form of Question and Answer. By the Rev. George W. Cox, M. A. New York : Leypoldt & Holt. Pp. 290 1868.

This is one of the books we don't think much of. We can't be consistent and do so. No classically educated man, no good college student can. We feel towards this piece of patch-work very much as the regular physicians do towards advertised drugs and patent medicines. The fact that the patchwork is well executed, does not help the case. It occupies the place in classical literature, which almanacs, cook books, and those jack-of-all-trades productions called "Facts worth Knowing" occupy in general literature. No master workman, no man of any special profession, ever likes such books. Still the present little volume is likely to be popular ; and there is a large class of persons, dabblers in the classics, village schoolmasters ignorant of Latin, third-rate lecturers, and that very numerous class who "have had few advantages", but would be good talkers,—to whom the book will be positively useful. For academics and non-collegiate schools, such as "commercial", "military", and the like, it is just the thing. For sale at Judd & White's.

A NEW GUIDE TO GERMAN CONVERSATION, containing an alphabetical list of nearly eight hundred familiar words similar in orthography or sound and the same meaning in both languages, followed by exercises ; a classified vocabulary of words in frequent use ; familiar phrases and dialogues ; a sketch of German Literature ; idiomatic expressions ; proverbs, letters, etc. ; and a synopsis of German Grammar, arranged from the works of Witcomb, Dr. Emil Otto, Flaxmann, and others. By L. Pylodet. New York : Leypoldt & Holt. Pp. 274. 1869.

In spite of its length there is more in the book than in the title ; and all in a little volume that you can carry in your pocket. Furthermore it is just what it professes to be ; and for the tourist in Germany, or the student who would learn to converse in that language in this country, it is the very best thing we have seen, because it is at once so small, so comprehensive, and without burdening the mind with grammatical "fine print" hits so many necessary points. Those unlucky ones who have got a term's Deutsch to cram for next Annual will find a wonderful assistant in this little book. For sale at Judd & White's.

WORDS OF HOPE. Boston : Lee & Shepard. Pp. 255. 1869.

A truly valuable comforter for those in sorrow ; and one in sensible contrast with most of the long-drawn-out volumes of consolation usually published by the Tract Societies, and hawked about the country by colporteurs. The reason of this is that it is not written by any one man ;

but is composed of extracts from a great many distinguished divines and pious writers both of former times and of the present. Prominently we notice the names of Dr. G. W. Bethune, Rev. A. K. H. Boyd, Mrs. E. B. Browning, Rev. John Foster, Madame de Gasparin, Rev. Robert Hall, Rev. John Angell James, Rev. J. A. Mackenzie, Rev. F. W. Robertson, Zschöke, etc. For sale at H. H. Peck's.

THE MIMIC STAGE; A Series of Dramas, Comedies, Burlesques, and Farces, for Public Exhibitions and Private Theatricals. By George M. Baker, author of "Amateur Dramas", "An Old Man's Prayer", etc. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Pp. 290. 1869.

This little book meets a want which is being more and more felt in many of our social circles, as the stage is coming gradually to be respected. It meets the want, too, much better than any other similar compilation now published in this country. Two of the plays, "Down by the Sea" and "Capuletta", which last is an intensely comical take-off on "Romeo and Juliet", differing from the original on the theory that all's well that ends well,—are really capital. The plays are not all good; the one entitled "Humors of the Strike" is wretched; and there are sundry over-frantic attempts at wit in all of the plays, which might well be culled out. But on the whole it is a first rate book. We recommend it to our Sophomore and Junior Societies, and especially to the next Jubilee committee. For sale at Peck's.

MAKE OR BREAK; or, the Rich Man's Daughter. By Oliver Optic.

CHARLIE BELL, The Waif of Elm Island. By Rev. Elijah Kellogg, author of "Spartacus to the Gladiators", &c.

A KISS FOR A BLOW, or a Collection of Stories for Children, showing them how to prevent quarreling. By Henry C. Wright.

THE PROVERB SERIES, in three volumes.

BIRDS OF A FEATHER.

FINE FEATHERS DO NOT MAKE FINE BIRDS.

HANDSOME IS THAT HANDSOME DOES. By Mrs. Bradley and Kate J. Neily.

This lot of books which we group together have all been sent us by the firm of Lee & Shepard. What these excellent publishers could have had in their heads when they sent this juvenile trash to the editors of a magazine which is addressed to a class of students and scarcely seen by any but students from one end of the year to the other, we cannot imagine.

If we had a circulation among the general public, we should be most happy to wade through the pages of these books, and set forth our views of them in the hope of benefitting somebody. But as it is, we have no juveniles of our own (the college laws not allowing us those luxuries); it is too late to give them to our mission-school-"wictim" friends to make Christmas presents of to their benighted urchins; and the books hang literally worthless upon our hands. All the other books noticed in this number of our magazine are such as will interest a student community; and similar books we shall be happy to notice at any time. But we would beg our publishing friends, if they must send us juvenile literature, to send it just before Christmas and the season of the Sunday School Anniversaries, so that we can get rid of it as speedily as possible.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Exchanges.

Since our last issue, in December, we have received every college journal known to us, with the single exception of the *Nassau Lit.* The following complete list of the forty American student periodicals will hence be of interest on its own account.

COLLEGE MAGAZINES: *Beloit College Monthly*, *Brunonian*, *Chicago Index Universitatis*, *Christian Union Literary Magazine*, *Dartmouth*, *Denison Collegian*, *Griswold Collegian*, *Hamilton Literary Monthly*, *Ionian*, *Michigan University Magazine*, *Ripon College Days*, *Union College Magazine*, *Virginia University Magazine*, *Williams Quarterly*.

COLLEGE PAPERS: *Albion College Standard*, *Amherst Student*, *Columbia Cap & Gown*, *Cornell Era*, *Delaware Western Collegian*, *Eureka College Vidette*, *Hamilton Campus*, *Harvard Advocate*, *Hiram Student*, *Indiana Student*, *Iowa University Reporter*, *Lawrence Collegian*, *McKendree Repository*, *Madisonensis*, *Miami Student*, *Michigan University Chronicle*, *Monmouth College Courier*, *Pardee Literary Messenger*, *Racine College Mercury*, *Shurtleff Qui Vroc*, *Trinity Tablet*, *Washington Collegian*, *Wesleyan College Argus*, *Williams Vidette*, *Willoughby Collegian*.

OUTSIDE PERIODICALS: *American Educational Monthly*, *American Publisher's Circular*, *Atlantic Monthly*, *Church Monthly*, *Cincinnati Medical Repertory*, *College Courant*, *Littell's Living Age*, *Loomis' Musical Journal*, *Michigan Teacher*, *Nation*, *New Englander*, *N. Y. Journal of Education*, *Once A Month*, *Overland Monthly*, *Packard's Monthly*, *Phonographic Visitor*, *Sabbath at Home*, *Schoolmaster*, *Sorosis*, *Statesman*.

We have also received: *Blessed Virgin Annual or Ave Maria Almanac*, *Book Buyer*, *Christian Banner*, *Harper's Trade List*, *Home Journal*, *Indianapolis Evening Mirror*, *Methodist*, *New Haven Register*, *North Granville Annual*, *Waterbury Daily American*.

Notes.

Some of the above college exchanges, those marked with a star, are what the "Amherst Student" would call "babes." We hail with sympathy their birth into the

literary world; and hope each of them may have a career commensurate with that of the college—no, University—whose “organ” each professes to be. Take college papers, all in all, and they afford to the inquiring reader some of the most peculiar pabulum he may ever see. We should pity the man, for instance, who should undertake to write a book about American colleges from the ideas he might derive of them by perusing these organs of theirs. No, rather, we should pity the colleges after the book was published. Some are wise enough to say nothing whatever about their colleges, confining themselves to stunning articles on Spring and Winter, and Sleighing and the like; or gushing homilies on Woman's Sphere (these latter come from what are called—we suppose facetiously—“mixed” colleges) and very sound articles on the Benefits of an Education, &c., &c. Our Southern exchanges, in particular, wax eloquent in the use of large adjectives and long sentences; but we must not criticise the rhetoric of that region too severely, lest we be accused of cherishing unfraternal feelings. We take warning from the fate of the “Nation,” which journal had the temerity a few weeks ago to denominate certain characteristics of the Southern pen, ‘provincialisms’; and shortly afterwards writhed under a withering rebuke from the Baltimore Statesman.

Northern papers however, and especially some of our exchanges from Western colleges, are not altogether free from what we, with our nutmeg notions, should call at least singular. The Iowa University Reporter, for instance, publishes reports of the weekly prayer-meetings held by the students, with the *names* of those who speak and pray! What a Paradise that must be for men of forty-seven marks and doubtful morality! Cannot the Courant take the cue, and do the unluckily sons of Yale a similar favor? We have almost a mind to undertake the thing ourselves,—but then—really—we are so aged—thirty-four years you know—and it is so hard for us to get out of the old conventional ruts! The Courant is young and vigorous; let it brave custom, illuminate its columns at the very next issue with a list of the members of the Yale Missionary Society, and then follow the example of the Iowa University Reporter! A revival we think will certainly be the result.

A less startling peculiarity is that of the McKendree Repository, and one or two others of our exchanges, in giving full reports of the Debating Societies with criticisms upon each speaker, his manner, style, blunders, worth of his arguments, &c. We dare not contemplate what would be the result if the literary orgies of Linonia and Brothers in Unity should be thus publicly treated. The spark of life now in them would, we prophecy, be utterly quenched by so harsh a Nor'wester. In fact we are not sure but the Courant's unwillingness to publish even the Vice Secretary's minutes is after all charitable! But, by the way, speaking of the McKendree Repository, we are reminded of a “Moonlight Reverie” by one Diotrephe in the number of that paper for Nov. 28th of last year, containing two lines which particularly struck us:

“There is a dreadful something after death
Awaiting those who gossip here.”

We should like to recommend the thought to those charitable persons who, when one of the prize speakers at the Linonian Prize Debate the other night hastened to attend the bedside of a dying friend in New York, gave out that he had gone to the city to celebrate his victory by a great spree.

Alumnous Patchwork.

The *Williams Quarterly* is a good distance above the average of college publications. The great trouble with all of these publications is, that one never knows after reading a capital article, whether to accredit it to an undergraduate student or some bearded Alumnus. It is a favorite method of the *Hamilton Lit.* for instance, to fill its pages with letters from graduates of a quarter century, although it is frank enough to avow the fact. But we wouldn't give a fig for any part of it save the editorials and those few articles which we know are written by undergraduate students. If we want to read heavy articles by old men, or biographical sketches, fancy pieces, stories, and disquisitions by experienced writers, we turn to the *New Englander*, the *Atlantic*, *Harper's*, or the *Overland*. But when we turn to a college magazine we look for something fresh and youthful, literally buoyant, something rough-hewn and unrhettorical if you please, but after all something which shall be a fair index of the literary capacity of other young quill drivers like ourselves, with whom we may compare notes and measure arms. The uncertainty hanging about the authorship of most college magazine articles is fearfully harassing, and, according to our view, not strictly legitimate. If a magazine or paper wishes to be considered a college publication, it is no more than honest that it be made up entirely of the writings of college students; and those which do not this, ought not to feel abused at seeing themselves put down in exchange lists as non-college publications.

Faculty Frenchism.

To return however to that estimable magazine, the *Williams Quarterly*, we find in its last number a few editorial remarks which we cannot more heartily endorse than by transcribing them to these pages. "We believe," says the editor, "in the freedom of the press at all times and in all places, and we feel mad as a bull-dog when an attempt is made to restrain our freedom. The press is a power against every abuse and every evil thing the whole world over, with one solitary exception. That exception is abuse of power in the hands of college authorities. As to the infallibility of this great Sanhedrim, the Faculty, there must be no discussion. If they blunder, and the college press adverts to it never so lightly, a committee is sent to caution the editors against circulating any criticism whatever. If 'Blud' tells a little truth in a facetious way, it is declared by said committee to be wholly out of place. The *Quarterly* may talk about everything else, but must maintain a patient silence respecting the 'higher powers', unless it choose to lather them with words of praise. Now while we grumble and growl at being forced to obey what we deem unjust and tyrannical laws; while we must submit to the blunders of gentlemen in authority without being allowed the common right of talking about them; we wish to say just one thing; we have always understood that that infallibility—that holiness which hides itself from the light of free discussion, is a mere pretension—a sham, and that authority which maintains itself by shutting the mouth of honest debate, is a weak unjust thing." If the editors of the *Quarterly* or *Vidette* are really suffering from any such censorship as is complained of above, we will join them in hurling English at the Faculty of Williams College to the best of our venom. But we are loath to fully believe it. We suspect—we hope—the editors of the *Quarterly*, unusually eloquent in the remembrance of the late Williams rebellion, may have strained truth a little to make a point. It is difficult to conceive of such impertinence outside of France. We remember, however, the fate of the Collegian from whose ashes the Harvard Advocate sprang,

and open our credulities to almost anything. Our object, though, in quoting the above, is not particularly to warm the knuckles of our own Faculty, for whose good sense in matters of this kind we have considerable respect; but rather to show what would be our sentiments in a case of like necessity. The general principle is sound. We have always noticed in life that men of real worth and dignity are far more amiable in governing, and secure respect by far less violence and assumption than the impervious underlings whose insignificance seeks weight in stormy words and many commands. Those frequenters of Music Hall who have seen small boys in the gallery roughly handled by a certain individual in blue, with a shield on his breast and a face that resembles a hickory knot, will understand the force of this remark. Usually too, the purchasers of stamps at the north window of the Post Office will find a striking contrast between the sharp impudence and inquisitiveness of the sub-official who is there stationed, and the politeness of Post-Master Sperry in the little room not six feet off. To take a still further point of departure, we have noticed quite a difference between the overbearing obstreperous manner of one mullen-head who is lieutenant of that most rare executive body—the New Haven Police—and the quiet affability of Mr. Lincoln, who has the misfortune to be associated with said body as its chief.—The same sort of contrasts may perhaps extend to college Faculties. At all events, the respect which Yale students have for nearly all the members of our own Faculty, as contrasted with the ill feeling and rebelliousness at Williams, argues poorly for the governors of the latter college.

The "Two First."

The *Dartmouth* closes, with its November number, its second volume. We cannot, as we have remarked before, tell how large is the ratio of undergraduate to alumnous composition in it, but, taken all in all, and especially in view of an only two years' experience, it is the best college magazine we receive. Its criticism of the common expression "the two first", "three first", &c., instead of the first two, &c., is what particularly warms our feelings towards it. We cannot say that we belong to the Moon-White school of hypercritics; and yet we must protest against this continual laceration of our ears by such expressions as the above. People forget that there can be but one first and one last in any series, as also but one best and one worst; and it is the superlative abuse of language to dilute the force of the third degree of an adjective by dividing it among so many objects.

Just in this connection we would like to remind the *Round Table*, (see its article on Musical Publication in the United States in the number for Dec. 26,) that develop(e) and develop(e)ment are spelled without the third e. We should pass it over as a typographical error, did we not see it several times repeated in the course of a single short article,—and especially in the *Round Table*.

A Little Legitimate Vanity.

The Griswold Collegian seems to be displeased because we said in our November number that "the title *Memorabilia Griswoldensia* had a rather familiar look to us." We of course take its word that it did not "ape" us in choosing the title, though *our* "Memorabil" has been a prominent feature of the *LIT* for almost twenty years, and we had no possible idea of copyrighting the word or claiming it as our own. The Collegian is, however, singularly at fault when, on the *tu quoque* principle, it cites as two "remark-

able coincidences", that our arrangement of our exchange list, on which we "prided ourselves", and our advertising notes, were similar to the corresponding features in its own October issue. For, in the first place, the said October issue was not received, and we presume not published, until long after our November number appeared; so that if there had been any coincident features in the two publications, they must have been borrowed from rather than by the *LIT*, if borrowed they were. But, in the second place, the "remarkable coincidences" were not coincidences at all, for the "arrangement on which we prided ourselves" had these four distinguishing "marks": it was alphabetical, it gave the exact title of each publication in italics, it prefixed the name of the college when not contained in the italicized title *and* it made separate lists of the college papers, college magazines, and outside publications. In this last respect alone it coincided with the arrangement of the *Collegian*,—and of a half-dozen other papers for that matter. The reference to "advertising notes" is stranger yet. The idea itself is as old as newspaper history; while as to position, *our* "notes" were put in our advertising supplement, and *not* in the body of the magazine, as were the *Collegian's*. The *Collegian's* attempt at detecting "coincidences" is not a success. We commend to its attention as well as to that of our other exchanges, our method of arrangement, on which, for the honest work it involves, we still "pride ourselves".

Intelligent Newsmongers.

It is wonderful how fast news flies in this age of railroads and telegraphs! Some of our exchanges, for instance, have just discovered that Prof. Thacher has adopted the German University method of teaching Latin in Yale College! By next July we shall expect to hear that Prof. Coe has taken up a similar course with the German! Others are rolling as a sweet morsel under the tongue, that choice bit of intelligence that the removal of the "sight" of Yale College is contemplated! Of these last, however, it is but fair to say that the Hamilton Campus assures us it is our *site*, not *sight*, which is to be removed. The Campus, by the way, has not visited our sanctum, until last week, for more than two months. We had prepared a first class obituary notice of it, the publication of which its timely arrival only barely prevents. Editors Campus please take notice.

The "Corning" University.

Cornell College, in spite of the communicative "Era",—almost the only college paper in the country that tells anything about the college it comes from,—still remains to most of us, a great "What is It", an unsolved problem. Time, we suspect, will offer the only possible solution; but we are not as well satisfied as the Hamilton Campus, that "Time" is going to "knock its peculiar notions in the head." It is amusing to see with what jealousy the little one-horse colleges of New York State cast eyes at Cornell. Everything, from its military system to its paucity of Seniors, from its lectures on eggs to its labor system,—everything about it,—legitimately or not—is made the subject of ribaldry and evil prophesying. One is reminded of the fable of the boy and the frogs. The latter, you know, croaked eloquently, but the result, if we remember, was after all bad for the frogs. We, who are somewhat distant spectators of the fray, do not feel very sanguine, it must be confessed, about some of Mr. Cornell's experiments;—especially the labor and military systems. The former we do not believe can ever work well in a thorough classical and scientific institution. The latter we fear will have a tendency to run the University down into a second rate affair, but little above the scores of other "military" schools that infest the country. Mr. Cornell, we think, had better not

dabble with military tactics at all, unless he intends to make his college a regular West Point. Still, we would throw no obstacles nor ominous prophecies in the way of a college for which we wish the very highest success; and the founders of which have probably annoyances enough to contend against just now, without being pestered by our advice. Above all, we hope the new college will not be harrassed by the woman question. If we can find any fault at all with Mr. Cornell, it is that he did not give his money to the *general fund* of some already well endowed and considerable college, like Yale, or Harvard, or Amherst; so that he might see his magnificent scheme of a University realized within a generation or two. What education, i. e., the highest kind of education, needs, is *tremendous concentration of money and brains at a few isolated points*. As things are at present in New York State, the very best thing, in our opinion, for the troop of smaller colleges, such as Hamilton, Madison, Hobart (Geneva), Rochester, &c., is to do as quickly as possible one of three things. Either, 1st, to die without delay; or, 2d, if their "sphere of usefulness" still warrants an existence, to relapse at once—name and all—into really thorough and first class preparatory schools; or, 3d, what would be best of all, suffer themselves to be fused, together with Union, into one grand University at Albany, according to the offer now pending from that city to Union. Our next wish would be for Cornell,—that Columbia College, the college of the city of New York, and whatever other colleges lie in the southern portion of the State, should be merged into the Ithacan University, there to form a rival of the one at Albany. Then surely the Empire State, with two such imperial Universities, might challenge not only all the education of America, but even the Oxfords and Berlins of the old world to competition! No tongue can estimate the tremendous impulse to education, an impulse extending through all its minutest and lowest departments,—which two such magnificent Universities in the State of New York would give! How they would tend to build up and elevate a national character; what superb incitements would they afford to sound scholarship; how give birth to a race of American scholars!

The Michigan Law School.

The *Miami Student* of December publishes a letter from a student of that place visiting at the Michigan University, which contains some ideas about the law school of the latter college so new to us, that we quote from it for the benefit of those Yale students who, having marked out a Western future, intend to read law at Ann Arbor. In doing so, however, we bear no sort of ill will to the Michigan Law School; and shall be happy to give our readers any light which the University Mag. or the Chronicle may furnish us on the other side. "In this department" (the law), says the *Miami Student*, "the vast majority of the students are from our common schools, with few advantages ever enjoyed before coming here. Out of a class graduating last year 146 lawyers, only 14 had been through the literary department of any college. As a consequence, all the performances in the literary societies of the law department partake very strongly of the 'school-house element', and are very boisterous; and strange outlandish expressions and wild features are the order of the day. In these societies J. J. Davises and Byrketts are unknown. The discipline of these societies is very low."

Balm for the Ugly.

At the Virginia University they do not have a Wooden Spoon Exhibition, nor an annual Thanksgiving Jubilee; but they do have an "Ugly Club" which occasionally celebrates. At such times the "smallest Freshman" is not tossed up; but that they

have small men is apparent from the fact that he who is most distinguished is presented with a quantity of candy. Neither is the "longest" "passed over," but the "prettiest" receives a fine beaver. Also it is of some advantage to be ugly at such a time, inasmuch as the one eminently so, gets a good pair of boots. Nor even is the "most concealed" man despised, for whether, like ourselves, they exclude him from societies and coalitions or not, they at least furnish him, at the celebration of the ugly club, with a pair of fine slippers. We shall expect that a full half of our Junior class, upon seeing this, will forthwith emigrate to Virginia University.

The Dead Societies.

The *Cap and Gown* is a new monthly paper, as neat and tasteful almost, as the Harvard Advocate, and published at Columbia College in New York. It is one of our best exchanges. We notice that the College of the City of New York, and a good many other colleges, have a custom of pitting their literary societies against each other in debate. Alas! Linonia and Brothers in Unity! How would such rivalry affect you! It is only five or six years ago since a tremendous effort was made, headed by Prof. Northrop, to bring about a reaction in those societies, by introducing regular Congressional practice. Each was to be in turn the Senate and the House of Representatives for a season; all bills passing the lower house must be sent up to the senate, &c; and for a time it seemed as if there was to be an actual revival of letters on the second floor of Alumni Hall. But it soon became evident that the undergraduates of this college were not yet quite ready to be Senators and Representatives; the interest gradually died away; and now societies languish as usual. One draws a long breath and asks "Can anything breathe life into these dry bones?"

Sarony-ites, N. B.

The *Qui Vive* (of Shurtleff College) for January, tells of a student in that college, who has a way of arranging the photographs of his friends, that is decidedly unique. We repeat it for the benefit of "69," who have got some 120 class albums to fill. This student "has two class albums—one filled with all the prettiest faces he could find, the other with the commoner or homely sort. By some freak his own is among the latter. He made the former collection by a vast expense and an extensive correspondence. The latter the rascal says he got mostly around here. He shows the former—which is quite small by the way—most folks, he says, are disappointed in not finding their faces among the beauties, and generally lay down the second in a passion, or change the subject of conversation." We hope no member of the Senior class will make such "odious distinctions" in the arranging of his class pictures. "Let us have peace."

That which we call a rose, etc.

The *Cornell Era*, which the *Hamilton Campus* dubs with the endearing epithet of "suckling,"—the latter being a sheet of four pages and the former of eight—is in great distress for a Latin name for its University. Cornelia, Cornellia, Cornelliana, Cornellenis, and a whole list of sesquipedalian titles have been brought into requisition, but none seem to suit. Meanwhile the Ithacans are becoming very anxious to know what heavy nymic shall stand at the top of their Latin diplomas next Commencement. For our part, we would like to see some respectable college like Cornell that could afford to run the risk of the innovation, inaugurate the use of *good plain English* in its diplomas and catalogues.

There was a time, two or three hundred years ago, when Latin was universally spoken by educated men, and was the language proper of the Academy. At that time the custom was, no doubt, appropriate enough. But in these days when no one professes to have anything more than a wretched reading acquaintance with the language, and when there is scarcely one graduating student in six who can write and spell a four-page letter in English correctly, we think it high time our colleges became enamored of the mother tongue. Our older institutions cannot be expected to break off the ancient custom at once. We have called our own college "Yalensis" for 150 years, and it would be something of a job for us staid New Englanders to change suddenly now. We wish, indeed, it might be done, and we predict some day when it will. But Cornell is young and free from century customs. Let it boldly proclaim itself an American University, and its language the American tongue. This habit of cataloguing good simon-pure Yankee names after the "Eduardus" and "Johannes" fashion, or dubbing every college with an -ensis, and filling up its sheepskins with a mess of Latinized jargon that would make old Cicero spit fire to read it, strikes us as neither particularly classical, nor particularly learned, nor particularly anything except pedantic.

Uncut Leaves.

There is another thing about some of our exchanges, such as *College Days*, *Ionian Advocate*, also *Littell's Living Age*, the *Round Table*, the *Nation*, and a good many others, that doesn't strike us as particularly wise or cunning. We refer to their uncut leaves. An eight-page paper with uncut leaves we can tolerate. But when you go beyond that and carry the practice into sixteen and twenty-page publications, into magazines, and even, as is sometimes the case, into books, it looks not merely slovenly—it is barbarous. We know the English have a fancy for that kind of job work,—and they have a fancy too for ornamenting their sidewalks with hordes of paupers and various other pests that annoy the visitor in London;—but that is no reason we should ape them. It almost brought the tears to our eyes the other day to see an exquisite little book, Taine's *Ideal in Art*, turned off by the publishers in this shabby, half-finished way. We especially admire the *Statesman*, published at Baltimore, and by the way, the fairest according to our notion, and most intelligent democratic paper in the country,—for the good sense it shows in having its twenty pages per week sewed down in the middle, evenly cut, and sent out to its readers in neat shape.

Things Worth Noticing.

The *Sorosis* vies with the *College Courant* in the brilliancy of its premium list. E. g., "For one subscription at \$3.00 we will send *Planchette*, or the superior cook book, 'What Shall We Eat?'" It has the taste, however, not to put such stuff on its editorial page, or in the body of the paper. It also has the good sense to cut and trim its leaves.

The *Round Table*, in its issue of Dec. 26, remarking on the bad taste of the publishers of the "Charles Dickens Edition" in appending an extended advertising supplement to the closing volume of the series, well says: "The practice of disfiguring books with price-lists and advertisements of the publisher is one that we do not greatly fancy, though we are as little inclined to waste on it an inevitably futile opposition. When a house of such proverbial taste and liberality as Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co. have always shown, gives way to these profitable vulgarisms, it is perhaps time to shrug one's shoulders and hold one's peace. If the reading public, however, would resolutely refuse to buy any

book so disfigured, it might go far toward amending the evil." Now, by an odd coincidence, the same number of the paper containing this very just stricture, being the final one of the volume, also contained a title page and index; upon the reverse of which title page and facing the index, was a full page "display" advertisement of this same Boston book-firm. Now we greatly doubt if even Fields, Osgood & Co., were their "proverbial taste and liberality" wanting altogether, would dare to print business notices on the leaves which are usually left blank between the title page and table of contents. And we are greatly surprised that the *Round Table*, whose preceding volume was supplied with a more complete and exhaustive index than any other American weekly ever boasted of should have taken the back track and reduced its index by half, in order to make room for a "profitable vulgarism." Certainly the act will offend more readers than any advertising supplement appended to a book ever could, and we trust it will not be repeated. If the *Round Table* received any Christmas present it was evidently not "the jewel consistency."

The January *Overland*, beginning the second volume, sustains the well-won reputation of the half-dozen preceding numbers. Mr. Harte gives us another of his inimitable sketches entitled "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," and the editor (*mutato nomine?*) reviews Parton's "Smoking and Drinking," in a way likely to delight the heart of John Fiske, LL. B., or of any of his many adherents. "Our Brother from California" and "Buried Alive in the Sea" are good examples of magazine stories, though the wind-up of the latter is just a trifle too horrible, perhaps. Sextus Shearer, Lrr. editor of '61, contributes some out-of-the-way ideas concerning that little-known book, the Bible, which are worth attending to. The fact of the present being a "holiday number" accounts, we presume, for the prominence given the lighter articles, though the "solid" ones are not wanting, and all are readable.

We would remind the *College Mercury*, for the benefit of the readers of its issue of Jan. 5th, that there is no such publication as the "Yale Literary Companion." By the way, the *Mercury* talks about the "smoking room," "billiard table," etc. of Racine College in a manner to gladden the bosoms of Oatman's and Eli's patrons.

We do not know that it is a part of our duty to publish a table of foreign postal charges, but for the benefit of the person in the habit of sending the Lrr. to "C. C. Marsh, care of Brown, Shipley & Co., London, Eng.," we may remark that the postage which must be prepaid on our Magazine to secure its transmission to England is *six cents*. Our sadly depleted treasury has been too long laid under contribution by the apparent ignorance of the afore mentioned person, who has repeatedly put his trust in a two-cent stamp.

One Lawrence S. Benson, whose worthless "Geometry" has recently been adopted by several educational officials in New York, and on that account been ventilated in a late *Round Table*, adds to his other titles "of nobility" printed in full on the title-page of the work in question: "Hon. Mem. Phi Beta Kappa Society, University of Georgia; Hon. Mem. Brothers Society, Yale College," and so on. Oh Brothers, Brothers in Unity! To what base uses have you come at last! If Mr. Benson will only come here again, we'll make him an "Hon. Mem." of Nu Tau Phi!

Pretty "Strong."

A good deal is said about desecrating the Chapel pillars with black paint and tar; and annual disgust is expressed at a certain kind of Freshman pranks known as midnight daubing. The good citizens of New Haven, whose righteous indignation is never very

backward over the motes in student eyes,—might have had an opportunity a few weeks ago to pluck a beam of the above nauseating description out of one of their own eyes. Going to breakfast one morning, we were appalled at finding firmly attached to each of the pillars of the Chapel, a glaring handbill advertisement of one "E. Strong, Dentist!" If anybody thinks that Fresh and Sophs are the only heathen in the world, we think this pretty Strong piece of villainy ought to disabuse him of such an opinion. We never expected to have our sense of decency, our respect for consecrated places of worship, so grossly violated by a grown man and a citizen of a civilized community. And as for the difference between smearing the Chapel pillars with paint and pasting them over with handbills we fail to see much. The latter strikes us as only a little less daring, and not a particle less blasphemous.

Loafers.

Speaking about the Chapel by the way, reminds us of those very mannerly young gentlemen, who show their admiration of the dress and beauty in the galleries, by huddling together in the porch, lining both sides of the walk, and filling up the doorways of North Middle, to gaze at the "Snab" as it passes out. We undertook an argument with one of these Chesterfieldians one Sabbath morning on the subject of taste; but we shall never do it again. He bravely rebuffed us. We then implored him to get behind a pillar and peep out; or to run to his room and gratify his manly curiosity by looking out of the window; we at last offered to loan him our opera glass;—but no, he seemed chained to the spot, nor did he move till the last lady had passed. Enough has already been said,—in the *Courant* and elsewhere,—to remedy this abuse of our Chapel visitors, if it were remediable. Our aim, therefore, in alluding to it again is not to cure the evil; but to warn the public generally and especially the lady friends of the *LIT.* against visiting the College Chapel unless prepared to be thoroughly looked over. We might add, for the benefit of a possible few among us, that it is not surprising the New Haven public are unable to discriminate between students and other kinds of loafers.

Philo Nicotiana.

We have read Parton, and we have read Fiske. But we have never read anything quite so slimy as an article on "Ptyalism," by an individual signing himself as above, which appeared in the *Courant* of Jan. 16. We don't know who the writer was. We have charity enough for the female sex to believe he was not a woman, though he has tried hard to make us believe it by the name-termination he has chosen. But we do believe that any man who will smear clean foolscap with such nauseating sentences about spittle; any tobacco-chewer who will vindicate man's superiority over the brute, on the evidence that he can and ought frequently to spit,—ought to have his taste gratified by being made to sit in a puddle of the stuff and used as a mark to be "squirited at" for the rest of his natural life. We appeal to any one who has a strong enough stomach to read the article mentioned, if our judgment is too severe. Whatever our views of tobacco or alcohol may be, is not to the point. But we have an opinion on the subject of neatness and decency. We walked once with a classmate to the post office—three blocks—during which journey he regaled us with no less than thirty-three expectorations on the sidewalk! And he was not "chewing" either. He had simply fallen into the habit, and did it unconsciously. We have placed the best chair in our room near the coal-scuttle (we don't keep a spittoon), well knowing a certain number of our visitors will need to use it. N.B.—Those who don't spit will find comfortable chairs on the other

side of the room. Indeed we have a great deal of sympathy for that Professor, (we believe it was Prof. Hadley) who, after being annoyed beyond all patience by this thing in the recitation room, at length exclaimed "Those who continually expectorate on the floor need not expect to rate high on my books."

Music Hall.

"Our Dramatic Critic" for the *Lit.* does not exist. The same might be said of every other publication in this city. The daily papers abound in commonplace "notices" of troupes of players, flat criticisms on voices and dresses, and occasional spurts at the proverbially bad taste of New Haven amusement seekers. But there is no one competent to judge of dramatic performances, who will take upon himself to build up a refined taste in this community, by regular published critiques upon the Music Hall performances. There is no calculating what an amount of good sense such a person might drill into the heads of the New Haven people. But for the present we take our opinions of actors and plays, a good deal as most people take theirs about Prof. Porter's "Human Intellect,"—from the scribblings of persons who know nothing about the book. They have read the title page and preface; and so have our newspaper "Reporters" read the play bills; and that is about all.

The passing winter would have already furnished a splendid stock of materials to such a critic as we have mentioned. We have had entertainments of almost every imaginable kind,—from Mrs. Lander in "Mary Stuart" to Pauline Cushman in a Ledger story,—from Theodore Thomas (whom we think another visit to this city would utterly impoverish) and the Oratorio of the "Messiah," and finally this week Norma,—to minstrel songs and "Old Folks" concerts. The great treats of the month have been Hackett as Falstaff, and Miss Agnes Ethel as Juliet. Somebody or other told the New Haveners that Falstaff was a comical character, and so they turned out to give Mr. Hackett a large house. Miss Ethel was less fortunate. It was hinted about that this was "regular drama"—"tragedy"—"Shakespearian" etc; and so of course the Hall was not half filled. Not even the bewitching rumors that the star was a young lady, beautiful, accomplished, of wealthy parents, and just ascending the stage,—and that too not for pelf but for "pure love" of the art,—not even these could bring the good burghers out. What cared they for beauty? Helen Western and Bonfanti to be sure were "good to look at;" but what was beauty covered up with clothes? Hadn't they all fair daughters—dressed? And as for the romantic story, pshaw! didn't every number of the Police Gazette have choicer morsels for the tongue than this? And bother on Shakespeare! Couldn't they read him any time? Wasn't Judd & White's Cheap Book Store right down Chapel street?

Nevertheless, Miss Ethel, for whom this was the second debut, fought it out bravely on this line for a whole week; three nights of Camille, two of Julia in the Hunchback and two of Juliet. It was in the last character that she most delighted us. Her impersonation of what was undoubtedly Shakespeare's first love,—gentle, fair but full of heroism that is intensely great, showed her a genuine artist. There are, too, many natural graces about Miss Ethel which admirably fit her to play Juliet,—a simplicity, an utter freedom from "stage effort," and a modesty wistful, which brings us a little nearer to Shakespeare's conception of that heroine than we have ever come before—in a theatre. But we advise Miss Ethel to play no more of Camille. Though a pupil of Matilda Heron, that lady has failed to impart to her any of the dash—the French mannerism—of a co-

quette, which makes her own acting in that play so fine. Nor is it a poor compliment to Miss Ethel to say she cannot play Camille well. We do not see how a good Juliet can.

Mr. J. Leslie Gossin also pleased us very much as Romeo. There is a good deal of the same kind of earnestness in his acting that we noticed in Miss Ethel, though a little more of the rant. It was an immense relief, however, from the McKean Buchanan style of acting. Particularly fine was the poison scene at the tomb of the Capulets. But Mr. Gossin too makes an even greater failure as Gaston than Miss Ethel as Camille; which is not damning him with faint praise by any means. The whole troupe was a good way above the average. New Haveners who did not see it, have missed a treat such as they rarely get. We hope Mr. Pray, the excellent manager, will come this way again. And he encouraged us to believe that some time in March he would.

Advice Gratis.

And now, benevolent reader who hast waded through our magazine, we want to take hold of your hand for a moment, and speak a farewell word of advice. It will apply more immediately to the class of '70, but we shall be pleased if all classes take it; and that we mean it in earnest you will see from the probable fact that the Courant will not copy it into its "Pyxis Piperis". Last June, you remember, we mournfully wished some change could be made in the manner of disposing of seats for the Wooden Spoon Exhibition. We recommended the sale of them just as for any other exhibition at the hall; and suggested that the proceeds, if any should remain after meeting expenses, might be used in paying off that stale Navy debt. We thought that by this means a great deal of favoritism would be circumnavigated, some artful dodging avoided, and much more general satisfaction given. All that we said then we wish to repeat now; and devoutly hope we shall have to go through no tape-raveling to get seats for '70's Spoon Exhibition.

One thing further,—not exactly in the way of advice, but suggestion,—we wish to offer. Music Hall is a fearfully hot place for a dance on a midsummer night. The beautiful lawn in front of the colleges would make a very fine place. If the Spoon Committee of '70 should lay out a half or two-thirds of the money necessary to hire Music Hall, in illuminating this lawn and the trees that arch it, their Promenade Concert might be made the most brilliant affair that New Haven has ever witnessed. The trees might be decked with beautiful illuminated designs, lights might be placed at short intervals all over the green; the elevated seats occupied on Presentation Day might be thrown into a more open semi-circle for spectators; and we might enjoy as merry a time as the Harvards at their Class Day dances. Here is a chance now for '70, who have already introduced two or three new things, to favor our custom-mildewed college with a right sensible and jolly innovation. As much taste can be displayed and money lavished in illuminating the lawn as the class please; and if the custom can be once introduced, depend upon it, we shall live long before we give it up for a better. In case the weather is stormy, Music Hall, of course can be reserved as usual. Let us see on the evening of the next Spoon Promenade, this old green merry with the tripping of light fantastic feet, the elm tops gracefully bending to the strains of soft music,—and our social festival enjoyed in the comfort of an airy and spacious reveling-ground.

Our further consideration favors this plan. It will be much more likely to heal over the scars received during the recent election war in '70, than such an exclusive party-festival as a Promenade in the hall would necessarily be. All who wished could take part in it, and many who now feel (very justly) sore and sulky, would be apt, at such a merry time, to bury old scores and "be decent" again. Furthermore, if the plan proposed for selling seats for the Spoon Exhibition be adopted, the Committee can probably afford to make the Promenade Concert free to all students; and thus the last objection will be removed.

It remains for us, in closing, to hold out our inky fingers for a grasp with those who have been chosen to fill our places around this famous old Lrr table. Two more numbers and we shall be gone. Five more unfortunates will then have to be received into the triangular mysteries of this fraternity. We could wish they were sent into our sanctum as cordially as they will be received; but it is not in our province to look behind the veil of college elections,—now that ourselves have passed entirely out of the temple. When we were Juniors we too "coalesced"; but we are not particularly proud of it now,—save in the recollection that it gave "us Neutrals" a representation. There is fairness in all things,—save politics; but it is well to remember what a half of the Junior class seems disposed to insist on,—that "Who breaks, pays."

VOL. XXXIV.

NO. V.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED

BY THE

Students of Yale College.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSIS
Cantabunt SOBOLES, unanimique PATRES."

MARCH, 1869.

NEW HAVEN:

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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXIV.

MARCH, 1869.

No. V.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '69.

LYMAN H. BAGG,

HENRY V. FREEMAN,

EDWARD G. COY,

HENRY W. RAYMOND,

EDWARD P. WILDER.

THE LIBRARY.

IN the last number of the LIT. appeared an article which vigorously demanded from future givers to the college, donations to the general fund, instead of gifts devoted to a particular purpose, which have often proved "elephants" thrown on the hands of the corporation. While approving this request, and sharing earnestly in the desire of all who are acquainted with the state of the college finances, that those who have wealth to spare, would donate it free from burdensome conditions, there is yet one "elephant" which we would like to see presented, and whose appearance, we venture to say, would be hailed with a universal shout of approbation. We mean a donation of, say \$100,000 expressly for the Library. We are careless what conditions are imposed, provided only that a large fund can be secured for the use of this institution, the most important, we do not hesitate to assert, of any single department of the College. That we do not overrate its importance, will, we think, be evident from a brief consideration of its relations to the University.

At this time, scientific knowledge is steadily progressing. To every department of learning, new additions are constantly being

made by a great army of explorers in the wide domains of thought. To most men, perhaps, the necessity of keeping up with this progress is not absolutely imperative. It is not so to men with whom learning is merely a recreation, filling the leisure time not demanded by other pursuits. But to the Faculty of a University, it is not a mere matter of choice ; it is rather a necessity of their position, a duty no less than a pleasure. The Instructors in a University are not studying for themselves alone. They must labor to acquire for the sake of the Institution, that they may meet the constant demands upon them by the youthful seekers after knowledge who throng its halls. To them also the community has a right to look for advanced thought and information. They are expected to lead the learning and the science of the country, and even to contribute to the constantly accumulating wealth of knowledge, gems of their own discovery.

To do this, it is evident that they must be kept well informed of the progress that is being made elsewhere. Especially is this true of the natural sciences. The mineralogist, the naturalist, who is not fully acquainted with all that is being or has been done in his department, feels that he is working in the dark. He may spend weeks of precious time in describing and classifying, in the hope of adding some original contributions to his favorite science, and when triumphant success has crowned his labors, make the mortifying discovery that some one has anticipated him, and that others have just before performed the task and carried off the laurels that he had supposed were his own. Precious time that might have been employed to advantage in making still further advances, has thus been completely wasted—wasted for the laborer and wasted for the science. There can be few things one would think more disheartening than such an experience.

To obviate such a difficulty, the man of science must know exactly what others have done up to the latest times, involving the necessity of becoming familiar not only with the standard works upon his subject, but also with the more recent and constantly accumulating reports of the different learned academies throughout the world. To make such works his own, however, would require an outlay far beyond the means of any but the possessors of wealth such as rarely falls to the lot of instructors in a University. He must therefore depend upon the College

Library to supply his needs. In Yale College, particularly, "the oldest professors receiving hardly two-thirds of the amount given to some of the youngest ministers in the city," the Library ought to contain all available historical, scientific and literary publications. In view of such considerations, we can hardly overrate its importance to the men who make the College, and to the scholarship which is what they make it.

It is hardly necessary to speak of the importance to the students of having access to a large and well-appointed library. There are many now in College who have often regretted their inability to procure books treating of subjects they have had occasion to examine, which they have afterward been able to find in the Astor or one of the large Boston libraries.

A great University ought to present attractions to literary men, such as to induce them to gather under its shadow, bringing with them that atmosphere of scholarly culture, of refined taste, of studious application that shall in turn react upon the character of the Institution, creating that "quiet and still air of delightful studies," of which Milton speaks. Hither should come the historian, the philosopher, the poet, and find within the Library walls the fullest materials for the prosecution of their studies. Here should be stored up, not only the standard books, but the pamphlets and ephemeral publications of the present and the past; publications that may have to "wait a century for a reader," but which some time in the remote future may enable another Macaulay to depict for the instruction of that age, the more transitory thoughts and emotions as well as the great historical facts of this.

We imagine that comparatively few of the graduates and students of this College have any proper ideas of the condition of the Library, and still fewer have ever entertained the thought that they could do anything for it. A comparison of our own with a few libraries at home and abroad, both as regards the number of volumes and available resources, may serve to enlighten some of us.

In this country the largest library is that of Congress, which contains 175,000 vols. and over 50,000 pamphlets; next come the Boston Public Library, 144,000 vols. and about 20,000 pamphlets; the Astor, 138,000 vols.; Harvard College, 118,000 vols. and 100,000 pamphlets; the Boston Athæaeum, 100,000 and 70,000 pamphlets; New York Mercantile, 98,000,

while Yale has, counting Linonia, Brothers and the professional schools, which are properly a part of the College Library, about 85,000 vols. and 20,000 pamphlets. Some of the Universities of Europe have as follows: Bodleian Library at Oxford, about 300,000 vols.; Gottingen, 400,000; Heidelberg, 100,000.

A comparison of the resources available for the increase of the Library, with the funds at the disposal of others, is still more unfavorable. The Library of Congress receives gratis a copy of every American book under the copyright act, and has a yearly appropriation of \$10,000 entirely for the purchase of foreign books, expending in addition \$1,500 yearly for periodicals. The Boston Public Library has an income of \$17,500, while Harvard has, we believe, less than \$2,000, and Yale only \$1,700, the use of which "has been anticipated to such an extent that but few purchases, and those only of absolute necessity, can now be ventured upon." Of late years, however, Harvard has received large gifts, one gentleman alone, it is said, having given \$5,000 yearly for several years in succession.

The Library is now in debt about \$3,200, and out of the \$1,700 income, the expenses of binding must be paid, as well as all new purchases be made. It is evident that this sum cannot go a great ways, especially in the purchase of foreign books, which are the most desirable and very expensive. Many times have the librarians been obliged to permit the purchase by others of rare and valuable books which have somehow found their way to this country, and have been advertised for sale, and which they felt they might never again have an opportunity of getting. At least \$100,000 yielding an income of six or seven thousand is needed to enable the Library to maintain a respectable footing and supply the demands upon it of the College.

The Library has received surprisingly few and small donations, when we consider its age and importance. The largest single amount given by any one person, was \$10,000, contributed by Mr. Perkins of Norwich. There have been, however, valuable gifts of books. Pres. Woolsey has lately given nearly 1,000 volumes, "the chief part of his Greek library and the most valuable donation of books which the library has received since that of Bishop Berkeley in 1733." But of ready money the amounts given have been small and far between. We have hopes that this state of things will be remedied before long. But in the

meanwhile, there are very few graduates or students who cannot increase its acquisitions by obtaining and forwarding either books or pamphlets which are of but little value to them, but which may prove of immense value to the Library. In many an old ancestral home can be found, lurking in garrets and out of the way corners, old books, old files of newspapers and pamphlets, the records of a bye-gone age, and generally regarded as worthless. Send them to the College Library and they may prove a mine of wealth to some investigator.

It is said that there is scarcely a graduate of Harvard, who is at all interested in his Alma Mater's prosperity, but sends yearly a box of such material, files of local newspapers and pamphlets to the Harvard Librarian. If the statement is not true, and we believe it to be, it ought to be true not only of Harvard but of Yale as well. And to any one who may be contemplating a gift to the College, and to those who are not contemplating such gifts but ought to be, we would say, "Remember the College Library." It is a good one as far as it goes, and possesses many rare and curious literary treasures; but we are sure that every son of Yale will echo the wish that it may soon become second to none on this continent.

PRESENTATION : '68 AND '69.

Their songs are done, their forms are gone,
And Time for us hath turned the glass :
We heed not, as we take their seats,
How downward swift the red sands pass.

We heed not how the cloud comes on
That shadows all the sunny land—
The day when heart from heart must part
And clinging hand unlink from hand.

What shall that Dies Irae give
In place of that it takes away :
How fill the time we have to live
While youth treads downward to decay ?

Good bye, true friend ; Good bye old Yale ;
Good bye, each dear familiar spot ;
Good bye, sweet season of our youth—
"The golden, happy, unforget."

REAL CHARACTERS IN MODERN FICTION.*

A FICTION is "an invented story" and its characters are in general taken from that same dreamy realm whence its plot and incidents have been evoked. And before we can properly judge of their reality or non-reality, or even decide in what such reality consists, it will be necessary to form an opinion concerning this mode of invention.

As long as I cannot conceive of a new color, totally distinct from all others, nor even guess at the nature of the sensations which reason teaches that objects might produce upon us if we had faculties sufficiently high for their appreciation, I shall not believe that the human mind can create. Even genius itself is powerless to imagine that which does not in scattered parts really exist. Our ideas, even if they are not *wholly* derived from sensual experience, at least seem to be confined by certain inviolable laws of space, time, and, so to speak, of arrangement. Underneath every class of natural objects there lies a typical form,—the abstract denoted by its name. For although we *say* man abstractly, yet we cannot imagine such a being. The body may be indeterminate, but we are nevertheless clothing it in an earthly form. This proves that these models of classes exist in the mind as *conditions of thought*, and that every attempt to sunder them from it, or add anew to their number, is far beyond mortal power.

At first sight, one would hesitate before comparing the imagination to an operation in mathematics; but it seems to me a great algebraic process—an analysis, a transposition and uniting of terms: the universe proper on the one hand, an assemblage of meager skeletons within the mind, and on the other, forms with which to clothe them in beauty or in ugliness preserved by experience, and heaped up by memory from the manifold impressions of the senses. Assort them as we may, the equality holds. If we add to the human type its usual members, the extremities, however, being replaced by those of a goat, we obtain the mythological conception of a satyr—to the imagination a *man* of nature; if upon the model of advanced animal life we fling the head and neck

* The above was written as a division composition by its lamented author, the late Frank Atwood of '69, and was not intended for publication. It was found among his papers after his death, and is published not so much as an example of his literary talents as to gratify the wish of many of his classmates to possess some production of his in a form convenient for preservation.

of the lion, a goat's body and a serpent's tail, we have the fabulous chimera—a monstrous *animal*. Scylla and Cerberus, the ancient Tritons and modern Mermaids are formed, in like manner, of still more varied elements. The work of imagination, then, in regard to material forms, is reduced to composition.

In the same manner all fictitious characters may be termed real, in the sense of being composed of or caused by existing realities. Like the oval upon which the artist paints every possible countenance, the circlet in which the gems of character are set is ever the same. This belongs to the author, and with him lies the arrangement, whether he choose the diamonds of truth and the pearls of virtue, or the rubies of passion and jet of remorse. Thus his field for originality is as broad as that of nature. The permutations of the different elements, together with their variable values, have furnished all human characters thus far, and will still afford an infinite number more. Certain qualities may also be left out entirely, as in Mrs. Smith's conception of the "Sinless Child," or its opposite, the Mephistopheles of Faust.

In fine, the province of fiction is unlimited, and its characters as affected by association, development, early education and natural surroundings may be infinite in number.

Probably in modern fiction many of these have no counterparts in reality. But in historical romances and such works as "Charles Auchester," we find characters purposely designed to imitate the real. Still these are unlike their originals, for it is granted only a few select companions to intimately know a genius—and these seldom erect an unreal monument in his praise, and it may also be justly doubted whether any person ever arrives at more than a faint conception of another's real character.

Although, as I first attempted to prove, all these inventions *might* be real, because derived from past experience, yet under the present constitution of nature, some will probably never exist. And I think, upon the whole, that the best standard by which to judge of the reality of a character, is the sympathy of soul excited by it; not a trifling curiosity or desire of the mind, nor yet mere admiration for its ingenuity, but a real heartfelt interest in its welfare, and a love for it as genuine as that for a dear friend. When I close a volume and feel towards its hero as the author must have felt during its invention, I call it *ingenious*; when I ask myself why this very person never existed in the flesh, I consider it *true*;

when it takes hold on my soul and has so entwined its tendrils about my heart that I could grieve at every calamity and rejoice at each success, then I believe it *real*.

Among Hawthorne's characters there are two which may well be noticed in this connection,—Donatello and Clifford Pyncheon. The former is a very peculiar character, and does not at first seem to admit of our classification. It would appear to have been invented for the charm and beauty which attend upon the conception of a being similar to Praxiteles' faun, and in fact there is not a little of the poetic sentiment in it. In itself, his nature is improbable; his descent from fauns, mythical; his connection with nymphs and satyrs, whimsical. But, on the other hand, his communion with the brute creation is beautiful, his rustic simplicity and rural life in his old, gray, moss-covered castle, before he came to Rome, charming; his enjoyment of the present and love of nature, cheerful. His gentleness is also winning and his love and devotion pure, unhesitating and sublime. When, at his mistress' bidding—for even Hilda considered it as one—he hurled the friar down the Tarpeian rock and became transformed by remorse into an austere penitent, his severe self-denial, that solemn reconciliation with Miriam, and finally the giving himself up to punishment, so bear along the reader in his behalf, that one feels that he is unjustly bound in chains and hesitates to leave him in dungeons deeper than those of St. Angelo, but eagerly wishes to see that "sunlight upon the mountain-tops" which Hilda with purer gaze than ours even then discerned. Many complain of its indefiniteness and would even be told whether his ears were leaf-shaped and moreover furry. For such critics, allegories were never written; for such readers, Hawthorne never wrote. Taken literally, it is neither a satisfactory nor a real character. But its power in eliciting our sympathy proves it to be not a direct, but a suggestive one, and it is only when viewed in this light that its position as a character should be judged.

Far different from Donatello is Clifford Pyncheon. Both move powerfully, the one in shadow-land by its beauty; the other in some old decaying corner of a veritable New England village, by its truth and pathos. The chief incident of his life falls in the background, its effects constitute our story. While yet a young man, possessing a most sensitive and highly cultivated nature, with a love for the beautiful equal to that of a Shelley or a Poe,

he was immured for thirty years in a lonely cell, without companions or recreation. At the end of that time he was sent to his sister's ancient home, "The House of the Seven Gables." His character is one of almost total ruin. Utterly bowed and broken down in mind and spirit, the narrative of his simple life is most pathetic. His step though heavy had no force. His voice though musical and feeling was very indistinct. His reason seemed scattered and almost hopelessly lost, but his absorbing love of beauty, that divine instinct, yet remained. Flowers were his delight. His fancy was active but his judgment passive. The worn and faded countenance of Hepzibah, though dimmed for his sake, could but be disagreeable; the charming influence of rosy Phoebe cheered him like sunshine. We cannot smile at his adventures at the fountain, his attempted visit to the church or the blowing of soap-bubbles from the arched window. They are the marks of a touching second childhood. Here and there we see glimpses of his former character, but it is immaterial to notice them. They are only back lights shining through in shimmering rays to make us appreciate the darkness. It is a faithful and real delineation of character. Well does Hawthorne say:—"Alas! poor Clifford! You are old, and worn with troubles that ought never to have befallen you. You are partly crazy and partly imbecile; a ruin, a failure, as almost everybody is,—though some in less degree, or less perceptibly than their fellows."

PSYCHOLOGICAL.

On a sudden my dreams to a distant home

Transported me;

Afar from my mattress of husks to roam

More lightly than flashing billow's comb

My soul was free.

Yet I dimly felt with a feverish heat

My dreams o'ercast;

Quick vanished this sense with a kiss so sweet

As from only one I can ever meet;

My heart beat fast.

Awaked by this bliss—but a moment delayed—

Its cause I searched;

As against the window the snow had played,

A flakelet over the top had strayed,

On my lips 'twas perched.

THE COURT IN THE WILDERNESS.

MR. EDITOR : I am come by a manuscript (no matter how) bearing no date, but with *T. Chatterton* writ on the back. It is a play called *The Court in the Wilderness* and in pronounced imitation of Shakspeare's comedy writing. "The wondrous boy" has not dealt herein with his usual luck at forgery. The plot is but indifferent and there is no likeness to the master but in a few outward semblances. Notwithstanding the thing is of value, being sworn genuine by them that should know, the proof whereof shall appear with the play which is now in press, and I shall look for much profit thereby. Meanwhile the secret hath been but ill-kept by some into whose hands it was put, wherefore it can do no harm to the publishers that you should have the printing of a scene or so in advance. The following I have chosen out, not as greatly expressing the plot, but for a fair ensampler of the general method. It is from the second act.

H. A. B.

SCENE II. *The Sea-shore.* Enter Lasques.

Lasques.—Here am I harbored from the storm of tongues
Whose windy logic and high billowy terms
Went nigh to whelm me. Great god Mercury !
What solemn fools these rhetoricians be !
Spendthrifts of golden time by hours and days
In syllogistic trifling !

Some, cries one,

Is counter nothing ; all is counter none.

Thereto a twenty throats, like hounds in chase
When the hare's spied, open deep-mouthed and full.
Some clamor *middle* and some *predicate*
Or *minor*, till my ears are stuffed with sound
Idle as moonshine or an April tale.
Yon wet-soled gulls, that down the hollow waves
Scream their sea-music to the thankless wind,
Have more of matter in their shrill discourse.
O ! I could rail for years, and 't were more gain,
Here lying on my belly in the sand,
To kick my heels i' the sun and scold for aye,
Than vent indoors such philosophic breath.

That vile Greek Aristotle with his quirks
Makes madder men than wine, or love, or debt,
Fever or prison or the wizard moon. *Enter Dennis.*

Dennis.—The merry lord Lasques! What make you here with
your elbows in the sand?

Lasques.—Dents, good Dennis. Come you from the Court?

Dennis.—Dents, good Lasques.

Lasques.—Nay, but answer me in good faith, good Dennis.

Dennis.—Then in good faith, I do.

Lasques.—Do answer?

Dennis.—Do come.

Lasques.—What does the Prince?

Dennis.—Sits in an alcove and whirls the great globe 'twixt thumb
and finger. *Will it please you Sir, to take an airing?*
says one; *the new roan is brought to the door even now.*
Hum! fourteen meridians, quoth he. And anon, *Here in*
the boreal summer the sun runneth about the heaven like a
race-horse. He is in such case, poor man, with his
books and his charts, that he has no stomach left for
any gentlemanly diversion.

Lasques.—Is he indeed in such a book-case? Then were he best
cast in a royal quarto and bound in calf (which jumpeth
well with his humor), and his crown beaten into gilt
lettering for his back. A plague on such a prince! A
Prince? A school-dame! By my head a school-
dame! What do the rest?

Dennis.—Lady Margaret sits opposite him with ink-horn and
script, inditing of Alexandrines; the remnant wrangle
in the hall and their argument is the somethingness of
nothing.

Lasques.—Oh! but it passeth! Oh! to think that men,
Tall fellows that can ride and leap and fight,
Should sit and clack like dairy-maids at churn,
Or Twelfth Night gossips cutting cake for rings!
Dennis—

Dennis.—Yonder comes Lady Mary. Let us get to our feet.
The Lady Kate comes with her. What a merry devil's
in her eye! Now is there some biting conceit forging
on her brain's anvil which presently she'll stab us with.

May I be married an she hath not a very bitter-sweet wit. It stings most honiedly. *Enter Lady Mary and Lasques.*—Stings most honiedly? A vile phrase. [*Lady Kate. Dennis.*—God ye good morrow, ladies.

L. Mary.—Well met, good Dennis. What's a vile phrase, sirrah?

L. Kate.—Oh Lord! Oh Lord! Hast seen the County?

Lasques.—Yea: this morning at the astrolabe. What has come to him?

L. Kate.—Oh 'tis a matter for a fortnight's laughter. He hath changed Minerva for Venus. His philosophy is thawed away like a sugar heart in a school-boy's pocket. Walking on the sands and spouting half-conned elegies to the airs, he hath stumbled over some kitchen-wench that lay asleep in the sun, and is straight gone mad with the love of her. You shall hear the tale from himself presently, for he walks hither.

Lasques.—Oh rare! Now will I drug his love-sickness with nauseous pills from his geography books, and pepper him with pellets of learning.

L. Mary.—But what tattle stirred between you as we came? I heard you say, Sir Lasques, *it is a vile phrase.*

Dennis.—I used a pleasant conceit of Mistress Kate's wit and he grudged at it.

L. Kate.—Did he so? The curmudgeon! It will hear no praise but its own. In good sooth now, sweet Master Dennis, what gallant thing said you of my poor wit?

Dennis.—Faith, I said but that which I will maintain with my sword; that your ladyship had a wit most spicily compounded and that stung, as 'twere, honiedly.

Lasques.—Yea, as 'twere my cousin Bess' mouth, when she had eaten of ginger sweetmeats; which same in my bread-and-butter days I once kissed in a dark conserve-closet where I caught her stealing comfits from a jar.

L. Kate.—Did you that?

Lasques.—Aye, by the Holy Mistletoe did I, that she shrieked like a shrew mouse in a trap. Look you: here stands the door on the jar and here she stands within it, and the jar in her hand.

L. Kate.—What! the jar in her hand and the door on the jar and she in the door? Then were she over the jar and under the door and like to be crushed betwixt 'em.

Lasques.—And here I come behind her—thus.

L. Kate.—What are you at, sir?

Lasques.—Plucking heartsease.

L. Kate.—Your heartsease will prove your head's bane. Take that for your picking and stealing. *strikes him.*

Lasques.—Alack! my lady Kate, your fingers are heavy to be so white. I would they and my ears were less acquainted.

L. Kate.—I would thy tongue and the bottom of thy mouth were better acquainted, saucy knave!

L. Mary.—Peace! Leave your chiding. Yonder comes the count.

Dennis.—Think you he'll tell this matter of his love?

L. Kate.—Tell! Publish it by herald's proclamation;
Call Jove to witness; clap hands on his heart
And roar in Sapphics like a love-sick bull.

Enter Count Guy.

C. Guy.—Good morrow, friends. Ladies, I kiss your hands,
Albeit I parted from you even now.

Dennis.—What's this new marvel hath befallen you?
'Tis said a Siren met you on the sands
And hath bewitched you, count.

C. Guy.—Alas! 'tis true.
And yet no Siren, but a mortal maid
Fairer than mortal.

Dennis.—Tell us of the thing.

C. Guy.—Pacing the winding shore, as is my wont
When fain to commune with my private soul,
I spied a maid asleep beneath a rock
On a dry heap of slippery dead sea-weed.
Her face was ruddy and her yellow hair
Royal beyond her state, for in gray serge
Her dainty limbs were clad, and her bare feet
Like rosy, twisted shells lay on the sand.
Thereto a wallet resting by her side
Showed her an agate-gatherer for bread.
Yet no king's daughter is one half so fair,
And much I marvelled that the barren shore
Should bear so sweet a blossom on its breast.

There as I looked my heart grew soft as wax ;
I stooped and kissed her lips for love of her.

Lasques.—That was a vampire trick, to suck the breath out of the mouth of a poor sleeping maid.

C. Guy.—And then I left in quittance, where her eyes
Should see it waking, a rough signet ring
Beat out of Guinea gold, my father's once,
Who got it of a strange sea-faring man,
And therewithal I laid these versicles
Writ on a book-leaf :

Stranger maiden, when you waken,
If you miss
So much sweet as may be taken
In a kiss,
What's a mouthful musk or civet ?
Sure you would not grudge to give it ;
(In your dream
You did seem
Smiling *yes* tho' blushing *nay*).
Yet I would not choose to thief it
Like the bee
Who sippeth free,
Therefore, sweet-heart, here is pay.
Be not frayed to see this token ;
No shame's done nor secret spoken
Fair name fouled nor fond heart broken.

Lasques.—Ods bobs ! County, I would that Queen Catherine here were as good a paymaster. I like not silver knuckles as well as gold rings. *A kiss and a cuff are twice enough*, says the saw.

L. Mary.—I pray you, sir, what did you next ?

C. Guy.—Hid me behind the buttress of a rock
To watch the chance. The sea-wind round her sung ;
The amorous tides crept nearer as she slept.
But waking presently she 'gan to stare
On ring and paper, and when this she read,
The angry carmine painted all her cheek ;
And crumpling it she cast it in the brine.

But doubtfully and long she eyed the seal
And lastly dropped it in her agate-bag
And passed with quick steps from the yellow strand,
Casting around her fearful, startled eyes.
Dear eyes! Sweet hemispheres wherein are set
Unfathomed seas and boundless continents!

Lasques.—Heaven help us! I had looked elsewhere for continence
than in a wench's eyes.

C. Guy.—Keep your wit in leash, Monsieur Lasques.

Dennis.—Do not fear to let it loose, sir. It cannot overtake you,
being but a slow hound.

L. Kate.—Yes; for it runneth by scent and smelleth out a foul
occasion even with the wind in the contrary quarter.

Lasques.—Alack! into what brambles is my poor wit fallen!
Thou wert best turn tail wit, when the quarry stands
thus at bay.

L. Kate.—And if he proved as slow in flight as in chase he would
be but the shadow of a wit before sundown.

Dennis.—I see the Prince coming, Lasques. Mind thy p's and
q's and say naught of this, an' thou lovest sport.

Lasques.—Faith, I'll mind my p, if you'll mind your cue which is
mum.

Exeunt Omnes.

CONSERVATISM.

I HAVE chosen this old and worn out subject because I am a conservative—to write upon a new and untried theme would be contrary to my nature. I cling lovingly to the past. I am one of those despised members of society who dislike changes and hate reformers. A reformer is to us a fiend in human shape. He is uncomfortable and loud. He won't let us alone. We are content to allow the dust to settle upon us, but the reformer insists that we shall be up and doing. He wants us to be public spirited and patriotic. Now, if there is anything we dislike it is to be up and doing, and public spirit and patriotism are to us an abomination.

This spirit of reform is peculiarly characteristic of Americans. We are a new people and a new nation, and we glory in it. We are determined there shall be nothing old about us—every thing must be new and shining. We bluster and bully the Old World on its slowness and lack of progress. Not satisfied with being new ourselves we demand that the world shall be made new and shining. We are a reverent people. We have been in existence some years and hold ourselves up as a pattern to those nations who have made nearly all the history that has been manufactured up to this date. Shall we not respect age? Shall we not regret that we are so new, that there is nothing about us that does not smell of the varnish, that we cannot indulge in that luxury, the dust of ages? Not we! We are a nation of progress. We glory in our freshness; we revel in our greatness; we laugh at the age and torpidity of the poor old people across the water. We read and believe the Herald, Times and Tribune, which say that we are new and great and point the finger of scorn and derision at our elders. What do we want with antiquity? We'll have none of it. We are the great American nation. Go to!

But in the midst of all this hurry and confusion, there are a few who are behind the age and refuse to believe that the chief excellence of every thing is its newness. Of this degenerate few, I must confess I am one. We are derided for our want of enterprise and are known by various opprobrious epithets, among which that of old fogies is the chief. And yet we consider ourselves a very important and a very respectable portion of the community; in fact, we think we are as a class the most respectable members of society. The reformers and progressists cannot despise us more than we disdain them. Their contempt for our slowness cannot be greater than our dislike of their rapidity. We glory in the fact that we are old fashioned just as much as they do in the fact that they are modern. So, you see, there is a well defined boundary between us, which neither party often steps over. Each considers himself the salt of the earth and regards with scornful pity the condition of the other.

We, of the old fashioned party, love almost everything that is old and very few things that are new. Freshness has no charms for us—on the contrary the quality of antiquity commends that to our favor which may have no other good qualities whatever;

may, even age may make beautiful and suitable to us that which otherwise may be positively disagreeable—an old piece of furniture which is uncomfortable and useless is yet so endeared to us by age and association that we give it the place of honor in our households. We speak of it tenderly as if it were an old friend whose failing powers gave tokens of his approaching end—we guard it with the most solicitous care that it may not receive harm from rude and awkward hands ; we almost fancy that it knows and appreciates our kindness, and when at last it is assigned to the oblivion of the lumber room, the place where it used to stand looks desolate and its absence makes us sad for a long time—not so your enterprising man. He keep anything that has outlived its day of usefulness? Not he—everything about him must be new and bright. Will he indulge in any morbid sentiments about age and association? To him a chair is a chair and the more modern the style and the later the patent, the better. Has he an old horse which has served him faithfully many a long year? When he becomes useless through age and his joints are stiff, your energetic man has him shot and perchance eats him ; while we, sentimental creatures, soothe his declining years with ease and plenty. We remember what a faithful servant he has been, how patient and uncomplaining and good natured, and we have a romantic feeling that he deserves a return at our hands. And so he lives among us full of years and surrounded by troops of friends, until some day death creeps over him and he is gathered to his fathers. Our practical neighbor laughs at us. We are romantic and sentimental, no doubt. And yet we feel happier and better for having indulged in this romance and sentiment. He laughs at us for displaying so much feeling and we despise him for displaying so little. One cannot please everybody.

We live in old houses and are great sticklers for old customs. These are comfortable old houses. They have been occupied so many years that all the angles and corners are worn off and they have come into that condition which makes an old slipper so easy and comfortable. Every room has its associations which endear it to the family ; it is their home, the center of their existence. The progressive man has no home in particular. He leaves the paternal roof-tree at a tender age, and never cares to return. He is one of those men, sir, who have made their living by hard

work, sir ; when he was a boy he didn't waste his time, he has risen by his own exertions. Very well, this is a good thing no doubt, and we say to him, "Macte overtute," which he don't understand—but we desire that our children shall remember the old house. We are willing that they should waste time in pleasant memories of the old house and home.

In a pleasant room in one of our old houses you will find an old book-case full of old books. The book-case is black with age and the books are yellow and well worn. There are no new books there. We are behind the age in this as in everything else. We read old editions of old authors with as much interest and enjoyment, apparently, as you find in the most recent works. These books were old when we were young, they are marked by more than one generation perhaps and yet if you knew how much enjoyment we extracted from them, you would grow thin with envy. It is a sad sight to me to see an old library which the owner has collected slowly and gradually so that every book is an old friend, sold to an unfeeling crowd whose only desire is to get a bargain. The poor old books which have been together so many years are separated and scattered to the four quarters of the earth. One can almost imagine that such a separation is as mournful an event to them as it is to human beings.

Perhaps I have not said much on the subject of conservatism as the word is generally understood now-a-days, but I shall be sorry if you do not have a better opinion of Old Fogys hereafter. We know that there is a great deal said about us that is calculated to give an entirely erroneous impression of our character, and therefore I have written in behalf of my comrades that justice may be done us. Are we not the most respectable portion of the community ? What so stately and magnificent as an old time gentleman ? Among us all their finer feelings which make human nature beautiful, have play. Love, compassion and sympathy for all creatures are our distinguishing virtues—nay, it is because we have these virtues that we are old Fogys. It is because we waste time in indulging our better feelings and impulses that we are behind the age. But why should I waste time in defending those who need no defence. Let me rather say to you, energetic and enterprising men, who ridicule our slowness, that you are going too fast ; the rapidity of your progress is fast destroying all solid-

ity and sincerity, you build too rapidly to insure stability—every thing is becoming hollow, insincere and unsafe ; your boasted improvements are a hot-house growth and in the forcing much virtue has been lost. Except among us there is no longer any regard for anything ancient and venerable. Old institutions and customs which were originated by the wisdom and virtues of our forefathers are fast disappearing under your management. It is a sad sight to us who do not keep up with the times, and we strive to maintain them among ourselves at least. You may well call us Conservatives, for we are proud of the title.

AN AFTERNOON WALK.

ONE Wednesday afternoon of Freshman year asking my landlady the way to West Rock and following her directions, I found myself in a little while extricated from the mazes of the match-making and clothes washing rookery built on the shady upper waters of West river, past the powder house and the quarry where the laborers were blasting, and panting upwards along the narrow path which skirts the brink of the precipice. At last I sat down on the smooth rock at its top and drank in the prospect. For the first time I appreciated what has occurred to me many times since, that a Yale man's experiences are but partially completed if he fails to cultivate an intimate acquaintance with the beauties of the scenery which environ his college town. While yet busy in marking the particular features of the scene and inwardly resolving to make them the objects of future exploration, I was interrupted by the sound of voices coming through the stunted trees along the ascent, and soon three strangers advanced toward the flat rock on which I was sitting. The eldest was a well-to-do farmer with his best suit on—pants of durable corduroy and black frock coat of that indescribable cut which tailors in country towns and the back streets of cities always produce, and a hat of unassuming felt. His son was a steady looking young man clad in snuff-colored garments and married, for I heard him allude with pride to his recent paternity ; the third was either

a farmer or a country store-keeper from some distant part of the state, and was brother-in-law to the old gentleman and here on a visit. His host and nephew had brought him up from Hampden to look off from the famous rock. I quietly listened to them as they conversed, mingling farm talk, family matters, politics, and enthusiasm at the view; but when I heard the Judges' Cave mentioned, and saw the party moving off, I started too, and ingratiated myself with the elder host in order to be guided to that interesting memorial. On our way he pointed out Wintergreen lake, a jewel in the distant hill-side, and far off Mt. Carmel, the head of the Sleeping Giant, and as we approached the clump of rocks—which looked more like some Druid altar than a sheltering retreat—he showed us where the house stood in the valley from which the regicides were supplied with food during their concealment, and recalled several anecdotes of those old times still current among the country folk in the neighborhood. We sat down under the shadow of the rocks while our old entertainer still went on with his retrospective chat. Presently he said, "These old judges are not all the queer people who have led a hermit life about here. There used to be an old man on East Rock. :—I've heard my father tell about him, and as nearly as I can remember, the story was something like this." With this prelude he related to us the following "strange, sad history" with more of homely phrase and grammatical inaccuracy than I have transcribed but otherwise substantially as here given. The uncle and myself were eager listeners—the son paid that respectful inattention peculiar to members of a family whose head has rehearsed a tale many times over.

"In the year 1739 there came over in a sloop from Boston to New Haven, a middle-aged gentleman and his motherless daughter, a handsome girl of seventeen, and anxious to avoid a business center and at the same time not be too much isolated, they chose the quiet village of North Haven as a permanent residence. They purchased for their home a quiet cottage not far from the parsonage, and with a serving man and woman who accompanied them from abroad, lived in great retirement. Considerable curiosity was excited among the villagers by the strange new comers. A few, very wise, thought that they were spies of the French and Spanish governments, then at war with His Maj-

esty, George II, and predicted that some fine morning a foreign fleet would sail into the harbor and carry them away, together with all the portable property in the vicinity. Others conceived the melancholy gentleman to be the Pretender himself, come to propagate sedition among George's loyal subjects in the colonies; but in time they lived down all malevolent suspicions and ingratiated themselves by degrees into the confidence and respect of the village aristocracy and their inferiors soon ceased to mutter their suspicions—at least in regard to their hostile character.

George Harvey was indeed of Jacobite stock. His father, an officer on James' personal staff, had been killed at the battle of the Boyne, and it was partly on account of the loss and disappointment he had suffered in behalf of the Stuarts that he left London and sought an asylum in New England. He had travelled much abroad and had been deeply engaged in business, and had consequently an extensive acquaintance in England and on the Continent. His wife, a Huguenot lady whom he married in Brussels, had died in giving birth to his daughter Alice, who deprived of a mother's care, precocious, and inheriting more the vivacity of her French mother than the stability of her father, grew up to maidenhood under the care of an old nurse, spoiled by parental indulgence and contact with strangers whom business, politics and liberal hospitality brought constantly to their house. Under such auspices she did not become trained into that pattern of virginal propriety which is the ideal we all have of the young English lady. Grace and intelligence she had in bountiful measure, but in time the lack of something in her character, call it maidenly reserve, or true womanliness, became apparent even to her doting father, and absorbed as he was in the most engrossing affairs, filled him with forebodings in regard to her future welfare. At last, chagrined by political disappointment and commercial loss, this anxiety determined him upon the step of emigration. No place seemed to offer so many attractions as New England. The quiet Puritan settlements promised oblivion of his present cares and new fields for usefulness, and he thought that his wayward daughter might learn useful lessons there from the prim matrons. Of course the plan was not carried without opposition on the part of the fair coquette, though her objections were not so strenuously urged as was anticipated. She too, had disappointments

and experiences, from the reminders of which she was not unwilling to flee, and so was not displeased to find her father inexorable.

Their voyage to Boston was without incident. They found it too busy a place—too many old business acquaintances would probably be met there to suit their ideas of seclusion—so they settled as we have seen in North Haven. The father found here his ideal retirement and for a long time had no other company than his daughter and his books. After a while some of the more prominent of his neighbors would drop in of afternoons to talk over the events of their youth passed in England, and he was frequently surprised to find gentlemen of equal cultivation and refinement with himself, whom motives probably similar to his own, had impelled to seek such a residence. Alice, we may be sure, was not long content to suffer her light to be hid under the bushel of her father's cottage. She excited the envy of the village maidens by the elegant attire in which she appeared on the Sabbath, and she came near causing process of law to be served upon her father for tolerating her performances upon the harpsichord on the solemn afternoons and evenings of the holy day. The good wives, though they began to recognize in Mr. Harvey a public spirited and benevolent gentleman, shook their heads ominously at mention of Alice, and prophesied that she would come to no good end. People noticed that after service in the little Episcopal church she would linger frequently to meet, as if by appointment, and walk with young Sidney Hazen, the scape-grace son of the good Congregational minister. He had been well educated, had graduated at Yale, and had been across the sea in some official position connected with the interests of the colony at court. He had too, distinguished himself in the numerous Indian wars which beset the country. Without naturally a bad heart, his varied experiences had made him somewhat impervious to the finer feelings, and the irksomeness of the restraint in the Puritan village, made him overprone to viciousness. He had certainly developed so many unclerical traits that the idea of his father's, that he should follow in his footsteps, had long since been given up.

The gossips had good cause then for shaking their heads when they saw this strange intimacy springing up. Their interviews were often lengthened until evening when Alice would invite her admirer to partake of the hospitality of her father's house. Mr.

Harvey could not fail to notice that acquaintance had passed into familiarity and familiarity into affection without his consent ; but he was not of those who would judge a young man harshly. He had himself reaped a bountiful crop of wild oats and used to assert that the maturity of that man will be barren of results whose youth was unstained by a single folly. He noticed, too, that young Hazen was a man of brains and well suited in station, pedigree and acquirements to be his daughter's husband, so he allowed matters to take their course.

Not long after the scene described, the great plan of the New England colonies to do a signal service to the mother country was consummated. The strong fortress of Louisburg on the coast of Nova Scotia was the objective point for their attack. The infection of glory spread far and wide among the young men and was not long in reaching Sydney Hazen, who in spite of the entreaties of his betrothed, sailed as a lieutenant in the expedition which left Boston in March, 1745 and during the few months following accomplished such great results. He never returned. The disease which carried off the flower of the New England troops after the victory, marked him as one of its earliest victims.

* * * * *

The affianced couple had in their furtive interviews "loved not wisely, but too well"; and Alice became a mother without having been a wife. She concealed her situation from her father and was delivered in the hovel of an old Indian squaw in a little glen not far from her own dwelling. In her shame she bribed the hag to strangle her child and cast it into an old choked up well where after a few days, laborers discovered the dreadful evidences of infanticide and the village was in an uproar. Suspicion soon fastened her burning touch upon the guilty parties. They were arrested ; and trial, conviction and execution at New Haven, the seat of justice, speedily followed. The father, at first well-nigh crazed, rallied himself and bent every energy, first to procure an acquittal, and then to mitigate the severity of the sentence. He rode to Hartford to procure the pardon of Governor Law. All the eloquence, which could be stirred by the affection of a lonely, loving father, he used to influence the stately official. After a painful delay, he yielded, and the precious authority for saving his

daughter's life was placed in the father's hands. And now no weak regard for his panting horse restrained his headlong gallop for New Haven. But heavy rains had impaired the roads and swollen the water-courses so that no single horse could endure running, floundering and swimming so many miles and he was forced to change several times. At last he dashed into the city shouting like a mad man, Reprieve! Reprieve! On he sped to the jail-yard, directed by the crowd assembled to witness the edifying spectacle of human beings put to death by hanging.

It was too late. Alice Harvey and her swarthy accomplice were corpses dangling from the gallows. The heart-broken father at first gave way to a paroxysm of grief and blasphemous rage and then settled into a stupor from which he never recovered. He lingered beside the grave where the poor girl was buried, under the superintendence of the good old Episcopal clergyman of their adopted village, until the freshly cut sod had been replaced, and then walked slowly away. He disappeared altogether for more than a year; but one day some rambling students discovered in a wretched hovel constructed of boards and boughs of trees, in a secluded spot, not far from the beetling precipice with which we are so familiar, a crouching, hideous looking man, unkempt, and repulsive as a wild beast. It was George Harvey, the "Hermit of East Rock." He lived but a few years longer, appearing in the city at intervals to procure a few necessities, a fearful thing to children, shunned by young and old. Heaven then sent the only relief which could avail a soul so shocked. His body was found by a woodman, sitting in a well-worn seat formed by two rocks, and commanding a view of the city and the bright mysterious sound beyond."

When we rose from our seats beside the Judges' Cave, the afternoon's sun was fading, and while yet we were threading our way back, darkness fell upon us. Some lingering rays still fell upon the sister eminence, and as it solemnly gloomed in the distance, we felt it indelibly fixed in our memories by the farmer's story.

THE SKATERS.

A winter's morning ! Rose the winter sun
With eager rays, that sought the glooms of night
And routed them. Then day broke halcyon.
Ah ! will its gloaming gladden as its light ?

Down a river, sinuous, broad,
Stream, in joyous health, a crowd
Skating on the icy glare
In youth's ecstasy ;
Pirouetting hither, there—
Incarnated glee !

'Mongst the motley and the rude
Glide the graceful and the good.
On ! the throng, and little heeds
One fallen, heavy-laden ;
Kindlier, to the rescue speeds
A youth—and here, a maiden.

Each with other's act of grace
Pleased, each seeks the other face ;
Manly daring, frankness, truth—
Woman's eyes of beauty
Light with hope and moist with ruth,
Calm and clear with duty.

"Tender, slender maiden-feet,
Will they not, though brave and fleet,
Falter 'mid the merry noise,
The stress, the rugged places ?
Linked arms are steadier poise ;
Surer, mated paces."

"Irksome check such feet would keep
On the bounding manhood's sweep.

Yet—who knows ? A woman's eye
Quicklier may discover
Where the greedy ice-flaws lie
Lurking for her lover.

To yon City on the hill
Lies my journey."

"Thou shalt still
Keep thy journeying. So thou please,
We will go together
Through mischances, through sweet ease,
Rough, or pleasant weather."

Steel-blades strike in harmony
Ringing tunes. In love's great glee
Wildly glad, they onward wend,
 Hand tight clasping hand,
Down the river's crystal trend
To the Shining Strand.

Sped and fled, the laughing sun !—
Ere the day is half-way done
Burst the heavens in vial'd wrath.
Faint through storm-racked skies,
While they grope their darkling path,
Hope's fair turrets rise.

Hard bestead they cleave the wind ;
Fainting, wrestling, tempest-blind,
Scarce they breast the awful blast.
Her in tender pity
Love puissant shields. At last
From out the gloom—the City !

Lures them now no wayside rest,
Daunts no more the dangerous quest.
On the rocking, crumbling crust
Scarce their footsteps print ;
From the Beacon of their trust
Cloudy splendors glint.

Skating still at evening's grey
On their darkening, brightening way,
Home-lights beckon o'er the Wall ;
While through the chilling air
Silently the snow-flakes fall,
Making white their hair.

Underneath the City's height,
Skates unloosed ; thro' gathering night,
From the river up the steep
Each to other clings.
Tender, mutual memories keep
Love's long wanderings.—

Forever ended ! Rest for utmost need
Waits but to welcome.

Lo ! with jubilant speed
The opening portals flash a glory bright.
For them, " At evening time it shall be light."

OUR COLLEGE CHOIR.

Right hard it was for wight which did it bear,
To rede what manner of music that might be.—*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

GRUMBLING is characteristic of college students. We find ground for censure in everything. Clergymen fail to satisfy us; coal-yards provoke our burning contempt. We growl for a hydrant, growl because it is closed at ten o'clock, and then growl because no one goes for water after that hour.

But during my college experience, no object has rivalled the choir in provoking grumbling, interminable and unwearied. What the weather is to bashful callers, the choir has been to wearied editors,—a subject always fresh and opportune. For four years it has been an original joke that "ONCE students used to invite their friends to hear the choir, but *now*"—and eyes rolling to the ceiling, complete the stunning rebuke.

Now I was once a member of the choir. Whether I was selected for my melodious voice, or because I was the only Freshman whose name Dr. Stoeckel happened to know is not to the point. Suffice it to say, that I have sat in those dusty seats, sung from those well-thumbed manuscript books, and shouted at the top of my voice in the Christmas anthem. And I propose to suggest briefly two or three practical reasons why the college choir cannot attain the perfection which seems to be expected.

It is generally known that Beethoven used to compose the choir, and that its leader was the choir's conductor. But when, a bequest providing for musical instruction was made to the college, it became necessary to have a permanent teacher. Dr. Stoeckel was secured for this position, and was made conductor of the choir—not long after which, Beethoven became a separate organization. Of Dr. Stoeckel's musical talent, and of his genial and gentlemanly bearing, I need not speak. Whatever be the defects of the choir, they are not due to its leader.

The members of the choir are chosen by a nominal election of the Faculty of those recommended by Dr. Stoeckel. It is often complained that the best voices in college are not found in the choir. For this there are two reasons; one that the happy possessors of good vocal organs are often unable to read music;

the other, that those who have fine voices and can sing at sight, command and prefer remunerative situations in the city churches. Since I have been in college, no man possessed of a good voice and of the ability to read music readily has been debarred from entering the choir. The trouble is that sixteen such men are rarely found willing to enter, and the vacancies have to be filled by those deficient in one or both respects.

Again the same difficulty affects our singing as our recitations. It is a compulsory daily duty, and excites no interest. Half the members remain in the choir only because they are allowed seventy marks in place of forty-eight. They attend as few rehearsals as their monitor's list allows, and sing only as often as they are obliged in order to keep their place. This is discreditable, I confess, but it is characteristic of our whole curriculum.

Much complaint is made of the selection of the music. It is wondered why there is not more variety, and why certain other styles are not attempted. But it should be remembered that a choir of male voices has but two-thirds the compass of a mixed choir. The air must soar above the other parts, and it is an octave lower when carried by a Tenor than by a Soprano. This lowers the other parts to correspond; and any one who will try it on a piano will find that what is a pleasing harmony on the ordinary register is jarring and disagreeable if played an octave below. Hence music for male voices must be re-written with the first Tenor very high and the second Base very low, lest the intermediate parts produce discord. This tests severely the extreme parts, and as for the reasons I have given, the best voices are seldom to be had, it is not wonderful if the singing is not always perfect. Again there are some tunes which a certain collection of voices will sing better than others equally easy. Hence it is necessary to repeat those which seem best adapted to the voices present, and to select that variety of music which they can render best.

Finally, it is common to contrast the singing of the choir with that of Beethoven, or that which *used* to swell up from the college fence in times gone by. Now in the first place, it should be considered that the character of the music is different. Harmony is the prominent feature in church music, while in glees, the melody is sufficient, and a hearty chorus covers all defects.

Again, the number of tunes sung by Beethoven is very limited. In the seven concerts (two in this city) given in the good old times of '66, only thirteen different choruses were sung, and the more difficult of these were always imperfectly rendered. It was Lauriger and I—eel and the Bagpipes that gave the most satisfaction, while Ernani and the Bridal Chorus were endured on account of the volume, not the quality, of the chorus.

But it is time I should bring my hasty remarks to a close. I believe they will not be considered as savoring of undue partiality, and if they tend to confine future criticism of the choir to juster grounds of censure, I shall be content.



A LATE NOTABLE CASE.

When one man hath two shadowes throwne

Ye Thames shalle cover London towne.—*Sir Jas McIntosh, Pop. Prov. of last Cent.*

“There may be no knowinge that ye bodye have two lyvinges in this life or no.”—*Ancient translation of Dun Scotus.* Thus says Dun Scotus in an erudite discussion way back in the 8th century. He continues: “Some be there who have beene seene of men at sundry tymes in dyverse places, and by others, at those same tymes in countrees far distant.” Says Matthew of Westminster, in his reliable “*Flores Historiarum*” “A baker was hanged in ye north countree and on ye selfe same day, the whiles his sowle burned in Helle, was he seene of manye in ye south.” John Darston, a gentleman of Henry VII’s househould, tells us in the *Mirroure for Magistrates* of “manye who were in dyverse places in ye same tymes,” among whom was “ye fowle witche of Arc.” In 1775, Père Lamier, a Franciscan of piety and doctrine, wrote an able treatise entitled *L’Homme de Deux Ombres*, the hero of which was a Louis Chapodin. Also in 1858 Ernest Renan in an article on miracles, refers to Lamier. The article in question may be found, if I mistake not, in the January, 1858 number of *Le Revue de deux Mondes*. In *Les Legends Pieuse du Moyen Age*, Maury relates a superstition of Brittany, that men were sometimes tormented by the devil in guise of their own persons.

and that after committing sundry horrible crimes, and effecting of course an easy escape, he left his victim to suffer the penalty.

These authors, their speculations and superstitions I have quoted to show that the facts which I am about to relate as inexplicable, have their counterparts in the imaginings, or realities, as you will, of the past. These facts, which so far as a portion of my class, and some few members of '70 are concerned, are well known, and which by the inadvertence of a person cognizant of them, bid fair to be hawked about badly distorted from truth, during the latter half of my Junior year received the care-fullest attention on my part. They were at that time unknown except to two friends in '69 to whom on their appearance and during their development I confided them, and who will vouch for the accuracy of the statements I shall make. Besides these gentlemen there are, so to speak, several unconscious witnesses of the facts to which I devote these few pages. I would here say that the gentlemen to whom I referred will gladly answer any communications or inquiries relating to this subject, directed to box 735, New Haven, Conn.

I advance no explanation of these phenomena, since whatever theory I may have regarding them would be voted absurd, instantter, by any so-called common-sense man, so that I shall give you the bald narrative, leaving each man to judge for himself as to a solution.

John Robinson (I use a fictitious name,) of the class of 186— is a little, unpretentious body of about 23 years of age, I should say, of a retiring disposition, one would surely suppose in straitened circumstances, boarded at commons, dresses shabbily, doesn't go into society at all so far as I can find, is well liked by those who know him intimately, is a fine scholar, is indeed the last man whom you would point out as at all remarkable.

This man as I shall show by indubitable evidence was seen repeatedly at far separate localities at times nearly coincident, and under circumstances so diametrically opposed as to have excited the wonder both of myself and of the two gentlemen to whom I have alluded and to whom I imparted the phenomena as they appeared.

On Wednesday the 18th of Dec. 1867, I, in company with H. of my class, who resides at No. 120 Schuyler Place, N. Y., were

waiting at the New Haven depot for the 9:45 train for New York. It was at the beginning of our holiday vacation. H. was going to his home in New York, and I by way of New York to spend a few days with relatives in Troy. As we descended the southern flight of stairs we met Robinson with whom H. was slightly acquainted. H. stopped to talk with him a moment, while I went on to see about getting our trunks checked. The coming train broke off H.'s conversation and as I was getting aboard, I noticed Robinson bidding him good bye, and then strolling toward the northern flight of stairs. I thought no more of it, of course. But when H. found me he remarked that there was a splendid chance to make money by staying over vacation in New Haven as Robinson had told him that he was earning \$1.00 per hour looking up logarithms for Prof. Newton, (who at that time was engaged in making some insurance computations) and that there was a brisk demand for logarithm hunters. It may thus be inferred that Robinson intended spending his vacation in town, and *because* his purse was lean. After reaching New York, I spent the remainder of the day with H. In the evening we went in company with Mr. and Mrs. H. and Miss C. of Albany to the opera at the Academy. We sat in the parquet, south side, and at only 6 or 7 seats remote from the stage, so that the 2nd tier of stage boxes was almost opposite. In the 2nd box from the stage, and at the front of the box, dandling an elegant glass in his gloved hand, I saw Robinson, dressed in the height of fashion, and quietly conversing with gentlemen in the box. I directed H.'s attention to him. He seemed greatly surprised. "By Jove" says he, "there's Robinson, whom we left digging in New Haven, and bless me if he isn't with Tilton, Curtis, and Beach of the Sun.* He's gotten up regardless, too." H. caught his eye while speaking, and bowed; not a symptom of recognition. The stunningly made up little dandy opposite merely quizzed H. through his glass. Perfectly at ease and on familiar terms with his companions, he seemed as far removed as possible from the quiet, plodding Robinson of Yale. The well marked features and figure were unmistakably the same. Neither H. nor myself were intimate enough with him to seek him out after the first act, although once we caught sight of him at the end of the north corridor just re-

* Mr. Beach was at that time editor of the Sun.

entering his box. "I don't see how the deuce Robinson got the stamps to cut such a swell" said H, as we were undressing for bed. "He may be related to some of those big-bugs. Good joke on some swells I know of up at Yale who vote Robinson a scrub every day of their lives. But," suddenly "how *the* deuce did he get down here. I saw him leave the New Haven depot at 9:45 this morning, with the intention, as he said, of working up logarithms. He might, to be sure, have come down on the 2:05 train, but he looked so mighty meek and scrubby when I saw him this morning that it don't seem possible that he could have got himself up so utterly gorgeous, and have gotten to the opera with his swell friends between the arrival of the train here and 10 minutes of 8, only about '2 hours." "'Tis mighty queer," said I turning over to sleep. The next morning (it was Thursday the 19th) I took the train at 30th st. for Troy. At Garrison's landing, opposite West Point, I stepped out of the car, and as I did so saw the West Point ferry-boat just touching the dock. On the extreme edge preparing to jump, I veritably saw Robinson in broad day-light, elegantly dressed in beaver overcoat, stove-pipe Amindon, as I imagined from its lustre, box-toed turn-up shoes, exactly fitting and inexpressibly stylish breeches, all of which finery he wore easily without a particle of the poor man's fine-clothes air. He jumped lightly from the boat, and walked rapidly into the ferry-house, to await the coming of the down train, as I supposed. The train started as he disappeared, and I was hindered from making any investigations. Badly mystified was I now, for, although he might have gotten up to the Point by the midnight train the last night, if he had driven straight from the academy over to 30th st. depot, still, he could not have crossed the ferry until morning, since the boat stops running before midnight. This too must have been the first boat over, for our's was the first train passing Garrison's that morning. "Perhaps" thought I "he may have crossed in a small boat. But the river is full of floating ice, and a passage would be perilous in the extreme. I can't see either how else he crossed." When once I began to speculate upon his design in this unprecedented traveling I found myself hopelessly involved. I shuddered involuntarily as the thought struck me that I had some connection with the mystery, else why his intrusion upon me, so premeditated as

it seemed. I reached Troy at noon, and went to my aunt's. I pass over the irrelevant occurrences of Thursday afternoon and Friday. On Friday evening a friend in the Polytechnic called, and invited me to a stroll about town. In the course of our walk we stepped into the Young Men's Christian Association rooms, he belonging to that association. The rooms are bountifully provided with newspapers. I naturally looked for a New Haven paper. In the *Journal and Courier* for Friday, Dec. 20th, I saw the following in the local column: "The children of — Mission School were treated to a festival last night. After recitation of verses, singing, etc., addresses were listened to from Rev. Mr. —, and Mr. —, and Robinson of Yale College. A bountiful collation was then set before the little ones, &c." If then Robinson spoke, as was announced, at — Mission school on Thursday night, he must have left Garrison's landing by the very next train and gone up to New Haven by the P. M. express, arriving in time for the fulfillment of his evident appointment. Possible, thought I, but two such days' performance would kill an ordinary man. On our way down stairs into the street we passed two gentlemen, one of whom looked in the dim light very like Robinson as I had seen him at Garrison's. I should have gone back to verify my impression, had it not seemed on reflection a freak of my over-excited imagination. In the evening, after dinner, I was chatting with my aunt over a pleasant fire, she meantime turning over the leaves of a Yale catalogue, remarking now and then on familiar names. A Mrs. Peters sat in another part of the room, sewing. Mrs. Peters is a sort of house keeper and companion of my aunt. "Mr. S." said she, suddenly, "perhaps you know Mr. Robinson. Of course you do, seein' you're in the same college. He's a very nice young man. I saw him last summer at Mr. B's in Utica, where I stayed before I came here. He stayed there about a week visitin'. He's a great beau. I'm 'fraid he's a little gay, ain't he? Miss B. thought he was *so nice*. He's a little mite of a feller. And did you know he had one black and one gray eye. I noticed it one day and told Miss B., who noticed it too. But oh! such a flirt! He smoked too, dreadfully, and he used to tease Mrs. B., who sent her boy to Yale last fall, talkin' about hazin'. Sowin' his wild oats as all young fellers must, I s'pose." Thus Mrs. Peters,

with a long sigh. It will follow from what she said that a student at Yale with the same name as Robinson, was spending a part of his vacation at the aristocratic Mr. B's of Utica. That he was on intimate terms with the family, was addicted to flirting, smoked, told large stories, in fine, comported himself in a manner as far removed as possible from the Robinson we knew. His friends will vouch for the truth of my statement, viz., that you would never suppose from his general bearing that he was accustomed to the best society, that he never smokes here, never flirts, in fact notably eschews female society; that so far from telling large stories he is an usually reticent man, and that to all appearances he had years ago, in his very infancy, sown what few wild oats he had by innate depravity. I learned from questioning Mrs. Peters, that her Robinson corresponded in every particular to my Robinson, setting aside even the strange coincidence of the names; and there being but one Robinson in college to my knowledge, I was driven to the verge of insanity in finding the clue to the ubiquitous John. "But hold!" thought I, "Mrs. Peters mentioned his having one gray and one black eye; when I see Robinson I'll examine his eyes, and if one be black, the other gray, I see no reason for longer doubting his duality of existence." As to his antecedents, Mrs. Peters knew absolutely nothing. The mystery had now become so interesting that I determined to investigate it thoroughly. I accordingly wrote a friend, who spent the vacation in New Haven, a full account of the Robinson phenomena, asking him to keep an eye on Robinson, and see if any thing remarkable occurred, and saying that on my return to New Haven we would compare notes. On Monday, the 23d, I left Troy for Great Barrington, Mass., where I intended spending the rest of my vacation. The Sunday evening previous, I had written from Troy to a classmate residing in New York on a business matter, telling him to answer at Barrington, and appending the story of Robinson as thus far developed. On Thursday, the 26th I received an answer dated Dec. 25th. The letter so far as it concerned this recital ran thus; "I have been paying a flying visit to Boston and got back yesterday morning. I got into New Haven on the 2:05 train and thought I would stop over until night and come down here on the boat. It was rather lonesome up at college. I saw ———, and little Robinson whom you seem

to think so very mysterious, was there poking about in the most common place way imaginable. I see that in your holiday feasting and, may I add, drinking, your mental man has become enfeebled and susceptible to wild imaginations." Here was perfect evidence that Robinson was in New Haven on the 24th of Dec. But was it? If you will read the accounts of the Angola railway accident of Dec. 18th, you will find among the testimonies of the survivors, that of Mr. John Robinson, which begins, "I left Buffalo on the morning of Dec. 18th, &c." On the 18th of Dec., H. and myself had seen Robinson at the New Haven depot, and on the evening of the same day we saw him at the Academy; on the morning of the 19th I saw him at West Point, and on the evening of the same day he addressed the children of ——— Mission; on the 24th he was in New Haven, and yet John Robinson was at Buffalo on the 17th Dec., and I first noticed the seeming paradox he embodied on the 18th. I have withholden the mention of his appearance at Angola until now, that its total contradiction of the contradiction of the contradictions which I have detailed may appear more vivid in its true relation to the whole mystery. But, say you, John Robinson is a very common name? Bear in mind then that John Robinson is but a fictitious name. The real name of this wonderful individual is a very remarkable one indeed, and if I were warranted in telling it, would add not a little to the strangeness of what you will perhaps call merely a coincidence of names. The surname is an uncommon one, as is also the Christian name. The conjunction of both make the identity of the survivor of the railway massacre almost beyond cavil.

Until the 2nd day of Jan. I watched the papers carefully for intelligence of Robinson, not even omitting the European news column, with a fearful, I must confess, superstition, that the paradoxical John would again obtrude himself at a distance fatal to coincidences. But neither the arrivals by steamer, the registry of the Hotel de Ville, the police news, nor the miscellaneous news column afforded me a glimpse of him.

Jan. 2nd I left Barrington for New Haven. I arrived by the Housatonic road in Bridgeport at 8½ P. M. As I was obliged to wait a couple of hours for the New Haven train, I strolled over to the Atlantic House reading-room. As if fate were directing,

my eye fell upon the following. "Lost between the post-office and South Middle College, a locket marked 'Amelia Dennison.' The finder will be suitably rewarded by leaving the same at No. - South Middle College." No. - was Robinson's room. He has not been out of town, at least recently, thought I. I arrived in New Haven at 11 P. M. I walked to the room of my friend whom I had written from Troy to keep watch of Robinson, pounded his door until I elicited a sleepy hullo from the recesses of his bed-room, and finally got admitted. "Well," said I to my sleepy friend, "how are you, and how about little Robinson? Is he here?" "*Here!* of course he's *HERE*. I can't imagine how you got yourself into such a stew about him. I've kept my eye on him almost beyond the bounds of decency, and he's been here hard at work the whole vacation. There were two or three days perhaps, when I didn't see him, but he was here fast enough. Come turn in, I'm sleepy and it's late." I was just dropping off to sleep when the recollection of what Mrs. Peters said about his eyes struck me. I almost yelled "what color are Robinson's eyes?" "I dunno, pink I guess," (emphasis on pink). A. was intractable, and so I let him alone until morning. The truth that I in this matter-of-fact day had discovered one more mysterious than he of the iron mask, was now forced upon me. I had found a being whose annihilation of space rivalled fairy Puck. There was the possibility of his being enabled by continuous traveling, to appear in various places within small lapses of time, of his having cast about himself for some inexplicable reason, the weed of poverty, of his having purposely slurred the polish of the circle in which he had moved, and as an explanation of many of the phenomena arising from such a concurrence, a possibility of his name and person corresponding minutely to those of the individual whom H. and myself saw in New York, whom I saw at West Point, whom, on sober reflection, I am sure I saw on Friday evening, Dec. 20th at Troy, whom Mrs. Peters saw in Utica in the summer of '67, who, nevertheless, was at Angola on Wednesday, the 18th of Dec. I cannot account for that. All these phenomena except the last, taken separately admit, perhaps, of an explanation, but taken conjointly, it seems beyond reason that one man should embody so many contradictions.

The color of Robinson's eyes became now the all absorbing interest, and I sleeplessly waited for the morning, which, I thought, pregnant with revelation. "If Robinson's eyes are as Mrs. Peters says, one gray, the other black, we have among us," thought I, "a living proof of theories held hitherto to be widely fanciful, a repetition of Lamier's Louis Chapodin." * * At chapel in the morning I watched eagerly for Robinson, and soon the familiar figure came in and took its seat. I could not make out the color of his eyes, he was too far off. I imagined that he glanced at me furtively now and then. Chapel was over and I hurried out so as to get excused from morning recitation, since I had arrived so late the night before. I overtook my division officer just as he was entering the Lyceum, got excused, turned about toward the crowd which was close upon me; not five yards from me Robinson was approaching, talking with a classmate. I looked eagerly for the parti-colored eyes. I could see only the one nearest me. It was gray. The other was turned away, but just before entering the Lyceum he looked up at the clock. I stood not four feet from him, and saw both eyes. The other eye was *black*. My classmates who saw me there that morning may now understand my strange appearance. I felt faint and sick. Whether or not it was an involuntary recognition of the supernatural, a *something* in his look that had never struck me before, I cannot tell. Since that day I have never met Robinson so as to observe anything, and have seldom seen him, except of course at chapel. I have imagined that he shunned me.

Since the above was written, I and several others with me were confirmed in *our* opinion of Robinson, by an incident occurring between the 19th and 20th of January. On Saturday, Jan 19th, while attending evening service at Trinity, I saw Robinson in the opposite gallery. On Wednesday, 22nd, I met him coming out of Hoadley's, wearing his usual mien of patient scrubbiness. Imagine then the amazement (no, not amazement) with which I read the following paragraph in a letter shortly after received from a former member of '69 now in the Patent Office, and post-marked Washington, D. C., Jan. 23; "I was up at the capitol at the evening session of the House last Monday night (the 20th) and in passing through the Rotunda, who in the wide world should I see but little Robinson of '6— He was in company with major

Tisdale of Burnside's old staff, and two ladies, one of them the wife of our member from New Bedford. He was snabbily dressed and sported a tip-top ivory-headed Malacca. The party were looking at the 'Baptism of Pocahontas,' and I heard Robinson say something about neutral tints. Gad! old boy, thinks I, you're coming out in a new role. I met Prof. Newton at Willard's, yesterday, (Wednesday) and mentioned the fact that I had seen Robinson at the capitol, stating that I did'nt know he had left college. The Prof. seemed surprised and said he was still at Yale."

I advance no theories, according to promise, but I am tempted to quote Keat's lines

Have ye souls in Heaven too,
Double-lived in regions new?



"MAKING HAY WHILE THE SUN SHINES."

When weary a rambling
One fine summer's day,
Sweet Bessie sat down
On the fresh scented hay
'Neath the shade of an oak
That with wide spreading arms
Towered high, overlooking
The bay and the farms.
There soothed by the voice
Of the whispering breeze
As it played with the leaves
Of the neighboring trees,
By the bee heavy laden
With wax and with honey,
As caught in the web
Which the spider had spun, he
Buzzed loudly with anger,
The great bumble bee,
Booming drowsily over
The flowers on the lea,
By the soft constant rustle
The grasshoppers made,
By the murmuring flies

That sought the cool shade,
By the voices of mowers
That came from afar,
By the low, distant roar
Of surf on the bar,
By the peace and the joy
On earth and the sea,
She slept, and her dreams—
I dare hope—were of me.
For Love led me thither,
And passing that way
I spied her bright face
On its pillow of hay.
And wondering, delighted,
My start of surprise
Disturbed the sweet sleeper;
She opened her eyes.
I stammered "Forgive me"
And stopped in despair
Standing mute in the presence
Of beauty so rare.
All dewy and blushing
She rose from the place
And roguishly glanced up
At my troubled face.
Then a shout of loud laughter,
A ripple of glee
Restored self-possession
To Bessie and me.
I thought, now or never,
And quickly obeyed
The promptings of passion
That could not be stayed.
Only blushes replied to
My eager request,
Till I drew her bright head
To its place on my breast,
And from the ripe lips
Rosy fountains of bliss,
Received sweet assurance
Of love, in a kiss.

MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

The Month

Of February, with which our record closes, has been altogether barren of important events. The weather in general has been pleasant, though a snow storm at the end furnished the first sleighing of the year, and allowed March to slide in "like a lion," after the good old fashion. Washington's birthday, which came off this year on the 22, was observed, so far as college was concerned, by the omission of the afternoon recitations and lectures, and a protracted "banger rush," or series of rushes, between the two lower classes during the evening. A half-dozen Freshmen have been suspended in consequence,—by the way,—and the faculty have announced that upper-class men who attend rushes, even as spectators, henceforth do it at their peril. Four Sophs, arrested in the rush of Jan. 30, have also been sent away for the rest of the year, and were escorted to the station, when they departed, by their weeping classmates. We understand the faculty offer to take back the unlucky Fresh, if the entire class will promise to behave themselves next year,—a condition too degrading, probably, for freshman acceptance. Thursday, 25, was the "day of fasting and prayer for colleges," and all but the morning recitations were omitted in consequence. Friday, 26, the Seniors began attendance upon Prof. Sanford's medical lectures, which number twenty in all, delivered at the rate of four a week. Prof. Eaton is also delivering for their benefit a few interesting lectures in botany as a sort of supplement to the lessons in geology recited to Prof. Dana. Guyot's History of Civilization in Europe is now recited to Prof. Wheeler in place of Weber's Outlines of History. Hopkins's Law of Love is recited to Prof. Porter, following Stewart's book, in which two or three lessons were given. It thus appears that the Seniors have only used ten different text books the first half of the present term,—and we fear the end is not yet. Prof. Loomis has finished for the present his lectures to the Juniors, but will talk to them about optics next term. The class are now translating from the advance sheets of Prof. Whitney's forthcoming German reader, which is to supersede Lebensbilder, in use last year. Daniel Pratt, Jr., has again been with us, but scorned to "orate" before the slim audiences he found in the two society halls, and so went on his way to the inauguration at Washington. By all odds, the liveliest things of the month, however, have been the

Velocipedes,

Which of themselves ought to make February, 1869, famous in our history. They came to town the first day of the month. "Under the

management of" J. A. Tinkham, the old church, corner of State and Court streets, better known as Sanford's auction room, was turned into a "riding room," and beginners were "at it" day and night for the space of a week. Then the shop-keepers below objected to having the plaster from the walls sprinkled upon them longer, and so "the rink" was closed, and Tinkham (or the small boys who represented him) disappeared. Meanwhile the "Thomas Brothers" had announced the opening of a new "school" in "Literary hall," State street, on Wednesday, 10; on which day the "school" was duly opened, under the direction of a couple of Springfield clerks who had bought out the Thomases. At the end of a very successful week, they too, were obliged to "move on," and so went home with their machines. Thatcher & Co., "ran a rink" at DeGarmo's old dancing hall, 303 Chapel street, for the week ending Feb. 20, but were then forced out of the building, as the others had been from the other places. They, however, soon re-established themselves in the building at the corner of Crown and Park streets, where they still continue. Their present riding room is the best of those above mentioned, and altogether superior to the only other one now in operation,—that established by Hoadley in the basement of Music Hall, Thursday, 18. Hoad. however, was one of the first to introduce the velocipede, and had several machines at his store, ready for outdoor usage, within a day or two of the opening of the first rink on State street. Eli soon followed his example. Thomas Bros. have re-appeared with several machines, which they let from their headquarters, the Madison house on State street, and Oatman, at the Park house on Chapel street, opposite the green, is, we believe, the latest claimant for bicycular profits. A cent a minute is the usual tax, though Hoadley charges at the rate of half a dollar an hour for machines used outdoors, and possibly the terms of some of the others are as low. The thirty or more velocipedes thus at the service of the public are constantly in use, and are earning a neat little sum for their owners. The two rinks close at 10 o'clock in the evening, and unless the weather prevents, ardent velocipedists are driving about the green, or the different streets, until that hour. Machines can be engaged for a single day only in advance, and he must get up very early in the morning who would be sure of a "good choice" for the following day. The walks on the green are naturally the great resort, but the broad sidewalk at the west end of Chapel street is the best course we have yet discovered, while Howe and Dwight streets offer good facilities for riding. A horse hitched beside this latter street was frightened by a college velocipedist, a few days ago, and the circumstance gave the accurate young man who does the "local" for the *Journal & Courier* a chance to display his inventive talent, by the production of a fearfully and wonderfully exaggerated item in reference to the event:

which item is now going the rounds of the press,—to point a moral, etc. A great many people, who, if they haven't been injured by the bicycle, imagine they might have been or may be, and who in any case hate to see others enjoy themselves—have lodged complaints with the authorities, and it is probable that the city fathers may order velocipedes to be kept from the sidewalks altogether,—though no such action has yet been taken, in spite of the rumors. The machines in the riding rooms are mostly poor ones—"good enough for beginners you know"—and cost from fifty to seventy-five dollars. Those rented for out-door use, patented by Pickering, Wood, Monod, Witty and others, are less clumsy, and are supposed to be worth from seventy-five to one hundred and twenty-five dollars; we give the names in the order of merit, as it appears to us, though many account Wood's the best machine. Everyone is waiting for the price to fall before purchasing, and no college man yet boasts a bicycle of his own. all are learning to ride, however, in anticipation of a different state of things next term, when the uninitiated will be altogether behind the times. The LIT. editors are all velocipedists, with the disgraceful exception of a single individual. He perversely pretends to admire the ungainly *three-wheeled* machine, which by its occasional appearances excites the unequalled disgust of all who are capable of appreciating better-things. Even the so-called "skatorial queen" mounts a two-wheeler in going through with her "great velocipede act," at the "calico ball" next week. But we must let the future alone and confine our attention to

The Town Shows

Of the month which is past. The best was the "Lady of Lyons," as presented by Miss Agnes Ethel, on Wednesday, 17. Her part was very well sustained, but on account of its shortness was not as satisfactory as her rendering of Juliet, the month before. She was well supported by Mr. Harkins, whose only fault is a little too frequent inclination to rant, which he should more carefully guard against. We regret the withdrawal of the Gossin brothers from the company, and hope especially that the place of Leslie Gossin will be well supplied when Miss Ethel returns to the welcome which awaits her in March. On the previous Wednesday, Prof. Bailey, after an absence of two years, made his appearance as a reader, and drew out the largest audience of the whole Institute course. Friday, 12, Gen. Kilpatrick lectured about the soldiers, for the benefit of the G. A. R., and the same evening Horace Greeley, at the Universalist church, discussed the woman question, as did also Lucy Stone at the same place a fortnight later. The masked ball of the "D. Y. W. Y. K." took place Tuesday, 9, and M'd'lle Marietta Ravel did the "French Spy," and "Wept of the Wish-ton-wish," on the 18 and 19, Marston and Wor-

cester being managers. The great Levy piped his wonderful cornet-apiston on the evening of college fast day: Mrs. C. G. Howard was "Zoe," fortunately "for one night only," 26, when "that steamboat" was "burned" in a remarkably unnatural manner; and Prof. Boynton concluded with the month a course of six lectures on geology,—more interesting, we presume, than the daily lessons in that great and glorious science. At the close of March, the Richings Troupe are to give us four nights of English opera, and possibly M. Grau may visit the provincial cities "about that time," as the almanacs say.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Since our last issue the following exchanges have been received:

COLLEGE MAGAZINES:—*Beloit College Monthly*, *Christian Union Literary Magazine*, *Dartmouth*, *Griswold Collegian*, *Hamilton Literary Monthly*, *Michigan University Magazine*, *Nassau Literary Magazine*, *Ripon College Days*.

COLLEGE PAPERS:—*Amherst Student*, *Brown Yang Lang*, *Columbia Cap & Gown*, *Cornell Era*, *Crown Point Castalian*, *Delaware Western Collegian*, *Eureka College Vidette*, *Hamilton Campus*, *Hiram Student*, *Indiana Student*, *Iowa University Reporter*, *Lawrence Collegian*, *Madisonensis*, *Miami Student*, *Michigan University Chronicle*, *Monmouth College Courier*, *Pardee Literary Messenger*, *Racine College Mercury*, *Rutgers Targum*, *Shurtleff Qui Vive*, *Trinity Tablet*, *Washington Collegian*, *Wesleyan College Argus*, *Williams Vidette*.

OUTSIDE PERIODICALS:—*Advertisers Gazette*, *American Journal of Philately*, *American Publisher's Circular*, *Arthur's Home Magazine*, *Atlantic Monthly*, *Baltimore Statesman*, *Christian World*, *Cincinnati Medical Repertory*, *College Courant*, *Hearth and Home*, *Journal of Education*, *Littell's Living Age*, *Michigan Teacher*, *Nation*, *Once A Month*, *Overland Monthly*, *Packard's Monthly*, *Round Table*, *Sabbath at Home*, *Schoolmaster*.

We have also received: *Boston Commonwealth*, *Congregationalist*, *Christian Banner*, *Niagara Falls Gazette*.

The *Cornell Era* declares that it is unable to appreciate the joke in the use of the word "Corning", which appeared in the Table of our last number. We should have been somewhat surprised if it could, for we confess that we were unable to see any joke in the matter ourselves. The truth is, it was a mistake which escaped the proof reader's notice, but the printers seem to have thought it intentional. They enclosed it in quotation marks, and it had every appearance of being intended as a piece of facetiousness, which made the error all the more mortifying. We are very sure, however, that it was written *Cornell*, and were it not that our printers are models of sobriety, we should suspect that the error arose from their having been slightly "corned."

The *Era* is decidedly severe upon the *Courant*, for sending a big advertisement and threatening to remove the *Era* from its exchange list, if the advertisement was not inserted. The Cornell folks think their advertising columns of more value than the

privilege of exchanging with the *Courant*, and wax indignant at the assurance of "This King of the College Bohemia." We don't wonder, more especially if, as they say, the *Courant* had "the brazen shamelessness to steal a whole half column" without acknowledgment, a couple of weeks ago.

The *College Argus* of Feb. 25th, also refuses to take the gentle hint of the *Courant*, and do its advertising gratis. We very much fear that our neighbor will have to pay for its advertisements as other people do.

The advertisement in question occupies a whole column of very fine print in the *University Chronicle*. We should judge after glancing over it, that the *Courant* was "worth fifteen millions of dollars to every college student in America," as the Great American Traveler says of one of his circulars.

The *Trinity Tablet* comes to us enlarged, and printed upon very handsome paper, though a trifle too much tinted for our taste. The number is rather better than usual, independently of its exterior, or else our judgement is blinded by its attractiveness to the eye. We are reminded in this connection, that one of our exchanges, which we once called "the best looking" college magazine, and were taken to task for it, probably because we didn't call it the best in other respects, wonders why we don't assume a better dress ourselves. Well, in the first place and mainly, that "old chap on the cover," whose portrait also hangs in Alumni Hall, has stood there for so many years, that he has become identified with the magazine. It would hardly seem the same without him, and his removal would be felt by many of his former and present friends as a real loss. He is a conservative old fellow, and fears that if he got on a more stylish dress, the editors would be tempted to pay more attention to outward apparel than intrinsic worth.

Our new college exchanges are the *Rutger's Targum*, *Castalian* and *Yang Lang*. This last seems to aspire to be a sort of *Punch* among college publications. The idea is novel at least, and we don't see why, aside from the horrid execution of the wood cuts, the experiment may not succeed. We welcome the new comers to the increasing number of college periodicals. We feel a kind of paternal interest in them all, for in a certain sense they are children of ours, though some of them are putting on a good many airs of late.

We have received the *HEARTH AND HOME*, a paper edited by Donald G. Mitchell and Harriet Beecher Stowe. We believe this is one of the most valuable papers for the family, and especially for farmers, that is published. Casually glancing at the contents of a single number, we find the names of such contributors as the following: Mary E. Dodge, O. W. Holmes, William Cullen Bayant, J. P. Thompson, D. D., Grace Greenwood, and others well known, while the first page contains a picture by Thomas Nast. We are proud to remember that Mr. Mitchell in his college days was one of the editors of this magazine. It is needless to say more of the paper before us, after giving the names of some of its contributors. We wish it might reach every family, and especially every farm house in the land.

We are glad to be assured by the *University Chronicle*, that the paragraph concerning the Law School at Ann Arbor, which appeared in our last issue, taken from the *Miami Student*, is calculated to give an erroneous impression of the character of the students and the school. We always supposed that the Law School at Ann Arbor was one of the best in the country. The correspondent of the *Student* seems to have been afflicted with too much cacothesis scribendi, and his reputation for veracity not much better than that of the New Haven *Journal & Courier* when it talks of matters concerning students. Ex. gr. vide the item about the velocipede running into a horse, and the hole which the editor saw.

There was copied in a recent number of the Lrr. a somewhat commendatory notice from the *Ripon College Days*. It seems that this notice by the *Publisher*, was not approved by the *Editor*, who took pains to disclaim its sentiments in a paragraph which has been gleefully copied by the *Courant*. It escaped our notice until our attention was thus called to it, probably because we were more impressed by the typographical than the literary merits of the periodical in question. The joke is a good one we confess. We now beg leave to return our thanks to the *Publisher*, and to express the hope that he will not again permit his kindly feelings to be the source of such undue excitement on the part of his coadjutor.

Our exchanges will confer a favor by giving the following, as wide a circulation as possible. Its publication in different parts of the country, particularly the West, is desirable.

MEMORIALS OF THE RECENT WAR.

By the liberality of a gentleman in New York, a graduate of Yale College in the class of 1848, a sum of money has been placed in our hands for increasing, arranging, and binding the collection in this library of pamphlets, hand-bills, manuscripts, etc., illustrative of the recent war. This collection has received many rare and curious documents by the kindness of graduates and friends of the college, whose opportunities at the North and at the South were particularly good for rescuing from destruction such historical relics. Before proceeding to bind up what has already been accumulated, we solicit further contributions, that a collection designed for permanent reference in so public a place may be as complete as possible. Any thing illustrative of the war will be acceptable, even duplicates of our present possessions being very useful to others in exchange. In New Haven and in New York, we can send for any such contributions, and the cost of transportation from any part of the country will be cheerfully paid.

ADDISON VAN NAME, *Librarian*.

YALE COLLEGE, January, 1869.

The *Nassau Literary Magazine* reminds us that there was a game of base ball "played at Yale in which '69 Princeton was again victorious," and which is not recorded in the list published in our December number. The author of that record expressly stated that it was incomplete and regretted the fact. It was as nearly accurate as it could be made with the means at his command. He assures us, however, that this particular omission was not caused by his "jealousy of Princeton."

In another place the same magazine desires to know "Why the Yale periodicals, and why the New Haven papers are continually making such huge blows at 'poor old Princeton.'" Really! We didn't know that we had formed such bad habits. We can't recall any instances either. But we suppose it must be so since they devote several paragraphs to our admonition and reproof.

So Yale is "jealous of Princeton." If this is true it must be looked after at once. Reflect upon your evil ways, O naughty Alma Mater, and forsake them now and evermore. We haven't been so strongly reminded in a long time of that rather ancient maiden, who, unable to attract the attention of a certain gentleman by ordinary means, succeeded in doing so finally, by declaring with much emphasis that he had insulted her.

The *Courant* quite outdid itself in its review of our last number, which for the most part was tolerably just. We acknowledge the compliment which it pays to the labors of the present Lrr. Editors, and are quite ready to return it; all the more so as we can say with perfect truth, that in the hands of the present undergraduate editors, their depart-

ment of the *Courant* has been infinitely better than at any time in its history, unless perhaps in the hand of the editorial corps of '66, its founders. We were somewhat amused, however, with its condescending notice of our December number, in which it modestly ascribed what improvement it was pleased to discover in the *LIT.* to *its own advice and criticisms*. This "reminds us of a story." Once upon a time, there was an individual sane upon most points but persuaded that everything he saw or heard was of his own production. This peculiarity, as was natural, gave his friends a great deal of trouble, and was frequently the cause of much amusement to others. On one occasion he was at the theatre, and toward the close of the performance a thunder storm coming up, suddenly a tremendous peal, sharp and prolonged, reverberated through the building. Every body was startled, and as the echoes died away, a silence like that of the grave succeeded, during which our friend, delighted at the effect, sprang up and clapping his hands in high glee, shouted "*That's my thunder! That's my thunder!*"

If our thunder is a good article it does not make much difference, we suppose, how much of it our modest neighbor takes the credit for.

P. S.—By special agreement—"swipes"—with the *Courant* editors, we are to write the review of this number of the *LIT.* ourselves. Look out for a spicy criticism.

The *Cap and Gown* announces the abolition of the marking system at Columbia college and contains the new regulations for discipline and the determination of standing in scholarship. The latter is to be decided by examination only, and students who are absent from one-fourth of the college exercises are not to be allowed to enter the examinations. It is needless to say that this experiment will be watched with very great interest by the officers and students of other colleges. Opinions seem to be divided as to whether it will prove a successful reform or not. For ourselves we have no hesitation in saying that we regard the action Columbia has taken as worthy of general imitation. We have recently heard much said about reform in college studies. By some writers an eclectic system is loudly demanded in a manner indicating their belief that all that is needed to ensure high scholarship and to perfect our American colleges, is that students shall be permitted to choose for themselves what studies they will pursue. Others demand that more attention shall be paid to the practical sciences and less to the languages of antiquity. It has long seemed to us, however, that it was of far less importance *what* we study than *how*. At present, many students slide through a college course and secure their degree without acquiring either mental discipline, or any knowledge worth considering, of the studies they have gone over. They simply study enough to get through the daily recitations, no matter how, and manage the examinations much the same way. For such students, those who will not work any how, the present system is perhaps as good as could be devised. But we are of the opinion, that it is not the highest end of American colleges to supply this class with degrees obtained with the least possible labor. To make first rate scholars is a more important object. Were the marking system abolished we should expect that about half of each class would "cut" all the recitations they dared to for the first term, just as German students are said to waste their first year of new found freedom at the Universities. But those who did attend would go to learn. The instructors would spend the hour not in finding out how little the students know about the lesson, but in imparting information, in clearing up the dark places, in really giving instruction. What a glorious opportunity would be afforded to ask questions, and thoroughly sift subjects to the bottom. How much time would be saved, that we now waste in idly listening to the blunders of some and the tedious recitations of others. Subjects would be studied, not merely detached lessons got up for the Professor's benefit in the recitation

room only to get high marks. Worthier motives than marks would be the student's incentive. Manliness and self-reliance would take the place of the boyishness that is now so marked an element of student character.

We have been much interested in Mr. Keep's article in the *New Englander*, on the "System of Instruction at West Point;" more particularly in the part which discusses the advantages of the system of transfers. We are glad to note the introduction of something similar here, which we suppose is the design in the division according to scholarship lately made in two lower classes. In addition to the many advantages claimed for this system by the author, we have in mind another, which our own experience has convinced us is no less important than those specified. It is possible that in this way something might be done to check the disgraceful practice of "skinning" as it is called in college slang, which being translated, means stealthily using the text-book or other aids in recitation.

The extent of this practice in college is very great, and it seems to increase the longer a class remains. Seniors, who might be supposed to have attained that degree of manly self-respect which would prevent their engaging in any thing that would disgrace them if discovered, are often the most skilled and inveterate "skinners" in the college community. The evil appears to be positively incurable under the present organization of classes. While the marking system is continued, some new schemes must be put in operation, if the instructors would determine correctly the rank of individual students. And by the way, there can be no better commentary on the inexpediency of that system than the proceedings that we witness in the class room at every recitation. It is possible however, that some improvement might be had, by separating the classes in divisions according to scholarship, with a judicious system of transfers. In putting the first scholars by themselves, perhaps such an *esprit du corps* might be created, that this disreputable means of maintaining a stand would be frowned upon by the students themselves, at least in the first divisions. The hard workers naturally feel disinclined to tolerate a practice that puts idlers on the same level, as we have frequently heard them declare. But their sentiments are now freely expressed because they find they compose but a small minority.

In fact, the good scholars become tainted themselves, so great is the influence of bad examples. Men are imitative beings, to hazard an original remark, and so are students. Witness the universal deference that we pay to college "custom." And if you still doubt the fact, some morning on your way to prayers just as the last bell has begun ringing, start from a remote corner of the college yard and rush frantically for the chapel door, and then stand there and witness the effect upon the crowd of students who were just before leisurely moving in the same direction. Our word for it if you act your part well, the chapel will be filled with a waiting audience long before the bell has finished tolling; and after seeing every student that was in sight safely in, you will have an abundance of time to laugh over your experiment, and then march majestically to your seat before the service begins. Not so very much difference after all, between ourselves and that flock of sheep that followed their leader one after another over the low railing of a bridge into the water. The sheep followed their natural leaders; but many students of the best intentions originally, "go it blind" and following the laziest fellows in the class, learn to "skin" sedulously. Some, indeed, whose eyes are fully open to the enormity of the practice, are yet occasionally weak enough to yield to the temptation, to their future regret. Gladly would we hail any system that would put an end to the practice, and bring once more to their proper level those whose names dishonestly figure high on the list of appointments. *Hinc ille lachrymae!*

It would doubtless be interesting to know how many who in Freshman year looked with abhorrence upon the practice, now regularly follow it, and to learn by what species of casuistry they justify their change of conduct. The excuse that used to be given—*now* no one thinks of apologizing—was commonly worded somewhat after this fashion: "I am not studying for stand. All I wish is to keep from being dropped. I am not trying to get ahead of any one else." However plausible for laziness to excuse guilt, on the plea that it affects no one else, the excuse cannot apply to those who use this means of getting and maintaining an oration, much less a philosophical stand. We wonder if some of our Phi Beta Kappa, and other appointment men, when they tell what stand they took in college, will also carefully relate the means they employed for the purpose. Of course they will, however, for doubtless "we are all *honorable* men." The college prints lists of appointments supposed to indicate degrees of merit in the faithful performance of duty. What a creditable thing it is to obtain a place on the list by "skinning." How proudly in after life may we think of such success. Those of us, for example, who last term closed an honorable and successful career in "skinning" (what a disagreeable word it is when you come to write it) by passing our examinations in the same way without being detected; and came off triumphantly with a "high oration stand," while our more honest or less daring comrades often did poorly in recitation and poorly in examination.

But to return to what we started to say in the beginning; we believe that such a system of division according to scholarship, would remove from the better class of scholars the temptation to use improper aids. Those in the first divisions who "skinned" ought to be and probably would be kicked out of the class. It might also be considered disgraceful to climb up from a lower division by such means, and consequently those that are ambitious would have to gain their desired places on the appointment list by honest work. As for the rest—the poor scholars by nature and practice, their examples could not injure so many others as now, if they still persisted in keeping in college by the use of such means. At any rate the system is worthy of trial on this account alone, to say nothing of many other recommendations, not the least of which is, that it would allow those whose scholarship has improved during the last part of the course to manifest such improvement by climbing up into the first division. It would remove the Greek or Latin or Mathematical millstone from their necks, and give them a chance to rise which they do not now have. As matters now are, that man must be a marvel of industry, who, not doing well in the first two years of the course, can rise to a respectable place in the two last; while it does seem as if the reputation for scholarship that some men acquired in Freshman year carried them along over innumerable poor recitations without materially affecting their standing.

A friend reminds us that the issue of this number, Wednesday, March 3d, marks the close of Pres. Johnson's administration—a date perhaps of some historical importance. To-night is the last which the late "greatest criminal of the age" according to the Impeachers, will spend at the White House.

VOL. XXXIV.

NO. VI.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED

BY THE

Students of Yale College.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque VALENSIS
Cantabant Sorores, unanimique PATRES."

APRIL, 1869.

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THE
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VOL. XXXIV.

APRIL, 1869.

No. VI.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '69.

LYMAN H. BAGG,

HENRY V. FREEMAN,

EDWARD G. COY,

HENRY W. RAYMOND,

EDWARD P. WILDER.

PINCHBECK.

THE one aim and object of most people's existence seems to be the keeping up of appearances. Their single ambition is to pass for what they are not and to keep secret what they are. What they are is therefore to them of no possible consequence. What others think them to be is everything. For reputation and glory and public applause no price can be too dear. But that quiet satisfaction which results from being genuine they can neither appreciate nor comprehend. They may, to be sure, profess an admiration for gold and a contempt for pinchbeck; but their professions are no more real than themselves, and they deceive nobody;—unless we so far qualify this as to admit that they do sometimes deceive themselves. For there are those who really think they detest sham in every shape, at the very time that their own persons offer shining examples of it.

Our views respecting this matter are decidedly radical ones, and can hardly fail of being distasteful to the many whom they will impliedly censure; for of all the rare birds known to mortals a thoroughly genuine man we take to be one of the rarest. Not only do we endorse the sentiment, that all's not gold that glitters,

but we are almost ready to add that all that does glitter is pinchbeck. We do not say this, however, because a little of the glitter whereby men's eyes are dazzled does come from real gold after all. It is easy to instance, as examples, men of various sorts who are notoriously insincere, and were we disposed to stop here, no one would be aggrieved at our words; as we shall not do this, however, the case may be different.

A real scholar and genuine scholarship we heartily admire; their opposites we dislike. But we are very far from admiring a "high stand" man, even though he be a scholar as well. "Stand" is another name for pinchbeck. Why should a real scholar pay any attention to it? Satisfied that he knows his lessons, why should he care to appear to know them? Why should he "cram" for an examination? Why should he display his "got up" rather than real knowledge? Why should he "make up" a lesson? Why, in fine, should he resort to the numberless petty expedients for gaining a "stand," which do not in the least assist real scholarship? The only possible answer to these questions is, To keep up appearances; and a scholar who cares for appearances is not genuine.

What induces men to engage in the various prize contests of college? It *may* be the value of the money, or, in the case of the debates, the desire of practice which can be gained in no other way. But no one supposes that these are the ruling or the only motives, except in very exceptional cases. It is the itching for notoriety, for acknowledged superiority, that urges men on. They have no particular desire to do well, but only to excel others. To take a prize is of altogether more importance than to deserve one. To appear wise is a far more imperative duty than to act honestly. The whims and idiosyncrasies of judges are not very difficult to learn, and attention paid to them is not very apt to go unrewarded. What seeker for glory ever knowingly disregards them, however distasteful they may be to his own honest ideas? To do his best under all circumstances is the duty of everyone. With what reason, then, can a man, who allows outside considerations of expediency and public opinion to swerve him from the course which his judgment approves, profess to be sincere?

"Prizes," therefore, are pinchbeck even more generally than "stands"; or in other words are less often gained by those

who do not directly seek them. In all the foregoing we have made no reference to the directly dishonest modes of acquiring reputation, as that belongs to another subject, and is of course included under our broader generalization whereby all seekers for public repute are denounced as lacking in sincerity. Having thus, as it seems, brought out with sufficient clearness the two points already made, on which we expect few will openly agree with us, it remains to consider certain other shams, the pinchbeck glitter of which is less brilliant and less able to escape detection by the many.

Pinchbeck religion has been sneered at often enough,—perhaps too often when compared with the treatment of other shams quite as prevalent but less easily detected. Men whose sole claim to sincerity lies in a genuine hatred of things holy, naturally like to ridicule those who, with all their pious professions, are really no better than themselves, and so are worse. On the score of consistency, therefore, we deprecate the habit of ridiculing make-believe religion and admiring every other species of make-believe at the same time. Yet in an absolute sense nothing is more despicable than an insincere professor of religion. How common they are all know. And the pity is that all do not know how common are other species of pretense; or, if they know, do not visit them with the same deserved contempt.

We can hardly speak of “pinchbeck” popularity, because we cannot conceive of a genuine man being “popular,” in the college sense, without “committing intellectual suicide,”—if we may be pardoned so learned a phrase,—and it would be foolish to find fault with “popularity” for being what it is. No popular man can afford to be independent or regardless of public opinion, and no genuine man can well fail on occasion of being both; so that the attempt to reconcile these two utterly inconsistent characters is altogether useless. Yet as there are degrees in everything, even in pinchbeck, it may be well to allude to certain differences between “popular” men, that are frequently observable. The failing of many in this respect is a passive rather than an active one. They refrain from doing what they ought, lest their “popularity” be lessened, though they may at the same time scorn to take any active means to create or increase it; and they are apt to despise that much larger class of “popular” men who do resort to these means for “keeping up appearances.” And here we turn aside

from our subject to remark, that of all failures in this world, the failure of the man who tries to be popular, and doesn't succeed, is the most contemptible; and that, of all the sham characters which college men sustain, the "popular" one, though oftenest derided and condemned, is after all the least open to censure.

"The money question" suggests to us many examples of pinchbeck, as a matter of course. What a genuine generosity prompts men to subscribe large amounts for objects in which they have no possible interest! and to "treat" friends whom they cordially hate! Whether it be done through the active desire of being considered liberal or the passive dread of being considered mean, the motive is the same: "Appearances, appearances are everything." How often, too, do these large-hearted gentlemen perform charitable acts in private! how freely part with their treasure where no "pressure" is applied, and no one is to hear of their action! Then, too, the poor men who want to appear rich, and the close-calculating men who want to appear recklessly lavish, are characters whom we have always with us. Men these are who inhabit meanly-furnished rooms in out-of-the-way localities, and subsist at obscure third-boarding houses, that they may be enabled to "cut a swell" in public, give champagne suppers, wear good clothes, drive stylish turnouts, attend fashionable performances, "go into society," perhaps (or into societies—where they do not pay their taxes), and, in a word,—pass for what they are not. Men these are who, not stinting themselves in the matter of board and lodging, run up debts which they have no means of paying, simply that they may be enabled to "hold up their heads with the rest" and keep up appearances. Supposing their furniture and their clothes, and their jewelry, and their money even, do belong to some one else, what difference does it make so long as it is not known? When a man scrimps himself for a year at college, that he may play the role of "a young gentleman of means" for a brief week or two at Saratoga or Long Branch, he becomes "an awful example," to be sure; but yet, after all, the ones who justly deride him are apt to differ from him only in degree; for perhaps among their number may be found the man given over to kid-gloves, embroidered shirt-fronts and abundant jewelry, who tells us with the most heart-breaking sigh that he "really isn't able to pay us the three dollars he promised last summer in support of the Lit."

Mock refinement and pinchbeck gentility, as they prevail in the social world outside, need not be dwelt upon, except in so far as, from their being better understood, they may serve to illustrate their counterparts which prevail among us. How many ever regard "politeness" as anything more than a mere formality, to be observed or disregarded according to circumstances? How many can honestly claim that they have but a single set of "good manners" for all persons and places? How many, in a word, are in the habit when before their fellows of conducting themselves naturally rather than artificially in their social usages?

Esse quam Videri shares the fate of many other excellent maxims in being agreed to by all and lived up to by none. Like those others, too, it is when an abstraction rather than when exemplified in a concrete instance, that its force is most readily admitted. A genuine man is, after all, never very generally liked, and, in some cases, not very much respected even, spite of the prevalent idea to the contrary. The reason of this is easily to be seen. In a world of gilt and tinsel, of pinchbeck glitter and meretricious display, the man who prefers to be rather than to seem, who finds more satisfaction in following out his own ideas of things than in keeping up appearances, exposes himself to the charge of self-conceit. In the common opinion, he, certainly, must have a very exalted view of his own powers and deserts, who thinks his own approval of more importance than the world's applause. The opinion is in a measure a just one, and the inference that the man who thinks well of himself is therefore conceited, is as natural as false.

Contrast it is which alone makes pleasure possible. Rareness it is which creates the idea of value. If college life abounds in shams and counterfeits and make-believes, their existence serves only to impress more forcibly upon those who can appreciate, a sense of the true worth of things honest and genuine. And if, as we firmly believe, a man without pretense or affectation, is of mortal things the rarest, we may well be content, when we find such a one, to overlook the many faults and imperfections which in common with the rest of men he may be possessed of, and to rejoice heartily in the assurance which his friendship gives us, that the metal called gold, though not often circulated, still exists, and that it is better, upon the whole, than its more abundant pinchbeck substitute.

LAST FOURTH.

I never stood on burning deck, and watched the flames roll high,
I never chopped an apple tree to prove I could n't lie,
But I've had one sad experience,—and spare me now your smiles
If I say 't was all included in a trip to Thimble Isles.

'T was Friday night, July the third, in eighteen sixty-eight,—
Henceforth to me, while memory lasts, 't will be the darkest date,—
That I hailed a car on Chapel street and duly reached the wharf
Where a dozen jolly Juniors were ready to move off.

We went on board our gallant craft and quickly raised the sail ;
There was no wind, but just outside 't was blowing quite a gale :—
At least so said the owners, with the idea that thus
They'd start us on our journey, and raise the wind from us.

And fearing that their craftiness might soon discovered be
They towed us out and left us where we couldn't reach the quay ;
So we drifted to a coal barge and lashed there for the night,
Whose darkness we had planned to 'scape by lying off the Light.

While waiting here, some swam about, some rowed off with the yawl,
And when we thought a breeze had come, they were beyond recall ;
Like very snails the heavy hours along did slowly creep,
Till with a sigh for home, sweet home, we all went off to sleep.

I crawled out from the fore-castle as my watch struck half-past four,
Or rather was struck, by the chap who punched me with an oar ;
Our ship was bounding gaily over the bright blue sea,
That sparkled round the outer Light, rising close upon our Lee.

And so we sailed full many a mile before the fav'ring breeze,
And talked and joked and dozed may be, as careless as you please ;
The sardines and the lemons, which made up our good cheer,
We used, the first for solid food, the last for "liquid smear,"

And when we reached the Islands, where of old the Thimbles grew,
We duly celebrated, with "a thimbleful or two" ;
Then practised mathematics in a regal billiard shed,
Took in more "smear," and started on to find the "fun ahead."

We got it, and at last we reached the house on Indian Point,
A cursed spot where all our plans fell quickly out of joint,
For here the crew ate lotos, and so forgot that they
Were members of the college, lying twenty miles away.

They went to sleep beneath the trees, and slumbered sound indeed ;
In vain I kicked and pounded them—they paid no sort of heed ;
Till finally when the breeze went down, and I with rage did choke,
They came back to the world again, and one by one awoke.

And then we swallowed supper, for some one else prepared,—
“All a mistake, on honor,” we each and all declared,—
And having bolted down the grub we bolted out the door
And stretched ourselves upon the rocks which lined the quiet shore.

While here we lay, and smoked, and joked, and tried to be at ease,
And made believe that the sultry air gave symptoms of a breeze,
A gray-haired bummer tackled us, and said he'd like to hear
Some more psalm tunes, like unto those they'd piped to him last year.

So, while the moonlight silvered all, and the stars did brightly shine,
“We poured our off'rings at his feet and sung of 'Sixty-Nine' ;
Which pleased the aged reprobate, and made him say “Aha !
Come boys, your training fits you for positions at the bar.”

No breeze came up, so we went down and crawled aboard the yacht ;
Some went to sleep as if they were contented with their lot.
The “Beast” had seized my bunk below, and hence it was that I
Longed vainly for the downy couch awaiting me on High.

With sleepless eye I there watched out the closing of the week ;
In helpless rage I heard the train hold up at Stony Creek,
And then roll on New Haven-wards—alas ! I am afraid
Some thought I swore, when I thus sung “Sardines and Lemonade :”

“O little fishes, ‘biled in ile,’
Ye wanderers from Sardinia's strand,
I've lived upon you all the while
Since, overcome by art and guile,
I parted from the land.

“O yellow lemons, pulpy fruit,
Ye natives of a southern clime,
Your juice my powers does recruit,—
My life 't has kept, without dispute,
Unto the present time.

“O fish and lemons, food and drink
You have two days supplied.
On land, well fed, of you I'd think
With scorn, but here on ruin's brink
'T is unsafe to deride.

"O fruit and herrings, who can know
How high your value does appear
Unto the starving sailor? Ho!
The morning dawns, I'll go below,
And take another 'smear.'"

The holy day rolled on apace, and our good ship rolled too,
But did n't move, because alas! no favoring breezes blew.
They came at last, and when once more our craft got under weigh
The thought of chapel prayers and marks quite filled us with dismay.

How passed the day—since pass it did—I really cannot tell,
I did n't die, nor did I live, for "to live" is "to be well";
Some say a solid can of milk I caused to disappear,—
I only know I swallowed what they gave to me as "smear."

The Light was passed, home was in sight, when now just off the fort
My comrades, fiends in human shape, stopped for a little sport;
They stopped to have "just one more swim," and when they'd ceased their play
The wind which had been helping us, had now died quite away.

Those last two miles! Borne by the tide we drifted to the quay,
Whence we had moved, two nights before, with spirits fresh and free.
But now, how changed! Sunburned, begrimed, choked, hungry, tired, sore,
We tottered to our rooms, uptown, glad that our Fourth was o'er.

Perhaps some thought 't was jolly fun; if so, *Chacun son gout*
I say to all who've listened to this tale so sad and true;
If they care to try it over, I will certainly agree
In peace to let them do so, but when it comes to me,

I'll stand whole weeks on burning decks, and fight the flames on high;
I'll chop whole cords of apple trees, and say "I cannot lie";
I'll even (believe me) do my best to read old *Courant* files,
Before I'll ever sail again to those cursed Thimble Isles.

TWO PAPERS.

THE number of journalistic enterprises annually undertaken and abandoned in this country is so great as to seem almost incredible to one unacquainted with the facts. Few ever reflect that for every such enterprise which succeeds, a score, almost, fail and are forgotten. The warnings such failures give seem generally forgotten also. Personal experience is apparently the only cure for the man who believes that, whatever may have been the fortunes of others, *he* at least can make a success of this or that kind of periodical. It is sometimes interesting, therefore, to observe the early career of a journal which finally succeeds, and to note how the obstacles in its pathway are avoided or overcome. Of the numerous attempts to establish in this country independent, influential weeklies of a higher class, the sole surviving representatives are the *Two Papers* of which we are about to speak, and which, though widely different in character, we venture thus to class together, on account of their having fought their way into public notice and esteem at about the same time, and in the face of the same hostility of the established newspaper press.

The *Round Table* put forth its first number Dec. 19, 1863, on a sixteen-page sheet of the size of *Harper's Weekly*, which form was preserved until the close of the six-months' volume, June 11, 1864. It had as a sub-title, "A weekly record of the notable, the useful and the tasteful." Its publishers were H. E. & C. H. Sweetser, and its subscription price five dollars per annum. With the number for June 18 a new volume was begun, the size of the sheet reduced one-third, the price reduced to four dollars, the sub-title omitted, and smaller type employed as a partial compensation for the smaller area. Only six numbers were put forth in this form, for with the issue of July 23, being No. 32 from the beginning, the publication of the paper was suspended, for reasons to which we shall revert hereafter. Thirteen months later it was revived, putting forth the first number of its new series Sept. 9, 1865, on a sixteen-page sheet of a size intermediate between the two before employed, and identical with that still in use. Its price was advanced to six dollars. Its heading, and its publishers

remained unchanged. With the issue of April 14, 1866, Henry E. Sweetser withdrew from the paper. For three weeks his former partner alone conducted it. Then, May 5, Dorsey Gardner was admitted to a share in the management. Three months more, Aug. 11, and Henry Sedley purchased a controlling position in the enterprise. Another three months, Nov. 17, and Charles H. Sweetser, the real founder of the journal, withdrew. At the close of 1868 Mr. Sedley, by purchasing the interest of his partner, became sole proprietor of the paper. The literary services of Mr. Gardner, however, were still retained. With the issue of Aug. 25, 1866, the sub-title "A Saturday Review of Literature, Society, and Art" was appended. "Politics" was added a year later, and "Finance" at the beginning of the seventh volume, Jan., 1868. The heading was changed Jan. 26, 1867, and again, a month later to the form which was retained till the close of '68. With the first issue of 1869, the sub-title became, "Devoted to Home and Foreign Affairs, Books, Amusements, Society, and Art," while a figure of Justice, standing upon a round table in a library, also found a place in the heading. At this time, also, the page was divided into two columns in place of three which had been the rule before, and the price reduced to five dollars. The year 1866 was divided unequally between Vols. 3 and 4,—the former having seven months, the latter five,—but thereafter the volumes began regularly with January and July. Vol. 4 was the first one supplied with title-page and index. Advertisements appeared on the outside pages for the first few numbers, were banished to the rear till June, 1866, but then restored to their old position and have held it ever since. The minor typographical changes have been many, and the whole "make-up" of the paper altered again and again. Phair & Co. were the printers previous to the suspension, White & Ross for the first six months or so thereafter, when John A. Gray & Green, who have since held the position, succeeded them. Of the proprietors, Henry E. Sweetser, graduated at Yale in '58, and is now in the *World* office. He was its reputed "arithmetic man" during the last Presidential campaign. Charles H. Sweetser—cousin of the other, we may remark, to correct the common statement that the two are brothers—graduated at Amherst in '62, and since leaving the Round Table has established in succession at New York the

Evening Gazette, *Evening Mail*, and *City*,—the second of which alone survives. Dorsey Gardner went through freshman year at Yale in the class of '64, and for a time, before joining the Round Table, pluckily fought the Camden and Amboy monopoly through the *Trenton Monitor*, long ago sunk like its namesake. The writers have been anonymous, though for the year following the revival of the paper, initials were appended to many of the articles. From a partial list of contributors during the first six months of its existence, published in No. 26, and from other sources, we can select names enough to show the paper has drawn considerable support from Yale: Professors Porter, Whitney, Fisher, Gilman and Van Name; Charles Astor Bristed of '39, Donald G. Mitchell, *LIT.* editor of '41, Charles D. Gardette of '51, Edmund C. Stedman of '53, George W. Trow, of '58, Eugene Schuyler of '59, William H. Hurlbut, Luther M. Jones, and Julius H. Ward of '60, E. R. Sill, *LIT.* editor of '61, Robert K. Weeks of '62, S. W. Duffield, *LIT.* editor of '63, and so on. Among well known city journalists who supported it were T. B. Aldrich, George Arnold, Joseph Barber, Eugene Benson, A. L. Carroll, L. Gaylord Clark, C. B. Conant, D. G. Croly, S. R. Fiske, J. K. Medbery, P. F. Nicholson, W. C. Prime, C. D. Shanly, Wirt Sikes, R. H. Stoddard, G. A. Townsend, George Wakeman and William Winter. Other notable contributors were Professors Anthon of Columbia, Chadbourne of Bowdoin, and Tyler of Amherst; Reverend Doctors Adams, Osgood, Shaff and Winslow; Joel Benton, G. Ticknor Curtis, William A. Hammond, George S. Hilliard, R. J. Hinton, W. D. Howells, Charles Lanman, Robert C. Winthrop; Mrs. Croly, Miss Kate Field, Miss Harriet Prescott, and George B. McClellan (formerly of the U. S. A.). Moncure D. Conway was for a long time its London correspondent, while Dr. R. Shelton Mackenzie fulfilled a like office in Philadelphia. We presume that a majority of the persons named still contribute to the paper, though many of them undoubtedly no longer do so.

The Nation put forth its first number July 6, 1865. It consisted of 32 double-column pages, with the two folds stitched together, and its price was three dollars per annum. At the beginning of its second quarter, Oct. 5, this price was doubled, having been put so extremely low at the start in order to give the

paper a wide circulation at the very outset and make people acquainted with its character, in the belief that when its value once became known it would be retained at any price. Nothing but a very large capital, and a proportionate amount of faith, could have allowed so costly an experiment. The result, however, proved it a successful one. On the first of May, 1866, the price was reduced to five dollars, at which figure it has since remained. Beginning with that month also the time of publication was changed. Instead of a 32 page weekly, issued Thursday, a 16 page semi-weekly, issued Tuesday and Friday, appeared. This plan was tried for only two months, however, and with the beginning of the third volume, and second year, July 5, 1866, the paper became a weekly of 20 pages, stitched; and this form with occasional additional pages, has since been retained. For the first year "large paper" of a very superior quality was employed; since then the ordinary kind has been used, and the size of the page a trifle reduced; the reduction being in the margin only, as the size of the "form" has remained unchanged from the first. The "make-up" has been several times varied, but the typography is the same as at the start. There has never been any change in or addition to the simple heading, but on the title-page, which with index has accompanied each volume, the Nation is said to be "A Weekly Journal devoted to Politics, Literature, Science, and Art." It was published for a little more than a year by Joseph H. Richards, formerly of the *Independent*, after that by E. L. Godkin & Co., who we presume are its present proprietors, as well as editors; the "Co." being in part, and perhaps wholly, represented by Wendell P. Garrison, assistant editor from the outset. The paper was begun with a capital of \$100,000, and when, about the time of the change in publishers we believe, some of the stockholders became dissatisfied and appointed a receiver to arrange about the withdrawal of their shares, its entire valuation was set at about half that sum, and the paper unless we are mistaken passed wholly into the hands of its present publishers. Mr. Godkin, the chief editor, mover, manager, and perhaps proprietor, in the enterprise from the start, is an Englishman by birth, and enjoyed considerable journalistic reputation previous to his splendid success in conducting the Nation. Mr. Garrison, son of the famous abolitionist of long ago, graduated at Harvard

in the class of '61. Among the Nation's writers, Yale has had several representatives: Professors Porter, Whitney, Gilman, Brewer and Packard; Rev. Dr. J. P. Thompson, *Lit.* editor of '38, C. A. Bristed and C. J. Stillé of '39, C. L. Brace of '46, F. B. Perkins of '50, E. C. Stedman of '53, Eugene Schuyler and T. R. Lounsbury of '59, J. H. Ward of '60, and so on. No other American weekly was ever able to boast a list of contributors in all respects so famous, as witness the not altogether obscure names of Henry W. Longfellow, James Russell Lowell, John G. Whittier, Charles E. Norton, Henry T. Tuckerman, Francis Lieber, Goldwin Smith, Edmund Quincy and Bayard Taylor. Of journalists, belonging to the city and elsewhere, may be mentioned, Eugene Benson, Joel Benton, C. B. Conant, C. T. Congdon, C. C. Hazewell, W. D. Howells, C. G. Leland, J. K. Medbery, Henry Sedley, R. H. Stoddard, Theodore Tilton, Richard Grant White. Other notable contributors are Professors Child, Gray, Gurney, and Torrey of Harvard, Dwight, Joy and Greene of Columbia, Tayler Lewis of Schenectady, and Tyler of Michigan; Judges Daly of New York, Bond of Baltimore, and Wayland of New Haven; Rev. Drs. McClintock and Bellows; Drs. William A. Hammond and John Winslow; Henry Winter Davis, George P. Marsh, Charles Lanman, Frederic Law Olmstead, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Robert J. Hinton, James Redpath, Henry James, O. B. Frothingham, C. L. Flint, H. Carey Lea, James Parton, C. P. Cranch, Gaston Fay, Russell Sturgis, Jr., Aubrey de Vere, Julia Ward Howe, Phœbe Cary, and Gail Hamilton. Its London correspondent has been, all along, Edward Dicey, while Auguste Laugel is supposed to fulfil a like duty in Paris. With few exceptions the Nation's articles have been anonymous, and most of our names are taken from a list published at the close of the second volume. We have mentioned but a fraction of the list then given, and though its corps of writers is undoubtedly far more extended and complete now than then, the Nation has never again referred to them, and, in fact, has never referred to its own management and prospects, in any way whatever, more than a half-dozen times in the whole course of its existence; presenting in this respect, as in many others, a notable contrast to the Round Table, which used to indulge habitually in "a few words personal," every month or two, and keep the public informed "how it was getting along."

We have been thus minute and explicit in presenting these perhaps trifling facts in regard to the two papers, because they of themselves serve in part to explain wherein they differ, and also to render more intelligible the remarks which we propose to offer concerning them. A writer of two years ago, in making a comparison, likened them, somewhat fancifully, to the two sexes, but yet said much of truth in remarking :

“The Round Table, with its charming toilette, its precocious pretensions, its gossiping habit, its spasmodic courage, its fascinating fickleness, its superficial smartness, and its unorganic politics, surely belongs to the fair and tender sisterhood. While the Nation, indifferent to costume, broader and deeper in philosophies, stronger in purpose and in grasp, learned beyond usefulness, and dignified often, if not almost, to dullness, offers both the strong and the weak points of the Adam-ic side of the race. * * * The two papers are certainly quite dissimilar, each having strong characteristics ; each with striking merits, each with as pronounced defects. The Nation is clearly working into the first place, for it is built on broader foundations—it sweeps over a wider field ; it touches more nearly the real American thought and heart in politics—the Round Table being prone from the start to that peculiar sort of American political thinking and acting for which there is no more expressive word than McClellanism, while the Nation, disappointing the extreme one-ideaism and impracticability of some of its founders, yet stands sturdily for all that is wise and generous and independent and liberal in our political progress, and it has more nearly found its field and its power, and the instrumentalities for working both, alike to the advantage of itself and the public. But the Round Table is no despicable rival ; it has some charming ways of its own ; and it is the first of the two to get on to a self-supporting footing.”

The “first place,” into which the Nation was said to be working, two years ago, it long ago gained. It holds it to-day all the more clearly from the fact that the two papers came gradually to trench each upon the field of the other, and by this means enabled a sharper comparison to be drawn between them. At the time when the remarks above quoted were written, one might not unfairly describe the two, in a broadly general way, by

calling the Nation a political journal which touched on literature, and the Round Table a literary journal which touched on politics. Today the distinction cannot as plainly be drawn. In this progress toward one another, the Nation has gained more by becoming "literary," than the Round Table has by becoming "political." An observation of the course pursued by each in regard to public matters will show the correctness of this latter remark.

Both papers set out with the idea of being "independent in all things." The Nation, however, recognizing the fact that political parties are necessities, and that reforms must, after all, be worked out through their agency, allied itself to the party with whose ideas it felt most in sympathy. But while avowing its Republican principles, it has always been absolutely independent of party influence,—a thing which we do not believe can be truly said of any other journal in the country,—and has shocked the sensibilities of its political friends again and again, by its audacious exposures of Republican corruption and iniquity. Turning its back altogether upon the Democrats, as on beings without hope, it has fought with all its might to make the Republican party respectable; lashing with its "whip of scorpions" the knaves and imbeciles and "war horses," and exposing by its potent logic the villainy, or the recklessness, or the silliness of their schemes and plans. This course has gained for it the enmity of many, but the respect of all. The Round Table, on the other hand, was to have no party preferences whatever; it was to "censure the bad and praise the good, wherever found." At first this plan answered well enough, though it gave rise to many amusing contradictions. When the paper suspended publication, in the summer of 1864, though it gave the "uncertain financial future" as the reason of its action, most people believed—spite of its assertion to the contrary—that its stoppage was occasioned by the usual cause,—failure to pay expenses. The real difficulty—which we think has not before been published—was a disagreement between the conductors as to the political course the paper should pursue,—one wishing it to support Lincoln, the other McClellan, and as neither was willing to let the paper go into the hands of the other, its publication was suspended. The plan, we say, was for a time tolerably successful, because the political element of the paper was a subordinate one, and its many other excellencies made up for defects in this respect.

When, however, influenced apparently by the success of the Nation, it prefixed "Politics" to its heading, and brought this department into prominence, the absurdity of the idea became evident. It attempted to gain political influence, while it ignored parties entirely. This being an impossibility, it woefully failed therein. It boldly presented to the public its weakest side for comparison with the Nation's strongest; and in consequence has had to take the second place ever since. Its political course has been evidently shaped by that of the Nation. It has been obliged to cater to the tastes of the opponents of that paper, and so has inclined somewhat toward the Democracy. Yet it has never cared—or dared?—to take a position in regard to that party similar to the Nation's position in regard to its opponent. The Round Table has never been a Democratic journal, though it for a time favored the election of Seymour, and has always opposed the congressional policy respecting the South. The only rational explanation of its erratic course is the one above offered; that its "policy" is simply to oppose the Nation. The best kind of "independence" is not indicated, as the Round Table seems to suppose, because a journal is at the same time considered by different individuals to favor different parties. People are not contented with negatives; nor do they respect contradictions and inconsistencies. Politically, then, the Round Table has been singularly weak and ineffective; has won the enmity of some, the contempt of very many, and the respect of none.

Fortunately, however, there are other things to the paper besides its politics. Its critical and social essays; its remarks on national affairs, institutions, and manners; its book reviews and art critiques, all deserve praise, in general, for their ability and interest; and they go far towards overbalancing the many blemishes of the paper in other directions. That it has been guilty of very many errors in taste and judgment no one can deny. Perhaps among the worst were the assertions in regard to "Drunkenness among Women," which, with others not quite as bad, naturally exposed it to the charge of "sensationalism." Personalities, too, have sometimes crept in, and advertising puffs have not been altogether unknown. The plan on which the paper was conducted for the first six months of 1866 we think the best; and the changes made since then we think have been made for

the worse. Not but that the paper is better to-day than three years ago, but that it is, in our view, far inferior to what it might have been had the old order of things been retained until now. The changes in heading and typography have hardly improved on the old model, and the giving up of the title page to advertisements—"a profitable vulgarism"—impairs the effect of what would otherwise be a fine looking paper. A love of change is the Round Table's great fault. We have mentioned its varied headings and typographical "improvements." The quality of its paper, even, varies almost from month to month. The successive numbers are of unequal merit: one being brilliant, lively and entertaining throughout, another wholly stale, flat and unprofitable. Certain subjects, too, are pressed upon public attention, week after week, and then dropped altogether. Thus, the short-comings and defects of democracy were ventilated for a while by a series sharp and incisive articles; again, minority representation was stoutly urged; then negro suffrage was tilted against, and so on. Restless, spasmodic, brilliant, fickle, the Round Table gives an impression that young men control it, and no matter how often it declares its writers to be mostly well advanced in life, this impression continues to prevail.

The very opposite in this respect, stands the Nation. There is an air of age and authority and reliability in all that it says. Its careful and scholarly mode of expression, its thorough knowledge, and quiet wisdom, causes us to accept its dictums without a question. From the first it has marched steadily on, conquering and to conquer. Without interruption, without violent change of principle or policy, without a moment's wavering in the path confidently marked out for it, it has won friends and supporters from all parties and sections of the country, and is to-day recognized by all candid men as the most creditable exponent of American journalism.

That the newspapers of the country have from the outset done all in their power to injure the two papers, is a thing more natural than creditable. They tried at first to ignore their existence, prophesied their early decease, and mentioned them, if at all, with ill-natured scorn. "The self-conscious cant of these two weeklies has come to be unendurable." The proprietors of the Round Table were pretentious "boys," and the Nation's name

was varied to stag-Nation, doe-Nation, halluci-Nation, and so on. Each paper was losing an immense amount of money, and publication was about to be suspended in consequence. All that envy and hatred and malice could do by way of injury was done, and fortunately done in vain. However distasteful these two papers may still be to the other journals which make up the Press, their existence and substantial prosperity are no longer called in question. Each has a circulation of about seven thousand; the Round Table taking the lead somewhat in this respect, and being perhaps a greater financial success than the other. In the rare cases in which either journal is referred to by the other, the polite manifestation of lofty contempt is very amusing to an outsider; but while that of the Nation must be felt by its rival, that of the Round Table is too evidently "made up" to have any effect whatever.

The Nation of course has had its faults. It was too heavy at the outset, and its ponderous dullness repelled many. It has sometimes defended what most people take to be fallacies. In literary matters it is coldly critical to an extent which is unendurable among admirers of "genial" criticism. Perhaps it errs on the side of severity,—it has seemed so to us in one or two cases where we happened to be interested,—yet it errs on the right side if at all, and no one ever doubts that its strictures are honestly given. Its praise, when bestowed, is praise indeed. The charge has been made—and justly—that the paper has no fine enthusiasm of its own. Far from being a fault, we consider this to be one of its greatest excellencies,—an excellency of which the Round Table, in a lesser degree, also partakes. The country has had too much of "enthusiasm" in its legislation and literature. "Eloquence" and "oratory" and "noble sentiments" and "brilliant addresses" and "stirring appeals" have too long been used to conceal the want of more essential things. The sound and fury of public speakers and writers too often signify nothing. It is high time that there should be a check to this "enthusiastic" tendency, and the Nation has in some measure supplied one. Its calm reasoning, clear logic and cool judgment are terribly demoralizing to enthusiasts, and unspeakably distasteful to the many who form their opinions from passion or prejudice, and account facts of no importance in shaping their arguments. The "reformers," es-

pecially, who in some way got the idea, at first, that the Nation was to be their "organ," bitterly acknowledge their mistake, and hate the paper with a truly theologic hatred.

As remarked at the outset, our two papers are unlike in many respects. One is in most ways far superior to the other. Neither is free from faults. Yet in spite of all that has been said or can be said against either or both, both are worthy of much. Both have fought bravely and honestly in behalf of higher standards in society and letters. Both have encouraged the public taste, and the critical spirit which supports it. And both have exhibited that independence, and tolerance, and broadness of view, which have won for them a position far superior to any before accorded to journals this side the Atlantic.



NICE.

"Is n't it gneiss?" she softly said,
 As we strolled through the Park one day in June,—
 One glorious summer afternoon,
 When the bees were humming a pleasant tune,
 And the blooming roses were red.

I understood, but what did I say?
 Not "granite," nor "limestone," nor "mica schist,"
 Not "opal" nor "quartz" nor "amethyst,"
 Not any name from all the list
 Which we read of every day.

Ah no! not quite so hard-hearted was I
 As to waste my breath over worthless stone,
 When She and I were together, alone;
 So in my very tenderest tone
 I hastened to make reply:

"Nice? Why, it's quite delightful, my dear!
 And why must it ever come to an end?
 You've always said I might be your friend,
 Come, now, . . ." Aha! do you comprehend?
 She said Yes. Was n't it queer?

GEORGE ARNOLD.

GEORGE ARNOLD was a man after my own heart. Knowing him only in his writings, I yet held him as a sort of personal acquaintance, and when he died I felt that I had lost a friend. In the faint hope that what is here said may in some way influence the publishers in charge of the matter to issue the last two volumes of his writings,—long since prepared for the press, and often announced in private as about to appear,—this brief sketch is now produced. At the same time it is believed that, though the class of readers to whom it is directly addressed are probably unacquainted with its subject even by reputation, they may not be altogether uninterested in what is now told concerning him.

He was one of that coterie of clever young journalists which flourished in New York, some eight years ago, and which the establishment of *Vanity Fair* helped in a measure to form. Its members took pride in their title of "Bohemians,"—a term at that time free from the reproach which in these latter days has fallen upon it,—and attracted together by a similarity of tastes and interests, were happy in the society and companionship of one another. But of them all, perhaps Arnold was the best beloved, for his frank and generous nature and his capacity for drawing out the good points of all with whom he had to do, were alike irresistible. Friends he made everywhere, and those whose good fortune it was to know him best were the ones who liked him most. It happens to few men, dead at thirty, to be so sincerely mourned by so many personal friends and literary admirers, as received the news of his death, three years ago, "as the one great sorrow of their lives."

Versatility may perhaps be called the distinguishing mark of the class to which he belonged and which he so well represented. He was ready for all kinds of literary labor for which there was a demand, and he could excel in all. Tales, sketches, essays, poems, comic or satirical verse, editorials, art critiques, book reviews, jokes and pointed paragraphs, all flowed with equal facility from his pen. There was hardly a periodical in the city to which he did not contribute, one might almost say, so widely scattered

were his productions, and so different the characters of the publications in which they appeared. Disregarding in this way the usual means for the making of a "reputation," and writing to please himself and be independent of the world, he was careless of the fate of his articles, which he sold to the most convenient purchaser, or gave away to his editorial friends. Despising all cant about about the "nobleness of labor" he was yet industrious from necessity, and produced a vast amount of creditable literary work ; much of it of an ephemeral character, to be sure, "for in journalism, sufficient unto the day is the article thereof ;" —much of it of a trifling kind whose popularity still keeps it afloat in the newspapers, unaccredited to its author who never cared to claim it ; and much, which in the permanent form in which his friend Winter has so tastefully presented it, will for a time, we hope a long time, endure.

Successful as he was in other literary walks, it is for his poems and his humorous productions that he will be remembered, if remembered he is, by the generation which is to come. The severest critic cannot deny that he was a remarkably graceful versifier ; and to me he always seemed a poet. From the numberless volumes of "poems" which, alas! are every day appearing, inflicting in that name upon a suffering world dreary doggerel, or ready rhyme may be, or even pleasant verse, it is a relief to turn to a book like his, and to recognize the genuine poetry inspired by "the divine fire of genius." It is not magnificent, or grand, or lofty ; it is even wanting in that "shaping spirit of imagination" which we should like to find ; but it is natural, it is graceful, it is sympathetic ; few, I think, can read it without being reminded of some past experience, thought or aspiration of their own. For myself, I am never tired when at leisure, of reading over these poems, and of subjecting myself to their subtle fascination and almost indefinable attraction. Perhaps the uppermost sentiment on leaving them is almost one of melancholy and of tender sorrow for the fate of the bright young spirit who produced them ; though this vein of sadness is rarely prominent and might escape the careless reader altogether. Our poet was no sickly sentimentalist, but a man who believed in making the best of the world while he lived in it, and of looking on the bright side of men and of things. Yet there were doubtless times when he

felt, as many other men have felt before and since, that the sum of life was contained in the four lines which he calls "An Autobiography:"

"I was born some time ago, but I know not why:
I have lived,—I hardly know either how or where:
Some time or another, I suppose, I shall die;
But where, how, or when, I neither know nor care!"

A wrong idea might be formed of the man by one who knew him from his poems only, or rather from particular ones which might be selected, and on this account, as well as for want of space, I refrain from quoting by themselves some which I take to be his best, and can only offer a few brief verses in their place. "Laziness" never found a better expression than in the following little trifle under that name:

"My window curtain sweeps
To and fro in the lazy breeze,
As sea-weeds swing and sway in the deeps
Of southern summer seas.

The lazy sunshine sleeps
On the rose and snow of the apple trees,
And lazy spring my spirit steep
In a lotos-dream of ease."

This, about "Gold and Purple," is a pretty fancy:

"In this little, old-fashioned garden of mine,
Poppies, and pinks, and pansies grow;
Yellow of gold and purple of wine
Within their clustering blossoms glow;
And a purple ribbon is fluttering there,
From tangled ringlets of golden hair.

I love the pansies, poppies, and pinks,
Their glistening eyes with the dewdrops wet:
I love them,—but in the garden, methinks,
There is something that I love better yet;
For a purple ribbon is fluttering there,
From tangled tresses of golden hair."

And this, called "Foul Weather," is an example of his occasional mournful strain:

"The rain upon the sodden grass,
Is beating, beating, wearily;
Gray clouds of mist, like phantoms, pass,
And the salt, wet wind wails drearily,
And it bring to me, from the shore afar,
The dirge of the surf on the outer bar.

My heart, within my fevered breast,
Is beating, beating wearily,
And memory, with a sad unrest,
Wails through its chambers drearily,
Till I almost wish that the surf afar
Were singing my dirge on the outer bar."

It was as "McArone," the wonderful war correspondent and irresistible humorist, however, that Arnold was best known; for his poems, though widely read and copied, were generally published anonymously, and so were not identified as belonging to him, or to any one man, by the majority of their readers. With the letters it was different, for every one who read them—and who did not?—rightly judged the Chevalier McArone, whoever he was, to be a remarkably clever humorist; and thus his assumed name came to be better known than his real one, as not infrequently happens. McArone began his career in the fall of 1860 as the Italian war correspondent of *Vanity Fair*, burlesquing in this way the egotistical "letters from Italy" which Dumas was printing in his paper at Paris. The aim of these letters is to excite laughter by their preposterous absurdity and sublime egotism, and in this they are successful, rendering prominent as they do the characteristic idea of American humor—exaggeration. After "holding down a mine" at the battle of Farobanc, eating peanuts with Garibaldi at Caprera, drinking cocktails with Pius Ninth, blowing out of the water Francis II's private war vessel at Olordi, and accomplishing numerous other impossible feats, McArone sets sail from Suampi, with a fleet provided by Louis Napoleon, and safely landing on the coast of Indiana, prepares to attend to our own little contest. As ubiquitous and omnipresent as Beauregard himself, he is with all the different armies, and ranges about from Washington to Gnashville, as occasion may require; everywhere familiar with the highest officials, who invariably seek his advice and for whom he plans all the successful battles and stratagems, and always oblivious of his own cool

conceit and lofty impudence. Yet beneath this chaff the reader can often detect the shrewd ideas and genuine beliefs of the writer in regard to the matters and things which he jests about. His "Romance of the War," which ran through ten weeks of *Vanity Fair*, leaving some one of its characters in a fearfully perilous position at the close of each week, from which he is duly rescued at the beginning of the next, was perhaps as ludicrous a thing as the war produced, and has lost little of its point even now. The charm of his wit, as of his poetry and in fact of all he wrote, is its freedom and naturalness, and the absence of those cacographic absurdities which give such an air of constraint to the productions of several of our humorists. His humor was not forced, nor was he obliged to adopt a clumsy form of expression to help it through. Typographical wit has been so common of late, that it is relief to be freed from it occasionally, as in a case like this.

"*Esse quam Videri*" seems to me to have been the rule of Arnold's life, as shown by his writings and actions; and this in a measure explains the remarkable hold which he had upon the affections of his friends, and the belief which they all so firmly cherish that he was a far greater man than the works he left would indicate. He was genuine in every way. All who were about him knew it. Most who read his works must feel it. And a genuine man is a thing so rare that when found he may well be admired. In all that he did he was simple, natural, like himself. He had high aspirations, as every man "not hopelessly imbruted like the clod" must have, but he worked in a quiet way, trying to deserve rather than to acquire, and for literary fame and reputation as commonly gained he entertained a cordial contempt. He would hardly have been a stand man at college,—if it is possible to conceive of a nature like his submitting to college rules and regulations at all, for he never went to school,—nor would he on the other hand have been a prize man of any sort, unless may be by chance. It may even be doubted if he would have been very popular in the college sense, for he hated commonplace, once and always, and in college society he would perhaps have found more to satirize than to enjoy. Conventionalities, too, were irksome to his free and independent spirit, and on this account

he was no doubt often misunderstood by people of the stricter sort, and by those—and their number is not few—who were wanting in a sense of the ludicrous.

But among his fellows in New York—that little band which death has so relentlessly thinned—no man was better beloved; among literary men everywhere no one received a warmer welcome. His misfortunes did not affect his outward gayety, for “his sadness was for himself; his cheerfulness was for others.” He was merry and light-hearted before his friends, whatever happened. He had a kind look and a pleasant word for all. In talent versatile, in manner accomplished, in character noble, generous, and good, George Arnold was a man of no common order, a man whose like will not soon come again. The future may perhaps forget him, but hosts of friends who knew him but to love him will long keep his memory green.

POT BOILERS.

THE somewhat singular fact that most men prefer to be thought witty rather than wise, has been often remarked upon, and can hardly fail to escape the notice even of superficial observers of human character. A man will resent the idea that he is unable to see through a joke or appreciate a humorous remark, who will pass unnoticed the most direct charges against his knowledge, judgment or sagacity. Perhaps one explanation is, that his claim to the possession of these latter qualities is capable of direct demonstration, while his ability to enjoy things witty or ludicrous is not to be established by argument. Then, too, this ability is more often regarded as the direct gift of nature, while those more practical qualities are looked upon in the light of acquisitions; and, by an odd contradiction, men are apt to rate at a higher value their natural endowments, than the accomplishments won by their own personal exertions.

No exact or satisfactory definition of the two qualities called wit and humor has ever yet been discovered. They are by nature indefinable, and this, with their being often combined together, has confused people's ideas, and given rise to the impression that

the two words are, after all, synonymous, and representative of but a single notion. Without doubt it is difficult or impossible to distinguish which quality is the ruling one in the many cases where both are combined ; to determine absolutely whether the witty or the humorous element predominates ; yet it is easy to show by example that the two things are in essence entirely distinct from each other. Wit is more common and more often appreciated than humor. Women are often witty, and even children can enjoy a bright remark ; but children want the humorous sense altogether, and women are endowed with it but slightly in the rare cases where they possess it at all. The number of men, too, utterly incapable of appreciating the humorous side of life, is surprisingly large, though we are told it is less now than formerly. It is terrible to notice the stolid composure with which such witness the most ludicrous incidents, or receive the drollest narrations. Nothing adds such a zest to the enjoyment of humor as sympathy, and nothing is so disagreeable to a humorous man as to have his own or another's broadly comical sayings fall upon unsympathizing ears. It is not simply the dislike of having his effort unappreciated that vexes him—for a man is conscious of that feeling after every unmerited failure ;—it is rather a sentiment of disgust and contemptuous pity that such beings can exist at all and remain unconscious of the pleasantest side of life.

The absence of the humorous sense does not necessarily imply stupidity, since wit may exist independently of it, and very often does so exist—quite notably in the case of women, as remarked before. A mind unable to comprehend any species of joke, however ; unable to be moved by the most brilliant sally or the sharpest retort ; unable to detect satire or sarcasm ; unable to grasp at the same instant the double ideas which certain words or actions suggest, may not unreasonably be called dull. The one possessed of it may be wise, learned, profound, but he can never become an agreeable companion to those differently constituted. If he recognizes and accepts his own condition, his lack of appreciation, although exceedingly disagreeable, for the reason before given, may be pardoned him, as being beyond his control. But if, as is too often the case, he not only does not recognize his condition but actually conceives that he is capable of sustaining actively the character of a wit or humorist, he becomes so superlatively exasperating as to be altogether unendurable.

The mournfulness of his mirth, the solemnity of his jests, the laboriousness of his wit, are horrible. He expects us to be amused with the very ghosts and skeletons of jokes, the ghastly simulacra of things comic and humorous. He mistakes abuse for satire, and slander for sarcasm. He thinks that cacography must of itself be funny, and a new meaning, wrenched from a word by the aid of parentheses, italics and capital letters, the acme of refined and subtle wit. He drags up from deserved oblivion the most aged and threadbare puns, and presents them with the air of one who had done the world service. And he takes for applause the contemptuous jeers which his inane and vapid displays elicit from those who are so unfortunate as to witness them.

The same principle which causes deaf people, while conversing with others, to shout at the top of their voices, has its effect upon him, and induces the conviction that most of his smart sayings are beyond the depth of other people and so need explanation! If we considered him disagreeable when passive, for his lack of appreciation, and unendurable when active, for his presumption, what shall we call the feeling which rises within us when he dares to offer "explanations" of his empty comicalities? Surely the force of impudence can no further go. The sublimity of his conceit is now ridiculous, and we laugh; so that, in a certain sense he does become an exceedingly humorous character, after all. The temptation to explain a joke, however, is sometimes so great that it is yielded to by those who really know better, and who appreciate its absurdity in the case of others. For such to be detected in the act which their consciences condemn, is humiliating in the extreme; and no tendency should be more sharply guarded against than the one in question.

That man is most sincerely to be pitied, who, by some chance sally or other gaining a reputation for "being funny," allows himself to be dragged into some position or office which only a "funny man" can satisfactorily fill. His circumstances are most embarrassing. The sensation that "something funny" is expected from one, that a certain quantity of "wit and humor" must be forthcoming, is disheartening in the extreme. No matter how witty a man may really be, the feeling that he is obliged to say "something smart" is inexpressibly irksome. When a

man, however, who is conscious of his own deficiencies in this respect, is impressed with this belief, his condition is truly deplorable. It is all in vain that he disclaims the character of a wit or humorist, that he relates how he accepted his position on the express stipulation that no jokes were to be expected, that he announces at the outset that there will be nothing funny about his performance. His auditors persist in regarding this as in itself a prefatory witticism, and lean forward with the same restless expectancy for the good things which are to follow. If they find them not, they are utterly merciless. The man is sullenly condemned without a dissenting voice. Of all uncharitable assemblages, that which expects to be amused and is not, is the most so. That they had no right thus to expect, is not to the purpose. They did expect and were disappointed—and so without a word they turn upon the oft-times innocent offender and rend him limb from limb. So we say to the man who is urged to be class-historian, or jubilee-orator, or comic-editor, or to accept any position which presupposes on his part abundant fun and ready-wit, Do not be deceived by any asseverations that from *you* "nothing very funny" will be expected, or think that a disclaimer on your part will release you from catering acceptably to the public appetite. They *will* expect what is "customary," and woe betide you if you fail to satisfy the cravings of their insatiate maw!

We are not sure that laughing has any necessary connection with the enjoyment of a good thing in the comic way, for every one laughs at times, and the most stupid people are apt to surpass all others in this respect. Still it is pleasant to note some outward manifestation that a joke is appreciated, and laughter is undoubtedly the medium through which most men indicate their enjoyment of the bright or ludicrous. The assertion that none but an honest man can laugh freely and heartily doubtless deserves some qualifications, yet it is certain that much can be told by a close observation of the different ways in which men give outward expression to their mirth. Some laughter is false and hollow; some is genuine and sympathetic. Some men laugh with their eyes or with their facial muscles, while they utter no loud sound; others fairly bellow their delight, while their faces are as impassive as masks; others still, occupy a middle ground between these two, and "laugh all over," as it is said.

We think that people laugh too much, while they really enjoy laughable things too little. In other words, there is an immense amount of laughter that is altogether meaningless. Man is said to be the only animal which laughs and weeps, not because no other animal can go through these operations,—for the hyena does both quite naturally,—but because man alone is conscious of the sentiments which cause them. Your mechanical laughter may be quite an agreeable person—until you find him out, and notice how your own or another's most stupid remarks are rewarded with the same amount of merriment which greets the best jokes that you may originate or repeat; then you cast him off in disgust. Quite likely too, your experience causes you to set a higher value upon the companionship of the less uproarious individual, who judges with a little more discrimination of the place "where the laugh comes in;" and who sympathizes with you in the belief, that of the many minor miseries incidental to our present terrestrial abode, not the least harassing is that which results from what the Scripture aptly likens to the crackling of thorns under a pot.

CAPITAL CRIMES.

A GREAT many worthy and intelligent men, and a great many men who are neither worthy nor intelligent, deserve to be called to summary account for the brutal assaults they are making upon the language, by their habitual misuse of capital letters. It is no light thing to pervert the public taste, even in regard to a matter so little considered as the present, and those who, through inexcusable ignorance or carelessness, are guilty of it, deserve quite as thorough a condemnation as the verbal trespassers who fare so badly at the hands of Alford, Moon and Gould. It is a mistake to suppose that the regulation of such things is a part of the duty of the printer, rather than the writer, and may be safely left to his discretion. This is apparently the common opinion, however, and the number of manuscript barbarities which the compositor and proof-reader keep from seeing the light must be beyond computation; while at the same time it is undeniable that they are apt oftentimes to add blunders of their own.

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There are errors of commission, and there are errors of omission, in the use of capital letters, but the former are far more numerous. There are too many capitals employed. They rise up at every point to offend the eye and distract the mind. And without doubt the mistakes in the opposite direction are often due to the disgust which their too frequent appearance excites. Extremes are to be avoided, but of the two, that which is too sparing in the use of capitals is least to be censured. Certain rules, to be sure, are agreed to with substantial unanimity;—such as those in regard to the first word after a full stop, the first word of a verse, names of persons and places, “the pronoun I, and the interjection O”;—but beyond this there is the greatest diversity of opinion, and everyone judges for himself what words are sufficiently “important” to be headed with a capital. The German practice of beginning all substantives with capitals and all adjectives with small letters, has the merit of simplicity, but nothing else can be said in its favor. Its influence may be traced in the superabundant capitals of old English books,—so far at least as nouns are concerned,—and even in the writings of certain modern authors who imitate German thought and expression.

Some people seem incapable of comprehending the fact that the same word may be indicated in different ways, according to its change in meaning or position. Printers, especially, fall into the habit of capitalizing, on all occasions, certain words which should sometimes be made to commence with small letters. Such words, in the present locality, for instance, are: college, senior, junior, sophomore, freshman, society, faculty, committee, class, chapel, commencement, exercises, exhibition, officer, orator, professor, poet, president, secretary, university, and many others. No printer who does much college work ever fails of beginning the above with the big letters, for the simple reason that they are employed in most of the copy set before him, and in cases where this is not so, he judges it to be an oversight of the writer, and follows out his “rule” as usual. “Yale College” we would indicate as here, but there is no reason why the word “college”—whether substantive or adjective, whether applied to our own or another institution—should always begin with a big C. So of the classes, it is better to employ only the small letters in designating them, at least in outside writing. In that intended for college eyes

alone, it is perhaps well enough to make the class idea more prominent. Our own usage is to capitalize the words distinctive of class only when they are substantives. Thus, we write of a Sophomore who disliked sophomore mathematics, and so on. These class designations, however, deserve to be honored with capitals more than do any of the others cited in our list; most of which, in ordinary print, are best introduced by the small letters. A writer who indicates them otherwise would find it difficult to offer any particular reason for his action, if one were required of him. The example set by the college catalogue, in capitalizing most of the words we have referred to, has doubtless exerted an undue influence in the wrong direction, for the reason before given, that people do not distinguish that what may be appropriate for a catalogue or a special treatise, may be in very bad taste for ordinary printed productions.

In one respect we think the usage of those who are authorities in this matter may be improved upon; or rather we favor the direction in which this usage is plainly tending. We refer to the derivatives from proper names, which are written without capital initials. Prussic, philippic, damask, bayonet, cashmere, china, galvanic, japan (verb), are familiar examples in common use. Many more deserve to be added to their number. We see no reason why such words, which have really no local or personal significance, should be distinguished from those of different and more logical derivation. The names burgundy, champagne, hock, madeira, port, sherry, as applied to wines, do not convey any very definite idea of locality, nor does bourbon excite any vivid reflections concerning a royal race. The murderer, who "burkes" his victim, hardly has in mind the name of the miserable Irishman whose example he follows, nor does the wielder of the bowie knife think often of the brave colonel who invented it. What direct connection have roman candles and greek fire with the two nations of classic times? How much brummagem jewelry is believed to come from Birmingham? What daguerreotypes ever considered himself under obligations to M. Daguerre? Who thinks of italic letters as coming from Italy? Surely, when the idea of place or person has become swallowed up and is wholly disconnected from the word, there can be no excuse for using a capital initial to render prominent an unimportant derivation.

The reference to italics suggests the propriety of saying a little

also in regard to them. Their employment is to be deprecated as a matter of course. Nothing more plainly indicates the weak and unpractised writer than a profusion of italic letters. Here, too, the printer keeps back much from the public eye, and, what is more, he never adds any embellishments of his own; he never uses italics unless ordered to. A writer whose only mode of expressing emphasis is in the use of peculiar type, must certainly be in a bad way; when his sole dependence for rhetorical effect is an abundance of italics, capital letters and exclamation points, he may be pronounced beyond hope altogether. Yet, when sparingly used, italics are of great utility in making sharper contrasts than would otherwise be possible; and they are almost indispensable in indicating foreign words and phrases, titles of newspapers, etc. Quotation marks, to be sure, may be occasionally employed in such cases, and are sometimes even preferable to italics. To decide correctly between the two in any given instance requires taste and discrimination. Small capitals are a shade worse than italics, and should be banished altogether; while entire words in capitals are monstrosities which few care to place before the public.

Correctness and elegance in the employment of capital letters can be gained by close observation and long experience only. Yet "the rules" should be mastered at the outset, and first of all that most important rule which includes the rest—simplicity. As in punctuation the less points, so here the less capital and italic letters you employ, other things being equal, the better. Nothing is so pleasing to the discriminating eye as uniformity on the printed page. This uniformity capital letters, italics, and the more prominent marks of punctuation, disturb and destroy. The presumption is therefore against them. No one should allow himself to use them without the consciousness of being able to defend his action, if necessary, with sufficient reason. Then all would be well.

Great writers may of course be mentioned who have apparently set up rules of their own in respect to these matters. Dickens perhaps goes to as great lengths as anyone, and purposely makes most ludicrous combinations; while Carlyle's employment of capitals is as vague and unsatisfactory as are many of his ideas themselves. These, however, must be taken for what they are worth. They are simply the foibles of genius: things which the uninspired many may excuse but should not attempt to imitate.

VELOCIPEDÉ.

Oh, city fathers, hear my prayer !
I'm but a student, yet give heed ;
And as you hope for mercy, spare ;
Do n't, *do n't* outlaw Velocipede !

Why banish him ? He does no harm
To any one,—indeed, indeed,
I know the timid feel alarm
And hatred for Velocipede ;

But yet I say he harms them not,
Their fancy 't is which seems to need
Repression, for it makes them plot
And lie against Velocipede.

They fancy riders cannot steer,
And cannot safely move with speed,
And so they feign a foolish fear,
Whene'er comes up Velocipede.

Do n't believe the stories that they tell
Of accident or foul misdeed ;
The *Journal's* "horse" long since got well,
Uninjured by Velocipede.

'T is envy simply that's at work :
The one who must on foot proceed
Feels jealous, when with artful quirk
Another rides Velocipede.

Some, too, there are who hate all fun,
Who count all sport of ill the seed ;
And such judge that the Evil One
Himself devised Velocipede.

But those who believe in life, and joy,
And jollity, must fain concede
The many virtues of this toy
We fondly call Velocipede.

So let him have the right of way.
The sidewalks he will not impede,
Nor force the footmen to delay
Their steps for him, Velocipede.

Or if from Chapel, State, and Church
You order him, we are agreed,
If, leaving these streets in the lurch,
Elsewhere may roam Velocipede.

Now, city fathers, hear my prayer !
I'm but a student, yet give heed
To my poor words, and spare, oh, spare !
My only love, Velocipede !



THE FOURTH ESTATE.

“THE three learned professions” is a phrase which is gradually losing its significance, and it must before a great while become obsolete altogether. Clergymen, doctors, and lawyers cannot much ‘longer restrict to themselves the title of “professional men,” nor retain their old-time influence over human thought and action. The loss of authority in the first mentioned class is most noticeable and striking, but it may without difficulty be detected in the other two classes also. It is the natural and necessary result of increased civilization, diffused intelligence, and the popular habits of self-reliance and individuality which follow therefrom. Men learning to think for themselves will not accept unquestioned the conclusions of others, nor will they hold in awe that wisdom which they themselves are capable of estimating. The tendency is most marked in our own country, where the democratic idea is given full sweep, and everyone—at least in theory—has a direct interest in the right management of public affairs. Everyone reads, also, and his newspaper is to many a man a very Delphic oracle, whose inspired decrees are not to be disregarded. It is in respect to this wonderful phenomenon of the times that we are about to write.

While “the three learned professions” are as old as civilization itself, the profession of journalism has hardly existed for a generation, and is now for the first time beginning to obtain a recognition of its claims. That it must shortly be acknowledged as the equal in all respects of those others, cannot be doubted. Young as it is, it has already done more to impair their authority

and dignity than all other causes combined. It is even now more influential than either of them, and the future which lies before it is brilliant and glorious. It is, too, the most comprehensive of professions, for it may be said to embrace all others within itself. The newspaper instructs men in theology, medicine and law. It guides and directs all their energies in all paths of human activity. Of what infinite importance then, that those who conduct it be fitted for their positions; and how just the claim that those who are thus fitted be awarded equal social rank and professional consideration with those who follow a less arduous if more venerable calling. While it may be truly said that no other profession requires from a man so many and so varied accomplishments, and that no possible kind of knowledge can well fail at times of serving the journalist in good stead, yet it is possible to consider some prominent qualities which are absolutely essential to journalistic success.

At the outset it may be remarked that the editor, like the poet, is born, not made. For this profession, more than for any other, may certain innate qualifications be declared indispensable. Whatever may be the case elsewhere, no amount of drill and practice can here supply a want of the proper natural endowments. If obliged to decide upon any single one as *the* distinguishing characteristic of a genuine journalist, we should say it is the instinctive ability to accurately comprehend and so to satisfy the tastes of the persons he addresses. In this power of satisfying in advance the requirements of its readers, the *London Saturday Review* is of all others the model journal; but its late editor, whose tact and good judgment made it what it is, rarely contributed a line of his own. No idea can be further from the truth than that a good writer is necessarily a good journalist, and the reverse. The case cited, where a most excellent editor wrote nothing whatever, is perhaps an extreme one, but it is none the less valuable as an illustration of the fact that the journalist manifests his ability by the skill with which he selects or rejects the writings at his disposal, whether produced by himself or not. He must be able to distinguish what writing is, in a journalistic sense, "available." Whether he himself is capable of producing it or not, has no direct connection with the question.

In journalism there is no such thing as "good writing," in an absolute sense. An indispensable requisite to such writing, how-

ever, is that it be interesting. This word "interesting" may have innumerable meanings. What excites interest to-day may fall flat to-morrow : what delights one set of readers may disgust another, and so on. It is for the journalist to discover in what the people are interested,—if we may say so, even before they know themselves ; to estimate the extent of their interest ; and to judge the exact form in which the information they desire will be most highly relished. He must know how far the essential interest of an article will overbalance defects in expression, and how far elegant rhetoric or sensational force will cover up emptiness of subject matter. It is not intended, by the foregoing, to imply that the journalist must slavishly follow out the ideas of those whom he addresses, or anything of the sort. He may be as independent as you please. But there are certain ways, by which men may be approached, argued with, and influenced, which can never be disregarded by one who would be in any sense a public teacher or leader of opinion. So much, then, by way of amplification of what we take to be the essential idea of journalism.

The existence of this journalistic sense being presupposed, many other qualifications, almost as necessary, at once suggest themselves ; though perhaps most of them are really comprehended indirectly under the main idea. As already implied, the journalist must be possessed, as it were, of universal knowledge. With history and geography—especially those of his own country—he must be thoroughly acquainted. Politics and political economy he must be well versed in. In orthography he must of course be approximately perfect. His ideas in regard to punctuation and capital letters must be correct and tasteful. He must comprehend the philosophy of the typographic art, and understand fully the mechanical details which it embraces. He must have a reading acquaintance with the two prevailing languages of the Continent ; and should comprehend enough of the classic tongues to be able not to quote them. He must appreciate the value of time and space, and write with brevity and point. He must be versatile, quick, energetic, untiring ; ready for all emergencies ; daunted by no defeats ; prepared as Mr. Greeley has it, to do two days' work every working day of the year.

That no schools for instruction in this most difficult and important profession have yet been established, is accounted for,

perhaps, by the fact that, as a profession, it is only just getting to be recognized; but we are inclined to think that such schools would be of no great utility if established. The culture which a college training almost necessarily brings, is of value to the journalist, as it is to everyone else, who accepts it at its proper worth. So far, however, are the modes of thought and action which college life breeds and fosters from encouraging journalistic aptitudes, that they tend most directly to suppress and destroy them altogether. A college man becomes a journalist in spite of rather than on account of his college training. Nothing but a strong will and a pronounced individuality can enable him to resist the tremendous pressure which the whole college system brings to bear against the cultivation of the journalistic sense. It is pretty well established, for instance that oratory is inimical to journalism, or, in other words, that a "good speaker" cannot be a "good writer," in the journalistic view. Yet a person of any literary pretensions who refrains from entering into prize debate is a character unheard of among us: while the habitual frequenters—if there are any—of the so-called literary societies, who from an odd sense of duty, make a practice of encouraging that inane gab called extemporaneous speaking, are held up as very models for our imitation. In the matter of writing, too, the case is almost as bad. Instead of encouraging tact and discrimination, by allowing a writer to treat of themes which interest him, or in regard to which he may be exceptionally well informed, by rewarding a written production according to its present interest, and appropriateness to passing circumstances,—instead of this, custom sets certain "subjects for composition" before him, and orders him to "write something" in regard to them. And so comes the habit of relying upon others' judgment, and retailing others' ideas, and forgetting the distinction between words and thoughts. That the system may be useful and necessary we neither assert or deny. We only say that it impairs and destroys the journalistic sense.

It is noticeable that some of the most eminent journalists have commenced life as printers, yet we do not believe that the skilful management of the compositor's stick is an essential prerequisite to the successful driving of the editorial quill. At the same time it is undeniable that the habits and experience acquired before the case are of great value to the one who is afterwards a journalist,

and that, as remarked before, at least a theoretical knowledge of the mechanical requirements of the journalistic art is indispensable. No one but an editor can fully appreciate the exquisite absurdity of the common conceit which induces every man to believe that he can "run a newspaper." Every man thinks so, not because he over-estimates his own abilities, but rather because he judges the task to be an essentially easy one! Surely these are days of ignorance indeed!

The country contains too many newspapers, and too many "newspaper men" who are in no good sense journalists. Yet the discredit these latter bring upon the profession cannot prevent its recognition, nor can the number of the former do more than at the most retard the growth of what are to be the great journals of the future. It is plain that these are to be the leaders of thought, the holders of power and influence. No man need have higher ambition than that of one day being admitted to a share in their direction. No man who has such aspiration can well think too often of the great requirements which will be demanded of him. A generation hence, unless we greatly err, that man of to-day who, possessing an aptitude for journalism, chooses for his life work some more venerable profession, will be pointed at as one blind to the signs of his times; who foolishly preferred a "respectable" pittance to a share in the great Fourth Estate.

MINOR TOPICS.

With the cry of delight which has arisen on all sides over the provisional abolishment at Columbia College of what is known as "the marking system," we confess that we have no sort of sympathy. The idea of treating the average American collegian as if he were a man longing for improvement, rather than a boy bent on shirking every possible duty, seems to us an absurdity, pure and simple. But if the idea is to be favored let it be carried out to its ultimate results, and let the sole condition for graduation be a four years' residence at the university town and an attendance upon a certain proportion of the recitations and lectures. Consistency can be claimed for such a course, if nothing else. But this stopping half-way and substituting one kind of marks for another, this exchanging daily examinations

for those at longer intervals, indicates no radical change in the belief that boys are to be treated as boys, after all. It does, however, imply a faith in their general desire for knowledge, and in the efficacy of formal "examinations"—a faith which we do not possess. On the contrary, we think "examinations" are the greatest curse of the whole college system,—even in their mildest form. We wish they could be done away with altogether, and man's "stand" decided by his recitations simply. Without doubt, fraud and cheating and all manner of dishonesty flourish in the recitation room, but that they prevail there more than in the examination hall we do not believe. Without doubt, recitation "marks" are often unfairly given, but that their "average" more nearly represents the comparative scholarship of different men, than the single "mark" of a decisive examination, we are firmly convinced. It is absurd to suppose that any possible system of "marks" can absolutely indicate a man's knowledge or attainments, but those given for daily recitations certainly make the nearest approach to it. "Examinations" are a fraud, a humbug, a delusion and a snare. They demand a kind of work known as "cramming," than which nothing can be more destructive to right habits of study. They stimulate the craft and ingenuity of the unprincipled for the discovery of new and approved modes of cheating and deception, by offering an enormous premium for rascality and laziness. They depend largely upon luck and chance. And they prove almost nothing. As things now are with us, a man who works honestly during term-time can acquire "stand" enough to be independent of examinations, and to such a one, therefore, the "examination system" is still endurable, though he longs for its abolishment. But until the arrival of the distant age when the boys no longer come to college, and the men who frequent the universities can be allowed to govern themselves, we sincerely trust that the faculty of conservative Old Yale, will not be led by the shrieks of outside reformers, or the noisy clamors of undergraduates, to exalt into undue prominence that sum of iniquities, the formal examination.

We admire the firm front with which our faculty meet the constant assaults of the "practical" educators, who demand "optional" courses, and "university" discipline. We trust that Prof. Hadley expressed their sentiments in his speech at the Boston reunion. We ourselves are so old foggy in our notions as to believe that the amount of Latin and Greek required in college should be increased rather than diminished: increased so much that, as Prof. Porter says in an excellent article in the *New Englander*, ponies would be rendered absolutely useless, and lexicons would have to be resorted to instead. We do not propose to discuss so original a theme as the comparative value of the discipline derived from

the classics, the modern languages, mathematics, and the so-called "practical" studies. It is sufficient that valuable discipline is confessedly derived from each and all. The point which we have to make in favor of Latin and Greek is that they possess an advantage over other studies in their capacity for being forced into a man whether he will or not. A man may skin through mathematics, and listen to a hundred recitations in similar studies, without getting a single idea drilled into his head. But spite of all the skinning and ponying he may resort to, he cannot recite or attend recitations in the classics without learning more or less in regard to them, and so gaining discipline in the process. This strikes us as being the irresistible argument in their favor. Looking as we do upon the average collegian as a being determined to learn as little as possible, we may well prize those few means of culture and discipline, which can be profitably choked down his throat, and which cannot fail to benefit him, whatever be his efforts to the contrary.

We are glad to understand that the college authorities are to publish this year another financial statement similar to the pamphlet, "Yale in 1868," issued last summer, and we hope they will think it worth while to tell us exactly what is done with the eight dollar society tax, so-called, which they collect from each undergraduate, in the name of "Linonia" or "Brothers." Doubtless most goes in support of the libraries and reading room, but we should like to know how much this "most" is, and how large an amount is annually wasted in "running" the so-called societies. And if the amount proves to be considerable, as we think it must, we should then like to have some one offer a rational excuse for this reckless squandering of money. We repeat the old, old question, why in the name of common sense cannot the doors of these two defunct institutions be locked up forever? Why should the dreary and expensive farce of "make believe" be persisted in any longer? Why should all college pay the expenses of an odd dozen or so of men who occasionally lounge up to the halls on Wednesday evenings and "help sustain the exercises"? If the \$4000 raised every year in the name of these societies was all expended upon the libraries and reading room, these latter institutions would be greatly improved, and every man in college would be benefitted. We believe that Prof. Northrop oversees the Brothers treasury, and Mr. Fitch that of the other one. Can they, can anyone, inform us why a dollar of the amount demanded for books and papers, should be expended for galvanic experiments in the vicinity of Alumni Hall?

A bit of secret history, which has come to our knowledge since the publication of the sketch of "Old Yale Periodicals" in No. 296, may be worth relating at this time. *The Yale Review* was secretly edited

and published by five Juniors of the class of '59, and printed by Morehouse & Taylor. Its energies were, as before stated, chiefly devoted to slashing the Lrr. and its writers, which latter journal was then printed by T. J. Stafford. Three of the five *Review* editors were chosen upon the Lrr. Board of '59, and at the initiation supper heard themselves roundly reviled by the '58 Lrr. men, and very likely joined in with them in reproaching the "scandalous attacks of the scurrilous *Yale Review*." Owing to dissatisfaction with Mr. Stafford, the attempt had been made before this to engage Messrs. Morehouse & Taylor as Lrr. printers, but it was not successful until June, 1858, when the new board took control, and, from being already favorably known to the printers as *Review* editors, were able to strike a bargain. Four numbers of the *Review* had appeared while the Lrr. was in the hands of '58, and thereafter it was naturally never heard of more; though the '59 Lrr. editors occasionally raised some enquiry about it—to keep up the mystery, we presume.

When Mr. Stafford left off printing the Lrr., in May, 1858, he had a nominal debt against it of \$1500, which had been many years accumulating, and which was then and there "repudiated." This incident he often relates, and mentions the amount above stated as a "total loss." We have it on good authority, however, that the profit from the very high prices which he exacted, during the fifteen years the Lrr. was printed by him, much more than overbalanced the "loss" occasioned by the repudiation of his nominal "debt," in 1858, when the Lrr. went into other and better hands. The arrangement with the present printers has always been, that each board pays for the nine numbers which it issues. Under this system there never has been, and never can be, a traditional "debt." The individual members of each board must share its losses among themselves, if losses there are, and cheat neither the printers nor their successors in office. This is as it should be. Mr. Stafford charged an exorbitant price for his work, and what he could not collect marked down as a "debt." Messrs. Tuttle, Morehouse & Taylor, being sure of their pay, demand only a fair remuneration for their services.

A complimentary notice of the Lrr. printers, in the supplement to our last number, has elicited a reply from the *Green Room*, which remarks, in behalf of Messrs. Benham & Son, that it has "never heard of ill-treatment to student patrons received at the hands of its printers, or any disregard for their wishes." This seems a little remarkable, but since—for we of course accept the *Green Room's* word—it is a fact, we have no doubt that the conductors of the sheet will thank us for drawing their attention to a couple of cases which have been brought to our notice since

the last Lrr was issued, and which fully justify the strictures they complain of,—so far at least as the city printing office is concerned. The first is in regard to the tickets for Junior Promenade, which were printed in a style entirely different from that ordered by the committee, which consequently the committee refused to accept, but which they were forced to pay full price for, as if all had been satisfactory. The other case concerns the bills-of-fare of the recent Lrr. supper, which were printed in utter disregard of the minute and explicit directions given in reference to them, and at a cost nearly double that agreed upon. We cite these instances because they are fresh, not because plenty of similar ones do not occur to us. Perhaps the *Green Room* may consider this sort of thing all fair and honorable and courteous and decent, and doubtless Messrs. Benham & Son have tried it long enough to assure themselves that it does n't perceptibly diminish their patronage,—for the students change constantly, and those who are imposed upon rarely take the trouble to make public their grievances. We, however, have improved the opportunity and gained the small but only possible satisfaction of letting others know the facts. And it was simply in the interest of justice and fair play that we recommended our own printers so heartily in last month's magazine.

We have been questioned so often in regard to the Lrr.'s "second issue" in 1864, that we may be excused for detailing at this time the circumstances of the famous quarrel, and commenting briefly upon the points involved. Three of the editors from '64—Messrs. Borden, Miller (Chairman), and Merriam—were members of Skull and Bones; the other two—Messrs. Darling and Gregory—were neutrals. Mr. Darling had charge of the number for February, 1864, and in the leading article—entitled "Collegial Ingenuity"—made an indirect attack upon the society, by denouncing the means of securing election thereto, as employed in the case of—as he claimed—a purely supposititious individual. The Bones editors,—a majority of the board, it will be observed,—as soon as they became aware of the nature of the article, seized upon the edition, and ordered Mr. Darling to furnish another article of equal length to replace the objectionable leader. This he refused to do, and called upon the class for help. The class duly assembled and ordered the three editors to give up the magazines within a specified time, and on their failure to do this, declared them to be no longer editors, and elected Messrs. Peck, Whitney, and Williams (neutrals) to take their places. These three, in conjunction with Darling and Gregory, proceeded to reissue the February Lrr., "Collegial Ingenuity" and all, and duly put forth the March and April numbers, with the latter of which their term of office of course expired. It is these three numbers which make up what we have termed the "second

issue." The Bones editors meanwhile issued the February number, as prepared by Darling, but with a defence of their action inserted in the place of "Collegial Ingenuity," and duly published the two remaining numbers of their term, which were, of course, entirely distinct from those issued by the pseudo-editors. The names of the two seceding editors were retained in the heading all along as if nothing had happened. There were, then, three varieties of the February Lrr. in 1864; the "suppressed" number which contained the sinning article and the names of the five original editors, the "regular" number, amended as before described, and the "second issue" identical with that suppressed, except in the names of the editors. The editors elected from '65 naturally gave their supper to the Bones board, and so the matter ended. It created an intense excitement at the time, however, and divided the class of '64 as no junior coalition or common "fight" could possibly have divided it. Few members who were instrumental in instituting the disturbance probably take much pride in recalling the part they then played in gaining their "rights." And by this we refer chiefly to the neutrals, for no candid man, understanding the facts of the case, can deny that the Bones men really had the right of the matter. Certain numbers of the Magazine are allotted to the general care of certain editors simply for the sake of convenience, but that would be a suicidal policy which should at times give a magazine for whose character five men are in a measure individually responsible, absolutely into the control of a single editor. As the Lrr. is conducted, each editor has the veto power over his own number, while a majority of the board always possess the veto power over all the numbers. The appeal of the '64 neutral editors to the class was another mistake on their part, and the action of the class was an attempt to exercise a power it did not possess. When a class has once elected its board of editors it has no further control of them or the Magazine. It has no right to expel them for misdemeanor or to fill up vacancies occasioned by death or resignation, without the remaining editors consent to it. Once in office, the editors of the Lrr. must settle their quarrels among themselves, and can allow no outside interference. There is nothing about the article on "Collegial Ingenuity" in which a reader at this late day can detect anything very notable or "bitterly personal," as was alleged against it, perhaps justly, at the time. It was apparently poor policy in the Bones editors to attempt its suppression, but whatever may be thought of their taste or their animus, they certainly had the *right* to do as they did, and by their manfully fighting it out to the last and refusing to be overawed by the illegal action of their class, they deserve the thanks of all admirers of fair play. How clearly the *Courant* appreciated the points at issue may be inferred from the article, published a year or two ago,—to prove that *its* advent first brought

freedom of speech to Yale,—wherein it candidly characterized the matter as an attempt on the part of the haughty Skull and Bones men “to crush out the rights of the neutral editors.”!

Speaking of the *Courant* “reminds us” that the present is our “last chance” for offering a “friendly word or two” regarding it. And it is a disagreeable duty, because it is at the risk of being accused of “mutual admiration,” “reciprocal favors,” and all that, that we say what we say. Perhaps our friendly personal relations with the undergraduate editors have warped our judgment a little, yet we think few will contradict us when we say that their work has been better done than was that of their predecessors, and—not to damn them with too faint praises,—that, as college things go, it has been well done. Of course faults have been plenty enough. The numbers have varied greatly in interest and excellence. There have been an abundance of articles hastily and incorrectly written, or crudely expressed or so labored and pointless as to suggest an accidental escape from “the other department.” There has been a want of discrimination as to the relative importance of news items. There have been errors in taste and judgment. *But*, there has been some of the best college writing we remember to have read; there have been a completeness and quickness in the collection of news which must have caused former editors to stand aghast as they beheld it displayed, and there have been such life and humor about it all as to make many regret that the “Undergrad.” did not have a separate existence. It has been “a distinct department of the paper” in fact as well as in name, and has contrasted with the rest of the sheet hardly to the latter’s advantage. If we were to give one single cause for its success, it would be the fact that the three editors, if not “fellows of infinite jest,” are at least endowed with a fair share of the humorous sense—a thing which none of their predecessors ever gave any signs of being possessed of. And if we were to give one single cause to which all the *Courant’s* many mishaps and blunders may be traced, it would be this same lack of the humorous faculty in the gentleman who has in some respects so ably conducted it.

There is something amusing in the periodic howl raised by the “religious press” against those hideously infamous institutions, known by courtesy in college as “secret” societies. It is deliciously droll to note the frantic appeals of would-be “reformers,” that these soul-and-body-destroying leagues be “abolished” forthwith, if we would save from destruction the glorious fabric of American liberty, and so on. Entire ignorance of the matter in hand is, of course, in every case one of the “reformer’s” most essential qualifications; but it does seem as if, in attacking the pre-

ent "monstrous evil," he has fairly surpassed himself in his reckless disregard of patent facts, and contempt for the laws by which human nature, in college as elsewhere, is governed. We suggest that Mr. Wendell Phillips be engaged in this "movement," since his legitimate occupation must be nearly gone, and fresh fields and pastures new would thereby be opened before him in which to display his peculiar talents. And as the *Tribune* species of logic is the only kind much in vogue among a certain set of philosophers, perhaps they would do well to secure the services of Mr. Horace Greeley in the "cause." This prominent promulgator of the "paternal" theory would, we take it, be glad to advocate any kind of governmental "suppression," even in a college. Though to be sure, from his being a self-made man ("who worships his creator," as the wicked Henry Clapp would say), he naturally despises colleges and culture, and gives thanks that in his boyhood nothing of "so little practical utility as algebra" was ever forced upon *him*.

The objection to the suppression theory—admitting for argument's sake that societies should be done away with—is the practical impossibility of enforcing it. If the history of the matter proves anything, it is that American students will form themselves into secret cliques in spite of all opposition. This fact has come to be generally recognized by college faculties, and if some regard the existence of such societies as an evil, it is as a necessary evil which must be made the best of. Unless we are mistaken, this is the position taken by the Yale faculty in regard to the matter. Whether it be wiser thus to improve the character of these associations by giving them official recognition, or to develop all their worst characteristics by attempting to suppress them, we will not say. Of course so practical a consideration could have no weight with a "reformer," who would naturally refuse to compromise with the devil, or compound with iniquity, at any price. We have thus been led a little from our purpose, as we referred to the matter with no intention of arguing the point at all, but only of remarking on the absolute ignorance of what college societies are and aim to be, and the utter misapprehension of the whole philosophy of student life, displayed by these newspaper diatribes. When these "agitators" can show a little knowledge of what they are talking about, it may be worth while to reply to them, but until then it is best to smile over their vagaries, and let them alone.

MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

March,

The first month of "balmy spring," not only came in "like a lion," but ably supported that character to the very end, giving us the most wintry and disagreeable weather of the term; and April, up to the time our record closes,—Wednesday, 7,—has failed to manifest any great amount of "ethereal mildness." The Freshmen have all made a written agreement to behave themselves as gentlemen instead of as Sophomores, next year, and their suspended classmates have been reprieved by the faculty in consequence. So the war has ended, and no banger-rushes have interrupted the even tenor of the month. The three junior societies have all given magnificent blow-outs to their brethren from the other colleges; and the old building on College street, where met the mystic conclaves of Phi Beta Kappa in days of yore, has been demolished, to make room for the new Divinity edifice soon to appear. St. Patrick's Day, 17, was duly celebrated by an imposing procession of Irishmen, such as no city but our own can boast of, and Good Friday, 26, which has not occurred in term-time for several years, being also the day of State Fast, was observed by services at the Chapel, on which, by an old college law, attendance was compulsory. The State Election passed off with commendable quietness on Monday, 5, and resulted in the general success of the Republican ticket. The examinations now in progress, close with the term on Tuesday, 13, and are succeeded by a two weeks' vacation. Spite of the bad weather,

Velocipedes

Have held their own, during the past month, and have recompensed their owners. The rink on Park street, mentioned in our last, is still in operation, and has just been supplied with a new flooring and other improvements. A dozen machines are here in stock, including several new ones. The present proprietor, Mr. Cleeton, is also preparing a quarter-mile track in the neighborhood of Savin Rock, which is expected to be in readiness for outdoor riders and racers about the middle of May. Going down Crown street, we come to Hoadley's new rink, opened Wednesday, 24, in the basement of Music Hall. This is also supplied with a dozen machines,—including a "Demarest" and a "Pearsall," two new varieties not mentioned in our list last month,—and it has the advantage of the others in the matter of location, but it affords no special facilities for beginners. 'Way down town, on Franklin street, we climb up four flights of stairs and reach the "big rink" of the "Elm City," opened Tuesday, 16. Barring the difficulty of getting to it, this is in most respects the best rink in the city, as it certainly is the largest; it claims in fact to be the largest in New England. Its outer track measures one-sixteenth of a mile, exclusive of a good-sized L, reserved for beginners. Its stock of machines comprises eighteen at present, mostly of the "Hartford" make, but is soon to be increased by several "Pickering's" and "Monods." Hoad's original "Pickering," by-the-way, is the only one thus far owned in the city, and we are fully confirmed in our opinion that this is the best variety which has yet been put forth. The two first-mentioned rinks rent machines for usage upon the streets, as do also three or four other concerns in the city, whose names (not being among our advertisers) have somehow escaped our memory. A cent a minute still continues to be the regular tax, except at the Park street place, where the price is half a dollar an hour. An admission fee of ten or fifteen cents

is generally charged in the evening, at the different rinks,—the ticket entitling the visitor, at his option, to a corresponding number of minutes on a velocipede. The subscription paper which was started by Mr. Welch, about the middle of February, for the purchase of velocipedes for the gymnasium, still remains in Hoadley's show case, with the two mournful legends: "Gymnasium, \$25," "Somebody, Class of '27, \$5." A more complicated plan, devised by the same individual, whereby every man who paid money for the purchase of gymnasium velocipedes was to have a proportionate amount of riding upon the same, was detailed upon several sheets of foolscap and posted in the reading-room for several days; but we believe it fared no better than its predecessor. We presume the janitor of the gym. might make a good thing by getting a few machines and renting them at low rates to college men, but to expect the latter to pledge the money in advance, is absurd. Two or three velocipedes are already owned in college, and doubtless the number will be greatly increased next term. They as yet have the right of way on the sidewalks, and if the city officials have any idea of restricting it, we are sure they will at once change their minds, when the "prayer" on page 295 is brought to their notice. This, by the way, is the work of the "private sweep" of our Class Poet, who concocted it by the aid of the latter's rhyming dictionary while he (the C. P.) was absorbed in calculating his "Index" losses. "The sweep" also gave us a list of words rhyming with "velocipede," in addition to those employed by himself, and these we now publish, "for general accommodation." Ac-re-pre-se-ante-super-inter-cede, soli-palmi-multi-plumi-centi-pede, suc-pro-ex-ceed, feed, bleed, meed, deed, reed, breed, freed, weed, bead, lead, plead, mislead, mead, read, knead. Though the value of the rhymes above indicated is almost incalculable, the price of the present LIT. will remain unchanged. At the Park street rink on Wednesday evening, 17, there was a trial of skill, wherein W. A. Miles of the S. S. S. was judged to be the best rider and awarded the silver cup. F. B. Lane of '72 was among the contestants, and at the Franklin street exhibition, a fortnight later, won the first prize—a silver ice-pitcher. He also performed quite creditably at

The Gymnastic Exhibitions,

For the benefit of the Yale Navy, which took place on the evenings of Monday, 8, Wednesday, 10, and the afternoon of Saturday, 13. We suppose these may be considered regular institutions henceforth, and much credit is due to Mr. Welch for originating them. About thirty individuals took part in the various performances, and these were, as far as known to us: Bennett, A. J. Copp, W. A. Copp, Traynham, '69; Carpenter, Drew, Lee, C. Phelps, '70; Blanding, Mead, Richards, '71; Bennett, Boomer, Clapp, Coe, Howard, Kirkham, Lane, Troxell, Williams, '72; Lowe, Mead, Roberts, Sargent, and others, S. S. S. Where all did so well, it is hard to praise particular individuals, yet the exploits of Coe and Carpenter on the trapeze, and the double giant-swing of Lowe and Mead on the horizontal bar, were certainly marvelous for amateur gymnasts, and we have seen many professionals do worse. We noticed that several members of the faculty were present, and the attendance of the ladies of course added much to the success of the exhibitions. Perhaps the present gives us a good opportunity for remarking on the general popularity of gymnastic exercises during the present term, the improved patterns of clubs furnished, the raising of the rowing weights, and the want of balls in the bowling alleys below. All three of the exhibitions were well attended, spite of rainy and unpleasant weather, though the last attracted the largest number of spectators. The total expenses were \$116, the receipts \$284, and the very neat little sum of \$168 was thus earned for

The Navy.

The Juniors on Wednesday, 10, elected as their boating officers for the coming season: Captain, E. H. Phelps; Lieutenants, G. L. Huntress and C. Phelps; Purser, S. A. Raymond; Committee, in conjunction with the two first-mentioned, W. H. Lee. The purser read the report of his previous term of office, and we should be glad to see it published. The Sophomores, a few days later, elected as their officers: Captain, I. H. Ford, Lieutenants, J. K. Howe and E. D. Coonly; Purser, T. Thacher. The class races will take place the day before Presentation, the same as last year. The crews, we understand, have not yet been made up. The University have been practising at the gymnasium, for some time past—in a desultory sort of way, if we are to believe the word of the grumblers. Josh Ward, their trainer, however, came up and inspected them on Tuesday, 6; made them take a pull, out in the harbor, before breakfast; afterwards witnessed their performances in the gymnasium, as well as those of others who were ambitious of taking their places; and finally decided to make no changes in the men, but arranged them in the order in which they will probably pull the next race. This, according to the challenge given by Yale March 30, and accepted by Harvard a few days later, is to take place at Worcester, Friday, July 23, unless no other time and place be hereafter agreed upon. As now made up, the crew stands as follows: George W. Drew of Maine (stroke), Wm. A. Copp of Massachusetts, Orlando Cope of Indiana, William H. Lee of Illinois, David M. Bone of Illinois, Roderic Terry of New York (bow). Copp is a Senior, commodore of the navy, and has pulled in three university races; the rest are Juniors. Lee has pulled in two university races, Terry belonged to the winning freshman crew of '67, and Bone and Cope are new men. The crew is undoubtedly a strong one, and with the hearty pecuniary support of college, ought to stand a fair chance of being successful next summer. Perhaps we may here appropriately mention the fact that a black-walnut case containing the balls won by the University club since its organization in '65, duly gilded and inscribed, has recently been set up in the reading room—for which act of public spirit Mr. F. P. Terry of '69 is to be thanked. This of course suggests the

Composition Prizes,

Which were announced to the Sophomores on Wednesday, 17. By a new and sensible arrangement no account was made of the divisions in awarding the prizes. Four of each order were offered for the competition of the entire class, and none were split:—for which, ye powers who willed it so, accept our thanks. *The first prizes* were awarded to H. E. Kinney of Griswold, H. Mansfield of New Haven, W. R. Sperry of Guilford, N. Y., and G. A. Strong of St. Louis; *the second*, to C. H. Board of Edenville, N. Y., C. E. Cuddeback of Port Jervis, N. Y., G. M. Stæckel of New Haven, and E. F. Sweet of Vineland, N. J.; *the third*, to H. Baldwin of Orange, N. J., J. A. Burr of Brooklyn, N. Y., C. B. Dudley of Maine, N. Y., and E. T. Owen of Hartford. Messrs. Kinney, Stæckel, Baldwin, Burr and Owen wrote concerning "The Description of Hades in Homer, Virgil, Dante, and Milton"—a subject proposed by Tutor Sumner; Sperry, Board and Sweet, concerning "Universal Amnesty and Impartial Suffrage as the Basis of Reconstruction"—proposed by Tutor Miller; Strong and Cuddeback, concerning "Turgot"—proposed by Prof. Coe; Dudley, concerning "The Tendency of Men to Form for Themselves Codes of Morals"—proposed by Prof. Newton; and Mansfield, concerning "The Influence of Sectarianism on the Progress of Christianity" proposed by Prof. Northrop. A scholarship for excellence in Modern Languages, which has recently been established, was also taken by Mr. Kinney. The subjects given out by

Prof. Northrop for next term's soph. compositions are: "The Statesmanship of Burke," "Sir Roger de Coverly," "A Successful Life," "Wm. C. Bryant as a Poet," and "The Marble Faun." That no prize is offered for the perpetration of a poem, we account a hopeful sign. Last year, if we remember, one was offered but not awarded. The Seniors handed in their commencement pieces on Tuesday, 6, and on that day these subjects for "Townsend's" were given out: "Law of Benevolence and Law of Trade Coincident," "Milton, Jeremy Taylor and Locke, as Advocates of Liberty," "Growth of the Austrian House of Hapsburg," "Wentworth, Earl of Stafford," "Mission of Poetry." These compositions are to be handed in on May 26. Whether the senior composition prizes, announced in a day or two, are to have any cash value, is the question of greatest interest, as our record closes. These literary notes serve to remind us that

The Initiation Supper

Of the XXXIVth Editorial Board in the management of the YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE took place at the New Haven House on the evening of Wednesday, 24, and was of course an immense success. The "smear" was—well, say magnificent, and the company was—well, again, say the jolliest and most congenial that ever gathered round the festive board. This last may be saying a great deal, but then it is to be taken *cum grano*, you know. The "smear," however, really *was* good and no mistake. And then the speeches! If you only could have heard them, readers all! Shall we tell how the *Courant* men tried to bribe one of the portly waiters to make them a verbal report, and how he, being an honorable waiter, accepted the bribe, and told them nothing? Noble son of Erin, to think that in one short week you should be supplanted by a nagur! And the world rolls on. But to return to the five new members of Chi Delta Theta, and to say a practical word concerning them. The nine successive members of the magazine which they conduct, fall into the hands respectively of Strong, Clark, Cummings, Gulliver, Tilney, Strong, Clark, Cummings, Tilney. This latter gentleman has been chosen treasurer; and we understand that the "Memorabilia" for the year will be under the direction of Mr. George Miller. The traditions and usages of the LIT., as embodied in the form of a constitution by the '69 editors, were agreed to by the new board, and will be handed down in that form hereafter. We wish, too, to give a gentle hint to the literary men in '70, that it is just barely possible that one or two of those who especially favor the Magazine, by their contributions and assistance, may be invited to partake of the next editorial supper. And we wish to forewarn the literary men of '71, that the initiation fee of Chi Delta Theta is twenty dollars. Having done this, we turn to

The Junior Exhibition,

And devote several inches of valuable space to a reprint of the programme: Latin Oration, "De Romulo Augustulo ultimo Romanorum principe," W. H. Welch of Norfolk. Dissertation, "Harold, the last Saxon King," L. L. Scaife of Pittsburg. Dissertation, "Failures in the British Rule in India," E. S. Hume of New Haven. Dissertation, "Enthusiasts," O. Cope of Butlerville, Ind. Philosophical Oration, "Public Opinion as a Rule of Action," J. S. Chandler of India. Oration, "The Janizaries," G. D. Metcalf of Waverly, Ill. Oration, "The Age of Veneer," J. H. Perry of Southport. Philosophical Oration, "The American Idea," G. Chase of Portland. Dissertation, "The Christian Element in our Civilization," J. H. Cummings of Worcester. Dissertation, "The Effects of the Catholic Religion in Spain," J. G. K. McClure of Albany. Oration, "Shall the State Educate?" W. S. Logan of Washington, Conn. Dissertation, "The Study of English," M. F. Tyler of New Haven. Oration, "The Infidelity of Shelley,"

C. H. Strong of New Orleans. Oration, "Dr. Samuel Johnson," T. J. Tilney of Brooklyn. Oration, "The Reformation and the Growth of English Literature," J. W. Andrews of Columbus, O. Philosophical Oration, "Individuality," D. W. Learned of Plymouth. The exercises were held in the College Street church, on Wednesday, 7, taking up the time from half-past two till six. The audience was larger and the music better than last year. As for the speaking—it was all of a kind appropriate for Junior Exhibition. In the evening

The Promenade Concert

Took place, with great eclat. Perhaps the absence of Lent, and perhaps the issue of engraved invitations, and perhaps the hard work of the committee, explain why this was more of a success than have been the spring promenades for a few years past. We are glad that it was such a success, though we advised its abolishment and still do so, because we believe in concentrating energies upon the Spoon promenade in June. We are very sorry that the space required for our account of velocipedes renders it impossible for us to give any detailed account of the show; simple justice, however, demands that we should make special mention of Miss ———, whose appearance excited so much enthusiasm and admiration. There were a great many more people present this year than last, but it seemed to us that they began to thin out earlier. Last year the few who *were* there, bravely stayed "till the show was done," as did we, who this year were obliged to withdraw before morning in order to throw together this reliable account, and to add a word concerning

The Town Shows

Of the month, which have n't amounted to much, if the truth must be told; the four nights of English opera with which the Richings troupe favored us, being about the only notable thing we have to record. "Logrenia," and his cat, and his birds, and lots of other things, held sway at Music Hall for the first week in March, when "valuable gifts" were distributed with a lavish hand. Then there were Hibernian Minstrels, who left off the burnt cork,—because their Cork is as yet unburnt we presume,—and who gave a better entertainment than the Newcombs, who put it on. Some kind of a "moral drama," too, appeared about the middle of the month, and was followed by a "grand national allegory," which was of course a good deal more moral, and which gave its profits to the orphan asylum, besides. Among the "principal characters" of the "allegory," as announced on the bills, we notice the well-known "Goddess of Liberty," the "United States, represented by 37 Young Ladies," "Irishman," "War," "Foreign Intervention," "Army of the Potomac," "Peace Ceres," "Trains, etc.," all of which were to appear "in full costume." We are sorry now, that we did n't go to the show, because we have some curiosity to know what Foreign Intervention would look like when "in full costume:" "Peace Ceres," too, we *know* we should have admired. Perhaps we ought to make mention of the noble patriots and statesmen, who have tried to get up a little enthusiasm over the State election by fresh and touching allusions to starry flags, bayonets, despotism, and so forth. As they have altogether failed, however, and have spoken to a good many empty benches, we do not feel called upon to give them more than this general compliment. "The Florences" acceptably presented "Irish Assurance" and "Thrice Married," on Thursday, April 1, to a good sized audience, which will be glad to meet them again. This furthermore has the honor of being the last "show" we shall ever record. In withdrawing from the business, we have to thank most heartily Mr. CHARLES R. COAN, for favors shown the Editorial Board of '69, which have materially assisted us in the compilation of what we trust has been a not altogether uninteresting record of The Town Shows.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Courteous Reader, we would not wish to overawe you, but are you really aware that the present is "the oldest's" three hundredth number? Until we have suggested this fact to you, as one worthy of your soberest consideration, we cannot conscientiously allow you to inspect the things which have lately accumulated upon our Table;— accumulations which we of the thirty-third editorial board now for the last time proceed to clear away. In the first place, the

Books,

Recently sent us by the publishers, deserve a word or two of comment :

The Fisher Maiden. A Norwegian Tale. By Bjornstjerne Bjornson. From the Author's German Edition by M. E. Niles. New York : Leypoldt & Holt. Pp. 217. 1869. New Haven : Judd & White.

The blase novel-reader will here find something to refresh and amaze him. The piquancy and naivete of this little "prose poem" are exquisite, and cause one to forgive the intrusion of the somewhat tiresome theological chapter, without a complaint. Typographically, the book is a gem, and reflects credit upon its printers. The entire omission of points from the title-page is quite to our taste.

Biographical Sketches. By Harriet Martineau. New York : Leypoldt & Holt. Pp. 458. 1869. New Haven : Judd & White.

These sketches are unaltered reprints from the London *Daily News*, in which journal they have appeared at intervals during the last seventeen years. The forty-one biographies now offered are divided unequally into six classes, namely, the literary, the scientific, the professional, the social, the political, and the royal. The typographical arrangement and execution of the book is excellent, and the leaves are left uncut after the English fashion.

Juliette; or Now and Forever. By Mrs. Madeline Leslie. Boston : Lee & Shepard. Pp. 416. 1869. New Haven : H. H. Peck.

This is the fourth volume of Mrs. Leslie's "Home Life Series," the other three being entitled : "Cora and the Doctor," "Courtesies of Wedded Life," and "Household Angel in Disguise." Not having had time to read the book, we have no opinion to pronounce concerning it. The author we have to thank for prefixing the important "Mrs." to her name, and the printers we have to blame for employing wrongly-turned marks in introducing quotations, except in the very fine type.

The Gain of a Loss. A Novel. By the Author of "The Last of the Cavaliers." New York : Leypoldt & Holt. Pp. 439. 1869. New Haven : Judd & White.

We must plead guilty of the same neglect of this book as of the one above. We can only say of the two, that did time allow us to peruse but one of them, we ourselves should "run our chances" on this latter.

The General; or, Twelve Nights in the Hunters' Camp. A Narrative of Real Life. Illustrated by G. G. White. Boston : Lee & Shepard. Pp. 268. 1869. New Haven : Judd & White.

In this book, "The General" details the experiences of his somewhat varied life in a dozen imaginary conversations around the camp fire. Each "night" is introduced by an imaginary sketch of what "the party" accomplished during the day, together with many moralizings of the writer upon various topics,—the general tenor of which seems to be the encouraging of out-door life, hunting, fishing, etc. Mr. William Barrows, the writer of the book, or "editor" as he terms himself, was brother of the individual whose

fortunes are narrated. We have no doubt that "The General" was a good and worthy man, and that to all who knew him this book will be of interest, but we can hardly say as much in behalf of the general reader; and we greatly fear that Mr. Barrows will be disappointed in his hope that this "narrative of real life" will in any way take the place of those "overwrought fictions," which satisfy the taste among the young for "sketches of adventure and startling interest."

Pictures from Prison Life. An Historical Sketch of the Massachusetts State Prison. With Narratives and Incidents, and Suggestions on Discipline. By Gideon Haynes, Warden. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Pp. 290. 1869. New Haven: H. H. Peck.

The title of this volume well explains its character, and indicates its chief value. Aside from this, it is even of considerable interest to the general reader, and so far as we can judge, the work of compilation has been well and carefully performed.

Our books being thus recommended to your mercy, it may be of interest to glance over the names at least of our classified pile of

Exchanges,

Which have been received since the issue of our last number. COLLEGE MAGAZINES:—*Beloit College Monthly*, *Chicago Index Universitatis*, *Christian Union Literary Magazine*, *Dartmouth*, *Denison Collegian*, *Griswold Collegian*, *Hamilton Literary Monthly*, *Michigan University Magazine*, *Ripon College Days*, *Union College Magazine*, *Williams Quarterly*. COLLEGE PAPERS:—*Albion College Standard*, *Amherst Student*, *Brown Yang Lang*, *Columbia Cap and Gown*, *Cornell Era*, *Delaware Western Collegian*, *Hamilton Campus*, *Harvard Advocate*, *Hiram Student*, *Indiana Student*, *Iowa University Reporter*, *McKendree Repository*, *Madisonensis*, *Miami Student*, *Michigan University Chronicle*, *Monmouth College Courier*, *Notre Dame Scholastic Year*, *Pardee Literary Messenger*, *Racine College Mercury*, *Rutger's Targum*, *Shurtleff Qui Vive*, *Trinity Tablet*, *Washington Collegian*, *Williams Vidette*, *Willoughby Collegian*. OUTSIDE PERIODICALS:—*Advertisers Gazette*, *American Journal of Philately*, *American Presbyterian*, *American Publisher's Circular*, *Atlantic Monthly*, *Baltimore Statesman*, *Brooklyn Monthly*, *Chicago Sorosis*, *Christian World*, *Cincinnati Medical Repository*, *College Courant*, *Hearth and Home*, *Littell's Living Age*, *Loomis's Musical Journal*, *Michigan Teacher*, *Nation*, *New England Postal Record*, *Overland Monthly*, *Packard's Monthly*, *Round Table*, *Sabbath at Home*, *St. Louis Journal of Education*, *Schoolmaster*.

We have also received: *Boston Commonwealth*, *Christian Banner*, *Home Journal*, *London Society*, *New Haven Register*.

The second number of the *Yang Lang*—which we never expected to see—is very well printed, upon tinted paper, and is in other respects quite an improvement upon the first issue. Last month we called its wood-cuts "horrid," as in an absolute sense they certainly are, but since, as we understand the editors to say, they are the actual handiwork of college men, we will change our censure into praise. We can by no means give our approval to the name, "*Yang Lang*," however. In fact we want to censure two or three others,—as the "*Cap and Gown*" of *Columbia*, the "*Targum*" of *Rutgers*, and the "*Tablet*" of *Trinity*,—for their extreme lack of taste in selecting their titles. Not that we have anything against them, in themselves, but then there are other names which are so much more distinctive and original, you know,—take "*Student*" or "*Collegian*," for example. Now, *Yang Lang*, why could n't you have been "*Collegian*"? Then your motto might have been "*semper ubique*"—do n't you see? Then you might have represented an odd dozen of institutions, all at once, instead of a single college. Even the *Harvard* paper did better than you have done. It tried at least to be "*Collegian*," but the faculty suppressed it, and so it may be pardoned for being only an "*Advocate*." But you! Ah, *Yang Lang*, you've made a sad mistake! Yet you are still young, and reform is possible. Take the fatherly advice of "the oldest;" throw off your barbarous title; become "*Collegian*"; then all will be well. We cannot reform,

for age has got hold upon us. Except for this, the Lrr. should be "Collegian" instantly. And the next Legislature should change our own name to John Smith!

An article on "American University Customs" in the March number of *London Society*, written by George M. Towle of '61, U. S. Consul at Bradford, England,—though whose kindness the magazine in question was sent us,—makes one realize that, conservative as we think college and its customs to be, they change rapidly, after all. Nearly all the customs described in this first article have grown obsolete already. We await with interest the appearance of the sketch which is to follow. Somebody, too, is writing in the *Sabbath at Home* about "Cyril Rivers, and what he learned at College." Though no name is given, "Yale" is plainly indicated by the references, to be the college in question. The story is one of the "moral" kind, and though neither life-like, nor attractively written, is worth running over in a leisure hour,—as must be anything of the sort concerning a college to those who dwell within it.

We presume our February *Overland* was "lost on the plains," as we failed to receive it, much to our sorrow. "In the Tunnel," in the March number is as pathetic a bit of verse as we have lately noticed.—"In the best sense, sensational," says *Packard's Monthly* of itself, and it speaks truly. It is pleasant to have at least one magazine to turn to, with a certainty of finding something "interesting," at all times and seasons.—If there are any stamp collectors among our readers, we would recommend to their notice *The American Journal of Philately*, published monthly in New York by J. W. Scott & Co., as being a respectable and interesting periodical.—The *Baltimore Statesman*, too, which has just completed its first six months, is a reputable Democratic journal which we are always glad to speak a good word for.—We mourned over the the valedictory of the Chicago *Sorosis*, and are still sad that the *Agitator* which was to succeed it has not yet stirred us up.

It is funny to observe how a particular item sometimes runs through all our college exchanges. The one concerning the hazing of a certain Yale Freshman, has about finished its course, while that in regard to the Bowdoin College class of '27 and its great men is still going the rounds.—"The Mathematical Joke," written by Mr. H. A. Beers of '69, for the "Undergrad. Dept." of the *Courant*, has also been widely copied by our exchanges, and with good reason, for it is the best "college yarn" that has appeared for a long time, and what is more, it is a true one.—"Tuft-hunter," who alluded somewhat slightly to the "small colleges," in a *Courant* article, was "pitched into" by the *College Argus* on account thereof, and in a subsequent letter gracefully acknowledged his annihilation. We ourselves have had one or two raps across the knuckles from our cotemporaries, for the utterance of heretical notions upon this point.—We acknowledge the fairness of the *College Courier's* criticism. The inconsistency of course arose from two different editors having charge of different departments of the Magazine; still the point was fairly made, and we gracefully "own up." We feel flattered to observe that the *Courier* inspects our Advertiser.—The following funny paragraph refers we suppose, to a remark of ours on page 204 of our February number: "The YALE LITERARY calls it 'At least singular' that the *Reporter* should sometimes publish a short comment on our weekly prayer meetings, giving names of some who speak and pray, and, in the same number this 'aged' Magazine, gives nearly a page to some preparation for boat-riding by the students. We expect soon to hear who rowed most gracefully and how they were dressed. We are not surprised that such a thing as a prayer meeting should be singular,—yea, even mysterious at Yale." Whether our successors in office are so steeped in iniquity as actually to publish an unblushing account of the next boat race or not, remains to be seen. Let us hope for the best.

Other ideas suggested by a perusal of our college exchanges, a want of space compels us unwillingly to omit. But as all the various student periodicals, which have been received by us during the year which has passed, are deposited, duly arranged, in the Library, we must refer you thither, Courteous Reader, if you care to learn more concerning them. Meanwhile, you may perhaps be interested in "a few words personal" from us, as you will observe that the months have duly rolled around, and that we now have met again

At Philippi.

Words, we have here to say, that some may think were best left unspoken; words, that all may be assured are at least sincere and true. And first, our position as editor has been to us the one crowning pleasure and satisfaction of our whole college course; a thing by us more valued, for us more valuable, than any other "office" to which we have been or could have been elected, than any other "honor" which we have or could have attained. For this, as for nothing else, before or after, we have to thank the ninety-five classmates who elected us, the dozen society-men who gave us the nomination, and the one or two friends who took it upon themselves to "run" us. So long as memory retains a recollection of the fact that we, "without qualifications" as college things go, were elected to what was in their view a high office by men whose prejudices and opinions we had never cared to conciliate, our belief in the possibility of miracles will remain firm and unshaken.

Our position we have enjoyed heartily and entirely; but it has not been an easy or an inactive one. It has demanded and has received from us the severest exertions, the very hardest work, of which we are capable. It has taken to itself the most valuable hours of the pleasantest period of our college life, and has brought trouble upon us in more instances than one. It has required an amount of labor, which, now that we look back upon it, almost surprises us, and which we should have been slow to undertake, could we at the outset have foreseen it. Yet we do not regret the past, nor would we change or recall it. So far as is ever possible in human affairs, we are satisfied with the record we leave behind. It is for us to assert that we have done our best, and better than that no man can do. It is for others to decide whether we have done well.

Our duties have led us to become acquainted with things of whose existence we were before only partly aware,—with stinginess and meanness and smallness-of-soul in those whom we had respected; with carelessness and selfishness and disregard of promises, in those whom we had believed to be honorable. We have almost come to judge of a man's character by his manner of paying his subscription dues. We really feel as it were personally grateful to those who have promptly paid us. And those who have finally paid, after many delays and postponements, we are willing to forgive the trouble they have caused. As for the dozen or less who have promised, and then refused to pay, let them accept assurances of our most cordial and lasting contempt. Whatever happens to them hereafter, they will be suggested to our memory only as persons in whose deliberate judgment three dollars seemed of more importance than their own pledged word. Personally we can say, what the entire editorial board is unwilling to say, that to anyone who has given us the slightest help, by money, by contributions, by a kind and encouraging word, we offer our sincerest thanks.

Courteous Reader, adieu! We bid you farewell for the last time. Our page is filled. Our work is ended. We must begone. And yet we linger. We are loth to leave you. We hate to realize that our twelve months' play at journalism is over. A real sadness holds us as we write these last few words. It is with a heavy sigh that we lay down the editorial pen. For we know that when we take it up again we shall relinquish it but with life.

L. H. B.

EDITORS' FAREWELL.

IN withdrawing from the management of the *YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE*, the editors of '69 desire to express over their own names a few words of a somewhat personal character, and to present certain facts which, in justice to themselves, they think should be known by all.

And in the first place we would say, that our Magazine has been a financial success, that we owe no man anything on its account, and that we have even derived a trifling profit from its publication. This, be it observed, in the face of the fact that our expenses have been far greater than those of any previous board in the history of the Magazine. For simply printing the nine numbers under our charge, we have paid \$1085, and for other things necessarily connected therewith, \$175 additional, making our total expenses for the year, \$1260. As already remarked, our receipts have been a trifle more than this, and had our expenses been no greater than were those of our predecessors in '68, we should have possessed a surplus of some \$400. Two dollars per page of letterpress is the price we pay our printers, and, exclusive of advertisements, we have published 450 pages, or an average of ten pages per month more than the required number. The four preceding boards had fallen short even of this customary number (360), as the following figures show: '65 published 342 pages, '66, 340; '67, 332; and '68, only 320. Our subscribers, therefore, will please remember, that while other boards have failed to supply the amount of matter promised, we have not only supplied it but have expended an additional \$200 in the publication of extra pages for their benefit. Nor is this all: we have printed each month in our Advertiser two pages of matter such as had previously been allowed within the body of the Magazine; we have allowed no blank half-pages, or "open" displays of type in the "*Memorabilia*"; we have condensed and classified everything, in a manner before unknown; and by all these means we have contrived to publish at least a third more matter than did the preceding board.

As to the character of what we have printed, it is neither necessary nor fitting for us to speak. It has received all sorts of criticism, though perhaps approving notices have predominated. It is right, however, as the numbers have varied somewhat in character, that the responsibility of each editor concerning them should be indicated, and so we may here remark that the successive editors, as the alphabet has arranged them, had charge in turn—absolutely, as a matter of fact—of the numbers for November and April; October; July and March; May and December; June and February. The Table and the leading article of each number have been, with a single indicated exception, the work of the editor in charge. The "*Memorabilia Yalensia*" has been furnished throughout the year by a single individual. And the majority of the writers have been members of the senior class.

Whatever else may be thought of the XXXIII^d LIT. Board, in one respect at least it is unique—in the utter dissimilarity of the men who make it up. The combination of circumstances which brought together five so incongruous characters was certainly a strange one, and could hardly have been possible outside of college walls. We have represented five different States, and five different "policies." If we have not all been avowed enemies, at least no two of us have been very dear friends. We have worked

for different objects, in different ways, with different motives. We have agreed in nothing, sympathized in nothing, combined in nothing. It has been each one for himself, and against all the rest. And yet, after all, we have been an eminently harmonious board, and we probably feel better satisfied with the record now left behind, than do most editors when they stand, as we are standing, upon the outer threshold. It may be in poor taste for us to say it, but we certainly think that the Magazine has improved under our management, and that, spite of all our failings and imperfections, we have done no dishonor to the class which elected us, or the college we profess to represent. At all events, we are certain that we surrender the Lrr. to our successors, with its affairs in a better and more orderly condition than when we received it, and that they can have no one but themselves to blame if they fail to succeed in conducting it hereafter.

And so, with their best bow to the college public, and their best wishes for the Lrr.'s perennial prosperity, the happy editorial family of '69 divide the accumulated spoils of office, depart from the sanctum, and start out once more upon their separate and widely different ways.

Lyman H. Baqq

Edward G. Coy

Henry V. Truman

Henry W. Raymond

Edward P. Wilder

VOL. XXXIV.

NO. VII.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED

BY THE

Students of Yale College.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSIS
Cantabunt SOBOLES, unanimique PATRES."

MAY, 1869.

NEW HAVEN:

PUBLISHED BY THE EDITORS.

On Sale at the College Book Store, Pease's, and Hoadley's.

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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXIV.

MAY, 1869.

No. VII.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '70.

EDWARD P. CLARK,

WILLIAM C. GULLIVER,

JOTHAM H. CUMMINGS,

CHARLES H. STRONG,

THOMAS J. TILNEY.

KNEE-BREECHES.

COLLEGE life, like the adult world of which it is a weak miniature, has many shortnesses. Of these some are remediless, and though bad must be borne—others, too short and narrow for the time and place, are curable and need but the calling forth and *reception* of a little advice, to lengthen them. That imperfections exist, we must charge nature who denies perfection to mortals; that there are no remedies, we must pull our hat over the eyes and lay it to misfortune: but that there are both imperfections and remedies, nature and misfortune are not criminal, and the crime must be laid at our own door. We lament, but cannot alter the fact, that our Professors are not paid “two-thirds of the salaries which the youngest ministers in the city receive”—when ministers are the worst paid of all men. This shortness, though great and glaring for the character of the institution, lies beyond the reach of home-remedies, and for the present at least, must be endured. That the Library is “too small for thorough research,” its fund for new purchases “only \$1500,” and this “already expended in advance”; that the number of instructors “should be doubled to meet the doubling demand,” that there is “a pressing:

want of new apparatus"; that new scholarships are needed, that the dormitory fund is not yet large enough; that more and better buildings are wanting and more and better sweeps to take care of them; that in fine, a sum of almost half a million of dollars has been contributed to specific objects, while "the general fund of the college of late has only been increased by the welcome gift of \$5000 of Chief Justice Williams of Hartford," are all expressions of wants with which we heartily sympathize and for whose obliteration we as sincerely wish. Their existence is a necessary evil, and like honest poverty should cause no blush of shame. They cannot long remain. They will disappear at the 'welcome gifts' of future benefactors. They in patience are biding the time.

There is another species of knee-breeches, however, the shortness and unfitness of which, are both subjects of mortification and fit subjects for reform. We may be a little forward in our views and are content to be so, but we disclaim with emphasis the title of "jerky radicals." We confess to an over-sensitiveness, a squeamish regard for appearances, *not shallow*. We hold a bow-down reverence for the name of Yale College, but would have both its inner workings and outside appearances to a conformance therewith. We seek no "pinchbeck reputation" and would have 'the reality' just as long as 'the appearances.' Where things are "too short," we would, when convinced of their shortness, without scruples lengthen them; where they are unworthy, we would in the same manner remove them. Leaving in general to circumstances "to shape our ends" we like at times to do a little "rough-hewing" on the *means*.

First from our black list, if we may be allowed commencing with an old subject, there is too much 'school-room' discipline, too much folded-arm obedience and too little of the university-independence. We assume, and here we beg to differ from the last LIT., that *men* come to college, not boys, down whose throats discipline and knowledge are to be shipped by a kind of 'choking process.' It would be sad to admit, that the many, manly, self-supporting men are here to play, and that a knotted beach-rod must be held before their eyes to keep them from it; we doubt if "the average collegian is determined to learn as little as possible." Doubtless such cases exist and in too large numbers, but

it is unnatural to call the exceptions the rule. If the average collegian is determined to learn as little as possible, then the average graduate knows 'as little as possible,' for it is evident that no forcing process, no educational ram, will teach a man against his will. With the assumption then, that collegians are *not boys*, they should not be tied in by petty rules, fitted for the nature of boys; but yet, since even men need much restraint, we would seek a mean, a purgatory between the maximum and minimum, which while it allows not full and perfect laxity, yet undoes all the pigmy ties, so productive of prevarication and deceit. We think there are many "small laws," and every one can from his own experience think of some, which exact a schoolboy-obedience and whose repeal would show that students "are made of better stuff." We deplore the necessity of excuses, take no stand on stages of discipline, and deprecate mutilated consciences. We hate to know the small deceits, the 'lying truths,' which men practice to shun a mark—a miserable black spot stroked across the corner of a square; we regret to see the inquisitous glance bent upon the petitioner, half full of doubt and full of contempt; we dislike to hear the little debate, the petty pros and cons, one presenting some neatly-framed excuse, the other objecting some insignificant but just-applicable law.

It is not sought to strike at the root at once—for conservatism is sound—and do away with the whole system of marks and excuses, but only to approach the great central principle, the golden mean of discipline, by slowly cutting down the little outside parts, which surround it. Those at present unnecessary, should be annulled, others as they become so.

Marks checked down in daily recitation, as a test of merit, are no less fallacious, no less inductive of narrow-chested scholarship, and of all the unworthy means to gain it. Who behind the scenes would take an appointment list, as an "infallible touch-stone" of scholarship? Or, is it a sign that a man "without a stand" has less general knowledge of his studies that one who ranks higher up the list? Thoroughness in competitive examinations—such as was recently tried in one division of the Junior class with satisfaction to teacher and taught—at unexpected moments with little time "to cram" would find a nearer test. It would finish the evils, which the present system ensures, the

school-boy dread of a failure, the nervousness about "stand." It has the more serious tendency of promoting 'book' knowledge rather than 'subject' knowledge, of drinking in individual theories rather than assuming the good parts of several. Set jobs are given out, and as men are "ranked" according as they have thoroughly, partially, or not at all, committed this desideratum, outside matter "is not in the lesson." The result is shreds and kickshaws of knowledge, not scholarship. A cramped, one-man's view of certain subjects is obtained, which a deeper, all-embracing search would have enlarged into sound genuine knowledge, with much practicality.

Moreover, from the "very short" custom of retaining in use the text-books of graduates, ideas are often met, which doubtless were correct when first from the press, but more recent discovery convinced them erroneous. Two "well-to-do" examples, one a first year study, the other coming in the third,—and even admitted by one member of the faculty "to be unfortunate that we had to use them"—need no particularizing. Such puniness known outside would take from appearances. A desire for the genuine and real should undertake their removal from within.

Other instances and other kinds of short-breeches are numerous. About many of them, as there are "men of many minds," and as the application of censure may fit only the head of particular classes, our satiric thong may provoke their distaste. This we take as a good sign, since when a man begins by getting mad with advice, he generally ends by getting mad with himself, and a resolution to do better is likely to follow. The polish and politeness of college-life offer examples of a shortness, which sets most awkwardly from contrast. The *frail* offenders in this respect are only the exceptionals, but the disgrace arising from their offense falls upon the whole, since in bodies an ill-ordered member puts out of order all the rest. When Integer ipse ourselves, we are nervously afraid of being called "poor-mannered," and dislike to be put in a class ticketed "rowdy students." We prefer to pass to the other extreme, to be called Quixotic, chivalrous, romantic, Hudibrastic, and we even yield admiration to the man, who stripped off his velveteen, that a lady should not wet her feet in crossing a mud-puddle. The qualities represented by these epithets bring no idea of rudeness with them, and point not at a barrenness in

our intellectual faculty. 'To be ill mannered' on the other hand is synonymous with 'to be ignorant,' and disproves a claim to intelligence and superiority. No one we know, who is truly polished—and polish is but the refining touch of education—can be ill-mannered. Shortness in manners argues a shortness in education. Bad manners, therefore, in a seat of learning, a place of education, are most out-of-place and "short." We blush when a lady says she has frequently turned out of her way to avoid a student-group, we blush when we hear the insulting remarks used against those who do not take this trouble. Music Hall with its disgraceful scene of two years ago still haunts us; the complaint of a similar disgrace in the case of some ladies of Hartford—mentioned in the Courant some weeks back—still lingers. From the first callow flight in rudeness up to the organized system of Wednesday-afternoon politeness, there is something unworthy, something relict of tenderer years. Zeal and heartiness in our pursuits need not, if we use a little more of our home-manners, degenerate into boyishness and boisterousness.

The English Language suffers by college usage,—it is veneered, metaphorically terming it, till it is "sticky" with new and false words. "Slang" passes current. We are great sticklers after *plain* English, we have learned to set the mouth in a certain way to pronounce it, and we utter a protest against its miscegenation with barbarian tongues. Well-expressed ideas in old, long-formed English are much more soothing,—more ear-tickling,—than the same ideas pranked forth in an affecting array of slang phrases, aided by all the effect of novelty and all the pleasure of startlingness: good anglo-saxon—so it is healthy, we care not how much thumbed by interchange in common currency, wins the race with us ahead of any made-up conversation cropping forth in its "exotic forms of sheer slang." A man is a fool, or in a circumlocution, blessed with "an honest obliquity of understanding," why reject the word "fool," which the world has used ever since Balaamic days, and strain after "pill," or the equally startling "cake," or even "skedunk"? There is more of satisfaction, to say nothing of purity, in thinking till the 'proper word' is reached, than in searching for something new and rough, with which to thread our discourse for the edification,—and that but momentary—of the hearer. For, who would permanently sacrifice the solid

for the salt, the substantial for the spicy, even if slang always possessed these elements of salt and spice? The fault, to say the least, is a six-inch one and might be bettered.

Business talent and a business-like manner of procedure,—for all points where this quality of shortness is perceived, much complained of, and little remedied, falls by right within the embrace of our subject, are within the wants and wishes of all college affairs. If the statement is true, that college is no place for business men, the proposition when reversed still has truth—business men find no place in college. Often is the complaint heard about the irregularity in money matters—the “small way of doing business” in the collection of money and the still smaller in accounting for it. Said an aggrieved subscriber lately, “In the last three years I have given in subscriptions \$145. I have never seen a report or thought of asking for one—my only hope is, that the receiver has got more good in receiving it, than the giver has satisfaction in giving.” This is a late case, and parallel ones are not rare. Heartiness and generosity are always found in those able and willing to give, and it is but just that the small equivalent should be returned, of letting one know the use to which his widow’s-mite has been put. If reports are not possible in all cases, at least let them not be as rare as philosopher’s stones, or as brief as politeness in a man newly enriched. More doubtless would be given where more is accounted for, and, even if no other advantage came, there would result both pleasure to the donor and satisfaction to the recipient.

Shams, “pinchbeck quackery” and all the impositions which abound so numerous, are fruitfull in this same feature of unfittingness. Reputations for good or bad report are too often based in low and false estimates of their owner’s character. The rise and fall in the popular scale, is influenced by a too slight change of temperature, since every one lends “a favoring breeze” to one started upwards and an impetus to the descendant. The criterion which holds is wrong. Men at all times should be judged by what they *are* not by what they *do*, for the glitter of prizes is shallow, the name of popularity a humbug, unless backed by genuine worth. Esteem should be dowered upon men without estates rather than on estates without men.—Men “are born,” estates may “be made.” Ability at all times has awakened and

at all times should awaken admiration, but it should not cast dust in the eyes when looking at a man's character. There is need besides of more independence, and it should not in the rare cases where it does exist, be styled idiosyncrasy. Those possessing it are always "self-made," while their opposites are frequently but the mere whittlings of circumstances, and the applause which in the world distinguishes between the two, should in their college types draw deep the line of separation.

Flaws whether great or small look deeper-limned from contrast. As black looms blacker, when side by side with white, or bad takes a darker hue from oppositeness to good, so the dwarfishness existent in college characters, appears still shorter and more awkward in the light and manliness thrown from its other features. For, who would look for "shams" in the home of genuine sincerity, or for rudeness in the seat of learning, or, false popularity and falser criterions, where true and tried friendships are known to live? Small faults can do great harm, carefulness in small things, attention to minutiae, point at general excellence; in college well-doing all take pride, and all feel the disgrace, which comes from any unbecomingness. To twist into smoothness all undue juttings, to cut off all unnecessary appendages, while delighting to throw into prominence "the good parts" are tasks, "which sooner done will sooner pay." Passed are the days of bibs and pap-spoons, milk-tea has ceased to please as a beverage, so the garments fitted to those earlier days have become too small for old age. But the existence of knee-breeches in an age of long ones, is not an evil in the view of expediency alone, it is a double one, for while they are unknown, we appear better than we are.

Where they exist, genuineness cannot exist; for a reputation is held in no wise backed by reality. Greatness in name is desired, but short things are clung to, and by a species of jesuitry hid from sight. Two passions cannot be served. As much of reputation as is deserved it is pleasant to receive, but when attained, and through many failings and coral-beds of smallness, we are conscious it is unmerited, and we still prefer to cling to these failings, then it is better to renounce the bauble, content to be, in whatever we are, sincere.

THE LIT.'S RAISON D'ETRE.

AT various periods in the history of our Magazine, different editors have been moved to announce their opinions in regard to its management; claiming in some cases to represent the ideas of their associates in office, in others to offer simply their individual beliefs. It is now about six years since the subject has been treated of in a regular article, and the present one may therefore be of some little interest. It is offered with no desire of dictating the future course of the LIT., or of ridiculing its character in the past; neither does it pretend to have the sanction of the retiring editorial board. It claims simply to represent the ideas of the writer, who, in parting from the Magazine, wishes to put on record a statement of what a year's experience has convinced him to be the true policy in conducting it.

Before proceeding to discuss the matter, however, it may be worth while to trace in few words the course of the Magazine in the past, and to review briefly the opinions expressed at different times in regard to it. Said the founders, at the outset: "To foster a literary spirit, and to furnish a medium for its exercise; to rescue from utter waste the many thoughts and musings of a student's leisure hours; and to afford some opportunity to train ourselves for the strife and collision of mind which we must expect in after life—such and similar motives have urged us to this undertaking." This idea seems to have prevailed for a dozen years or more; the first protest being raised against it when the editors of '49 took control, and "defined their position." They laid down the principle that the LIT. should be a "mirror of college life;" which principle their successors in '52, when giving up their office, most heartily endorsed. The editors of this class, at the outset of their labors, instituted the "Memorabilia," which has been a prominent feature ever since, and devised the prospectus or advertisement upon the last page of the cover, which remained without change (except a slight one hereafter noted) up to the close of the last volume. Before this the prospectus had varied a little every year, but coincided in its general tone with that already quoted from the first number. The commencement

programmes and lists of prize men had been inserted for five or six years before the regular "Memorabilia" was instituted. For the half-dozen volumes succeeding the first, the "Epilegomena," and afterwards the "Editor's Table," which superseded it and in a measure supplied its place, were the only reliefs to the "heavy literary" portion of the Magazine. We have said that the first protest against this state of things was made by '49, and the first great attack upon it by '52. So likewise '53 and '56 in turn recommended the new ideas in their farewell addresses, and '59 and '60 announced their allegiance to them, at the very outset of their labors. It was reserved for '61, on beginning their duties, to raise the first counterblast, and profess allegiance to the ancient order of things. They were bound to be "literary," and so "prove true to the *name* of the periodical." They amended the advertisement on the cover, inherited from '52, by striking out the latter part of the clause which read: "Contributions are solicited upon any subject of interest to students; but local, spirited and humorous articles are specially desired." In a word, they fully accepted the current delusion that lively and interesting writing is not "literary." And so well were their efforts appreciated that the pecuniary support accorded them was very small indeed. Their success hardly encouraged their successors to pursue the same pathway; for the next time, and the last, that the subject was mentioned,—by an editor of '64, the principle that a college magazine should confine its attention to college matters was again plainly asserted. It thus appears that from the time, twenty years ago, when doubts first began to be raised as to whether the original "mission" of the LIT. was its true one, only a single board of editors has openly declared its adherence to to the old order of things, while very many have protested against it. Yet, spite of this apparent unanimity of opinion in its favor, the "mirror-of-college-life" scheme has been by no means generally adhered to in practice, as an examination of most of the volumes, or of our "index" to the same, will show. The reasons in support of it need therefore to be urged upon public attention again and again. And this we now propose to do.

The success of a magazine is of course measured by the profit it affords the two classes,—writers and readers; and if it benefits neither it has no right to live. To our mind there can be no

doubt that the writer gains most by generally treating of college subjects, for the simple reason that they naturally occupy his thoughts, to the exclusion of others; and the putting together of words devoid of ideas is rather injurious than beneficial. The clear expression of the thoughts which his life and experience suggest to him does the writer more good, unquestionably, than the production of arguments for and against some abstracts, in which he delusively believes himself to be interested, or the drawing of historical parallels whose philosophy he as wrongfully judges himself to comprehend. To write with advantage to himself a man must have a living interest in his theme, and, except in exceptional cases, a college man will not have that interest in subjects altogether disconnected from college life. His own self-interest, then, should generally prompt him to write only of that whereof he knows.

But the benefit of the writer is really a matter of very secondary importance; the reader is the person chiefly to be considered; and that to him the chief value of a college publication lies in its treating of college matters, is a fact which cannot be questioned. Outside topics, and events of the day, as discussed by older and wiser heads, he can read of elsewhere if he so desires; but comments and discussions on the life and institutions which surround him can be supplied through no other medium than the college periodical. If it is wanting in these, nothing short of a miracle can prevent its being stale, flat, and unprofitable,—to all except the personal friends of the different writers. The sooner it dies the better.

A simile, whose aptness must excuse its age, likens college to a microcosm. The subjects for thought and discussion contained within this "little world" are so innumerable, varied and entertaining, that no one can offer as an excuse for venturing beyond it the want of original themes, or the desire of "fresh fields and pastures new." Its inhabitants are most interested in that which personally concerns them; while dwellers beyond its borders, to whom student life is a wonder and a mystery, will sometimes read the genuine expressions suggested by that life, though all other "young" writing is an abomination not to be endured. The *raison d'être* of a college periodical, then, or more especially of the LIT., is not the publication of prize compositions, or of mildewed

essays, or of heavy disquisitions on truth, justice, and the eternal verities. It is rather the examination of the phases and philosophy of college life, in a manner as pleasant and natural as may be, and the recording of facts and fancies connected therewith.

It seems remarkable that the *LIT.* existed so long without giving any attention whatever to the systematic recording of college news. In a practical point of view there can be no doubt that the "Memorabilia" is the most valuable portion of the Magazine. For fifteen years it formed the best because the only statement of current events in college. The appearance of the *Courant*, in 1865, apparently induced the belief that the "Memorabilia" was thenceforth of less importance than before. This was a mistake. There is as much difference in the ways of stating news as in any other kind of literary action. A weekly, in point of present interest, has of course in such matters the advantage of a monthly, but the latter, having more leisure to collate, classify, and digest its information, can present it in better form for historical reference. Thus it is plain that a person could get in a few moments a clearer and more connected idea of college events during the past year, from the Memorabilia of the *LIT.* than he could gain in many hours from the files of the *Courant*, though the accounts of them in the latter were generally more readable because they appeared nearer the time of their occurrence. Still, old as much of its news must needs be when published, the Memorabilia is even now the best read part of the Magazine, so that no man need think his efforts wasted when he devotes his time to perfecting this brief record of events. It is the one thing which gives the *LIT.* a historical value, and no pains should be spared to make it, in its way, complete and reliable in every part.

This "oldest college periodical," then, so long as it keeps in its proper sphere, has a very good right to live, and probably will claim the right for several years to come. At another time we may mention some of the drawbacks against which it has to contend, and which must always prevent a complete fulfilment of its true "mission," no matter how clearly this is perceived and labored for. Actions are said to speak louder than words, and they serve to show the sense in which the latter are intended, as well. It is by their writings, therefore, that we interpret the sense in which the founders of the Magazine understood their prospectus. Thus,

we have disapproved of it. Yet, if the words will only be taken in what to us seems the right sense, we are ready most heartily to endorse that first declaration, and assert that, "To foster a literary spirit, and to furnish a medium for its exercise; to rescue from utter waste the many thoughts and musings of a student's leisure hours, and to afford a training for the strife and competition of active life"—is the *LIT.*'s *raison d'être*. L. H. B.

WINTER.

Who loves the winter time,
All cold and drear and lone,
When every chilly wind that blows
Seems like a stifled moan?
 And the trees are bare,
 And the meadows wear
The harvest, frost has sown.
The leaden clouds hang low,
Or across the sky are bowled,
And they send a moaning wind to say
That a tempest fierce they hold.
 And their place they change
 And like words arrange
A sentence that spells—It's cold.

The sun itself grows cold,
Thick-muffled in a cloud,
Seeming when'er its face appears
Enveloped in a shroud.
 And no bird is nigh
 To raise on high
The voice once so sweet and loud.
The murmuring brook no more
Babbles its song of glee,
For the ice-king's hand has stopped its mouth,
And its voice is no longer free.
 And the daisy rank
 Upon the bank
The passer no longer can see.

Still is the court of the cold,
Silent the chambers of frost,
For nature is checked in her course of love,
And her winning smile she's lost.
 And she misses the breeze
 Among the trees
That once her branches toss'd,
But the sleep will not last for aye,
For the Sun reins his horses again,
And with silent feet they come hastening on,
Over Heaven's boundless plain,
 And the flowers will spring
 To their feet, and bring
The beauties that fall with the rain.

RATS.

THE rat is a wild animal long since condemned to death by man, but the sentence cannot be executed because the criminal flees from justice. Being under the ban, he naturally avoids mankind and skulks in secret places. Naturalists have investigated the lives of the raccoon and squirrel and we see their haunts, their migrations and occupations as plainly in the pages of Buffon and Cuvier as in their native forests. But of the rat comparatively little is known. He has been measured, weighed and divided into species to be sure, but his character is still mysterious. Our eyes grow heavy before he comes from his hiding place, for sun is to him as the moon to us and the moon is his sun, rousing him to merry life.

For many years I had known him by glimpses. On warm summer afternoons, when men were taking siestas on their lounges and dogs were dozing in their kennels, I have caught one glimpse of a sharp black eye or noticed the tip of a long tail as it whisked from sight at the mouth of a miniature cavern. Sometimes the whole rat has been visible but only for a moment and in terror.

In an inland city stood an old wooden barn, which had been for some time unoccupied. Hay was still lying in the loft and corn had been left in the bins, but the blood horses, which erst ate food from the broken racks, had been led away and the stalls

were empty. The city has no pleasant vallies and shady groves, where the mind may wander and grow rich on its own thoughts ; so when I wished to indulge in revery and meditation I found no retreat so congenial as that old barn. I lay on a buffalo robe in the corner. A vagrant imagination had already converted this pelt into a tiger skin ; the timber posts became the ivory columns of a palace, and the hay-dust trembling in the air had been changed by my fancy and the sun into pellicles of gold, fit atmosphere for a royal court. I was called back to reality by a peculiar sound. The shrill squeak of a rat brought down my airy castle as low as Joshua's horn brought down the walls of Jericho. The interruption was not disagreeable, however, for I had long felt a curiosity to know more about these underground people. Only a foot of earth or an inch of plank or plaster separate their lives from ours, but we seldom meet them. The rat, who had uttered the sound, was a scout sent by his companions, who lived under the floor, to spy out the land and, as he stood there, deserved to be graven in stone by some cunning hand as a statue of Caution. Every faculty was on guard against the mysterious intruder ; his eye flashed like a dark diamond, suspicion pricked up his ears and indecision lurked in his sinuous tail. A moment he hesitated, then slowly retired. Seeing that he was determined to retreat, I now uttered a view-halloo, which threw him into a panic, and he fled like lightning.

This was rather an unsatisfactory glimpse into Ratland, and, a few nights afterwards, a plan was devised for fuller discoveries. The scene of operations was an old mansion. One after another the lights from gas and candle were extinguished and the stars of heaven supplied their places. We had bolted each door and case-ment and at last I went into the cellar to watch a robber, whose teeth affect an entrance where bar and saw of skillful burglar make no impression. I sat in a dark corner. The darkness did not seem unpleasant and the bell of the Court House, a mile distant, rang twelve o'clock with harmonious clangor. As if its notes broke some long enchantment, the world of midnight now awoke. First there was a rustle in the ash-heap, then a stirring among a pile of kindlings, anon a skurry of feet as some young rat won his spurs for dauntless hardihood in racing across the floor. But lo ! in his career of leaps he has overturned some bottle or cup,

which makes a jingle, and everything is still. After a silence of some seconds, caused by our heedless friend just mentioned, a long-tailed patriarch from the region of the furnace hails some crony in an opposite corner and the two are soon engaged in discussing a fine beef bone as I judge from the munching and crunching. The rats hear this sound, as well as I, and it is music to their ears. A great congregation flock to the feast. They are not long in finishing the meat and now forage for delicacies. One party explore a wooden box but find there nothing but soap; another division make merry over potato peelings; while a small band (confound them!) have scaled the barrel of apples and are feasting on the Russets. This is truly distressing.

They grow merry. Shrill screams of laughter come from these imps of darkness, for I insist upon it that the jocund sound which a rat utters in his play, deserves to be called laughter as much as the ha-ha of mortal men. During all this time I have seen nothing, for the thick darkness, but now the moon peers in at the window and she and I together share the fun. Like the wand of a sorceress, the rays of Diana seem to clothe these jovial voices with fit bodies, since for the first time that night I see as well as hear the midnight rout. They cannot see me for I am in the shadow of the furnace. They rush around the cellar in a great game of romps. Here is their ball-room and on the hard cemented floor they practice their redowas and waltzes to the sound of vocal music. I wonder what liquor they quaff, they be so merry. I am sure, I have tried many a vintage but no grape that ever ripened in Spanish vinyards or under Italian skies can be pressed into an anodyne for sorrow,

They might have frolicked until morning but at this moment the sudden sally of an old tomcat, tawny and truculent, sent them flying to their holes. The household tiger then glared around the cellar with his green eyes, and spying me, came with swelling back and complacent purr to be patted for his victory.

I once caught a rat in a trap. He was a Norway rat, a breed who are among rats as the Anglo-Saxon race among men, pre-eminent for strength and courage. He paced his cage restlessly and would fain have been away. Daylight was unpleasant to him, strange faces peered at him and the growl of an impatient terrier foretold his fate. But in all his motions there was a native dignity

which somehow reminded one of an Indian chief, and when the cruel canine jaws shook out his life, his last squeak was like the death song of a warrior at the stake.

Men bet on the strength of athletes and the speed of horses and they have taken advantage of the pugnacity of the rat for the same purpose. As criminals were thrown to lions in the Roman amphitheatre, so rats to-day are thrown to dogs and odds are given on the terriers' killing ten a minute. A long while ago I attended one of these barbaric exhibitions, but my sympathies were all in favor of the weaker side. To kill each rat the dog went through two motions,—a snap and a shake—and death followed. At last all were gone but one. He had fought nobly but was becoming each moment weaker. Fortunately the terrier was also exhausted and this made the chances more even. The dog lay on his side hoarsely barking, and ever and anon he would rise and make a furious dash. That kindly, honest expression which makes dogs so loveable, had vanished from his face and his forehead was distorted with passion while a horrid grin wrinkled his lips and displayed his fangs. Roman dames sometimes dropped a handkerchief as a sign to spare some gallant fighter in the arena, but for the rat was no signal of mercy; he was butchered to make a Chicago holiday.

In this tragical manner ended my familiar acquaintance with the rodents, and from that day I have had no more intimate relations with them than people usually enjoy. Occasionally I hear a gnawing in the wainscoting and on quiet afternoons I have seen some bold forager precariously feasting on the spoils of the kitchen, but I nevermore expect to see the feasting, the dancing and the jollity of those rats who lived in the old mansion a long time ago.

H. B. M.

OLD CHINA.

"Strange all this difference there should be,

" 'Twixt tweedledum and tweedledee."

OBLIQUITY from the straight line of college custom, I shall liken with faint analogy unto arsenic—at all times dangerous ; it is more so when taken in small doses than in big ones. Small changes cannot make large failures, total reversion might. The former, even, have a chance at success, which would inflict a blow on the pride of its opposers. The hint then would be, that they have been hugging vacuity, wearing old tatters, when a new suit was obtainable ; or as bashful Slender, happy over a sigh, when a few steps further would have made him 'happier by a spouse.' It is this prospect of success—this odious approximation upon reform—this night-mare of an overloaded stomach—they dread. They recoil from acknowledging the emptiness, are ashamed of the tatters. Hence "those tears"—their umbrage at changing. They become obstinate. They want to be weazen-face sticklers after custom ; they care not if they are sleepy Rip Van Winkles, living in the present but hankering after the past. They love the tag-ends and always keep the beaten path.

Wine-bibbers imbibe with gusto wine that has been souring in the cellar for years, and think its zest increased. Such men are worse. Connoisseurs are ecstatic over the angular, lank-limbed paintings of Præ Raphaelites, because the hand that painted them went down to the grave centuries ago. Such men are no less monomaniacs for the past. They adhere to practices, often merely because they are practices of the past. Anything different smacks of the terrible, the untried, is redolent of failure. Change is a gorgon-face, a harbinger of error, it is the 'ounce of sour,' the dose of assafoetida, a Lazarus "all tattered and torn." As his father's ghost to Hamlet, it suggests what they ought to do—or, as Banquo's to Macbeth, tells what they ought not. It is a Penelope to pull out until it makes better. It is not covered with rust, cob-webs are not spread over it. The shine of its newness hurts the eye.

This is not all. This attachment to old china is not solely a negative state of affection, not a doing of certain things from custom, and unwillingly. The tie is stronger. Love goes out from the doer to the deed. They are pleased to do them, as others have done. Spoon Exhibitions, whose expenses few share but whose seats many, stolen suppers, which stolen freshmen pay for, coalitions, politically carried and politically marred, rushing, hazing, skinning, fence-daubing, class splits, and all the jagged clogs of college machinery have little of compulsion in them. Affection for them has so long endured as to merge into bigotry.

Surrender of them would cause a storm; substitutes are eyed through green goggles. As the eye in long gazing upon one color, becomes insensible to different rays, so they become color-blind to other ways of procedure. They fail to admit advantages, though seen, or seek to overlook them by hinting at a greater balance of evil as likely to result. O. Fogy, Esq., is hard to vanquish. He dwells in the hearts of his supporters, he appeals to their sense of ease and 'what is, is right.' He allows no discussion, no middle ground, no border land, he finds no mean, believes not in purgatory. Salt will not catch him, he never spits up crooked pins as evidences of his own conviction. He is above an argument, yields no answer to controversy. *Esto perpetua*. He is simply an *αυτὸς ἀρχὼν*, and rules with unquestioned authority, nor does he allow any. "An oyster-like indifference to passing events" ever possesses him,—he is firm in "a brawny defiance to the needles of thrusting-in conscience."

The force of his influence is great enough to penetrate all quarters, to leaven the whole mass. College laws are another species of old china. They cling lovingly to the past and fear innovation as "the blow of fate." At stated distances, *The Laws of Yale College* come forth from the press in successive editions,—but the latest differeth little from the first. Many of them are out-of-date and dead in practice, yet matriculation oaths bind their observance upon all. Section XIV (any edition) reads: "No student shall anywhere in New Haven act a part or be present at any theatrical performance;" also the next tit-bit: "No student shall play at billiards, cards, dice or any other unlawful game,"—and, "*shall not keep cards in his chamber.*" Then follows a queer injunction about "not going abroad during study hours," and not

far off is a witty paradox commanding "every student to abstain from singing, hallooing (choir not excepted), loud talking, and playing on musical instruments;" then there is a species of special legislation made in the interest of prize-men, forbidding "on penalty of admonition or suspension" the "giving of treats." Few were the sad hearts at the recent Promenade, yet, Chap. XVIII on Crimes and Misdemeanors, Sec. xxv. declares, "The students are forbidden to furnish any engraven card of invitation for any college exhibition." Now to stop enumerating we have here a whole closet of old crockery. That it is such none will deny. All matriculates have taken the oath and 'subscribed their hand' to faithfully perform these laws. Who has ever been mulcted for being in the streets at any hour, or rowing in the harbor without permission, or acting in theatricals, or keeping cards in his room? Few have read the laws through and fewer have thought of keeping them. It follows, that either the oath is bindingless, or the laws; if the former then we are made to be perjurers, if the latter, then they had better be repealed. They hold in vogue, like the ass-head on Bottom's shoulder—more from fear of there being no other to replace it than from any particular beauty residing in it. They smell too much of the past, of Puritan days, when it was a sin to smile on Sunday. They have lain long enough in rest and rust. If a law is in spirit dead we decry its enforcement, if a request is on its face just, we beg its consideration without the set answer, 'It is customary,' or, the equally unsatisfactory, 'It must be referred to the Faculty.' Such courteousness is usually extended. We find no "Iceland of Negations." Still, exceptional cases might occur of those,

" — prone

"To reverence what is past and plead,

"A course of long observance for their use."

With the law out of the statute-book, the necessity of asking would be spared, and the shame of being refused.

We are no radicals, no quick-stepped reformers. "To innovate," says some wiseacre, "is not to reform." We urge no 'change of base' for the college, we see not the disease which, metaphorically speaking, hangs round our old brick buildings; we doubt not the good of classical training, nor do we dread an in-

crease ; we fear not that our posterity—despite Theo. Tilton—will graduate under a negro president ; in fine, we do not advocate the co-education of sexes, however much we adore that opposite sex. We even ourselves, although we have no “feminine partiality for old china,” love old things when worthy. There is a coziness in old slanting rooms, with its big muster-roll of names on the closet door, running back for half a century. We wonder what kind of fellows owned them, and we want to come back some day and see how our own looks. We reverence the time-honored custom of ivy-planting. There is a sadness in the last parting of Presentation Day which awes us. There is a pleasure in sitting on the old knife-hacked fence while whittling its piny posts, which we shall not soon forget. These are old customs but they are good ones. Their age has wrapped them up in sanctity, not stripped them bare and nerveless, they are not dead relics of dead times. They are our household gods, “planting a terrible foot,” and like Elia’s, “not to be rooted up without blood.” They claim no license from longevity. Their resting-place is self-merit. We love them because they are early born, we hate the others for their age and unfittingness. They have passed the prime and should die the death. Such is the difference. Affection for the one is conservatism, clinging to the other, old fogyism. The one as they grow will grow more sacred. The others, too long-lived and loved, will find no untimely grave.

The mist of dubiety has settled upon them. Unalterableness as ‘a mark of merit’ has become found-out humbuggery. Other customs grown to a senile thinness have sunk “as the sun sets.” From their fall prediction for the fall of such as these gains ground. King James always wore his old shoes, but doubtless they at last wore out. The old woman in the fable carried the calf in her arms from its infancy, but one day it was found to have grown too large, when she had the good sense to put it down. The calves of college life have many of them reached this grossness. The summons for their departure is not far distant. Old china will get broken. Such is the millenium we are waiting for.

LIGHT READING.

THE day has happily passed by, when novel writing or reading is regarded in the light either of a sin or an unpardonable waste of time. A century ago the world had good reason to regard this species of literature as most demoralizing, because then it pandered to licentiousness and depended for success quite as much on a vulgar tone as upon any excellence of style or plot ; but, as since that time customs have been cleansed, so has literature been washed of much impurity and the only books that can stand at the bar of public opinion now, must, while they bear the stamp of genius, be free from the defilement of license.

Fiction, we think, may truly be said to have passed through its iron and silver age. 'Clarissa Harlowe,' 'Tom Jones' and Sir Chas. Grandison were among the first in the field. By them a new mine was opened to the popular taste and a new direction given for intellectual activity ; but these writings of Richardson, Fielding and Smollet had their day, and were succeeded by another class in which weakness and a mawkish sentiment seems to have supplanted the previous strength with its undercurrent of impurity. 'Thaddeus of Warsaw' and the 'Children of the Abbey' are examples of this class. The dawn of a new era to fiction, its golden age perhaps, may be dated with Walter Scott and his 'Waverly.' Then, going below the surface, it began for the first time to take hold of real life and as a consequence to play an important part in educating the race. Gradually its scope has been widened until at the present time it may without exaggeration be said, that the master minds of fiction are the world's schoolmasters, and that their stories are our text-books of human virtues and vices.

The successful novel of to-day must have some end in view—something to bring out beside *incident*. An imaginary biography which begins and ends with its hero without probing a single sore spot in the customs or morals of society is generally still-born. A public taste becoming more and more cultivated is not satisfied with *sensation* alone. The loves of Clara Louise and her noble William, the obdurate papa, the threat of reduced diet with the

final elopement and happy reconciliation, are being rapidly consigned to the mercies of our kitchen maids. People whose time is worth something and who read to learn, ask themselves the question what is the *point* of this book and if, as Thackeray did, they turn to the last page and see, "There is a fresh green mound in Brentford Churchyard on which is inscribed the name of Anna Maria or a sentence to that effect, shut the book at once, refusing to agitate their feelings needlessly, and not caring a fig for Anna Maria's consumption."

The best novelists seem to feel the importance of writing themselves into the sympathies of mankind, by doing something to lighten its sufferings. In our own day, Dickens and Reade have been prime movers in this work, the former by showing up the miseries of the laboring poor, opened the eyes, hearts and purses of the rich to their wants. While the latter with his pen unlocked the doors of English prisons and mad-houses and put an end to the infamous practices carried on in them. Thackeray and Trollope in another direction have rendered good service to society by showing its many short comings, taking off the velvet wrapping from their aristocracy and laying bare all its arrogance, selfishness, and vanity. Again we find writers who combine instruction with amusement and give facts with such a delicious sugar coating of fiction that, as in the case of Scott and Miss Muhlbach's stories we gradually imbibe a 'universal history' without a suspicion of working for it. We would not assert that *all successful* novels now-a-days are the direct or indirect agents of reform or education, but only that the general tendency in the best of fiction is to stimulate the reasoning powers as well as to excite the feelings. A notable exception to this are the writings of Wilkie Collins, which can be classed under the head of the 'purely sensational.' He evidently writes without a purpose and makes his books as the Yankee did razors, to sell. 'The Woman in White' and 'Armada' may be tolerable food for the Byronic stamp of school girl, but most assuredly they are not the bread and meat a healthy mind asks in return for its time. In this author's 'No Name,' the vicious tendency is of a more positive character—getting its title from an open violation of divine and human law, and having the sin throughout either apologized for or glossed over with a delicate gauze of sophistry.

A great defect in many novels, which are otherwise good both in point and plot, is the unnatural and inflated style in which they are written, for as when watching a boy walking on very high stilts our interest in his progress is diminished by our fears for his safety, so we are always, involuntarily, on the lookout for some untoward accident when reading an author who prefers to navigate his characters in a balloon over the Mount Blancs of life, instead of making them walk in the more prosaic, but safer paths of the multitude, expecting at every step to discover a rent in the air chariot, through which the gas shall escape and the hero come with a rush down from the clouds. Simplicity and naturalness in relating striking incidents and good taste in weaving them together, so that each shall follow as the natural sequence of what precedes, is an art in fiction writing attained only by the few. Now what is simple and natural is not necessarily commonplace ; when it becomes so all our interest at once dies out.

There is an unreasonable complaint against novel writers, because they hurry their leading characters through more adventures and hair breadth escapes in a week, than fall to the lot of ordinary mortals in a life time, and some cry out for more probability and less imagination in the story. This class of malcontents should remember, that it is the elevation of a plot from the 'what is' to the 'what might be' which makes a book readable. Who would feel any interest in going over the ordinary hum-drum details of his own daily doings ? or who could conscientiously give his time to the pages of a ploughboy's diary ? On a par with this are the grumblings of others, who find fault with heroes because they seem made of a material differing greatly from the original clay. These are the Browns, Smiths and Robinsons who are without a conception higher than sugar hogsheads or dry goods cases ; characters which all must admit, would make but sorry figures in a place where we look for types of what is good and great in humanity ; and these very B's, S's and R's would probably be among the first to throw down the volume in which they were the leading actors, disgusted at the littleness of their own lives as shown up in it. No. We do not take up a novel to learn what is the common experience of the race, but rather in it to sound the depths of human passion and be taught how near we can reach to purity and perfection without the addition of a single virtue not belonging to mankind in general. To do this it is necessary that

the author should place a leading character in a strong light by inventing situations which will bring out prominent traits, and so give to his readers a front, rear and side view. To make the complicated machinery move without jar or creak is the work of a great artist alone.

A good novel, besides holding up an ideal and pattern, helps us more than we appreciate to get an insight into human nature. A man's personal experience is very limited, because the circle he moves in is small and even in this there are only one or two individuals, his wife or child or a very intimate friend perhaps, whom he thoroughly understands; nor can history, dealing as it does in facts chiefly, teach him the inner working of men's minds. Metaphysics and the writings of ancient philosophers have a greater or less value to the learned; but the great author addresses himself to the masses and by analyzing characters, tracing back effects to causes, making his reader and hero join hands in sympathy can and does teach one more of real life and the sort of world we are living in, than all the philosophies combined. With his experience and study as a guide, we are led by easy paths into the inner shrine and treasure house of thought and feelings where the latent moving powers of the world lie screened from the untaught eye. The sculptor gives us form, the painter color; but the great novelist unveils the hidden cause at whose command the muscles play and the color comes and goes.

It is a question how much we can indulge in this kind of reading and gain benefit from it. Without doubt like every other good thing it can be carried to excess. As too much, of even the most nutritious, food is injurious to the body, so an overdose of the best fiction is unprofitable, and should be guarded against. As one sermon often does a man, who is unaccustomed to them, more good than a hundred to a regular listener, so a pointed novel often makes a deep impression on a mind not surfeited with imaginary biographies.

One need not necessarily become a pattern of excellence, by spending a day in a churchyard, and reading on tombstones the virtues of departed saints. If anything is to be learned in such a place he had better go over them one at a time. If we might be permitted to offer a word of advice on this general subject of light reading, it would be :—Read only the best authors, at intervals, as a relaxation, and thoroughly digest.

A NEW COMEDY OF AN OLD ERROR.

Mr. Editor :—Upon the yellowy and crooked-typed columns of a newspaper fragment, recently picked up, my attention was stopped by an old romance, whose dramatis locus was laid in our college world. The real facts whereof, hailing into my notice some time back, were in my intent to be published, and at the risk of their being ‘a twice-told tale,’ some interest may still dwell therein. The names and dates—the plot containing which is true—are fictitious in the story that follows.

IN the year 1837 there came to New Haven as entrées for the class of '41, two young men, one known to be an ‘F. F. V.’ of Kentucky, the other from the lake border of the Empire State. Early thrown together at a preparatory school, similar circumstances had formed the bond which similarity of tastes soon cemented. But while thus parallel in their inner character, nature had used quite different earth in the outer formation of each. Both were handsome but from opposite stand-points. The one a novel might have pictured a ‘male brunette,’ the other, well formed and light complexioned was a fair type of the ‘male blonde.’ In disposition, there was, as I have said, great similarity, but not exact coincidence. Harry Morgan, hailing from the seat of chivalry, mingled some tinges of its teachings in his temperament, though in general overlapped by good common sense. Generous beyond the mean, linking his well-wishing always with well doing, yet more often his kindness sprung from impulses than resulting from fixed principles. To his own surprise frequently he was guilty of imprudence where he meant only to be generous. As a consequence, the orbit in which his life had moved was more eccentric than that of his less impulsive friend. Arthur Lindsley was more of the matured man. He looked upon life with more seriousness, sought less its pleasures, and performed its duties with more zeal. While his own go-aheadtiveness and the “triple-brass of self-reliance” sent Harry into pursuits, where the other could not follow, the thoughtfulness of Arthur kept him from paths, which his friend should not have

pursued. They had their rooms and home in the family of a Mr. Pardee, an old friend of Arthur's father, of whose quiet household the young men soon became part and portion. Domiciled here, I shall pass over their first year, with all its fracasos of major and minor bullies, its old-fashioned pow-wows and mid-night burials; over the second with all the rows of townsmen and gownsmen, when old South Middle was garrisoned against a mob of excited firemen, only dispersed at the reading of the mob law and the sight of the militia; on through the pleasant valley of Junior to the last year, where like Othello's judges, they had become "most potent, grave and reverend Seniors." It is here the error was made and the comedy played wherein they were the actors. But I must not anticipate.

Society had called Harry Morgan to its shrine, and he had followed its summons so attentively, that Senior year found him, par excellence the 'ladies' man' of the class, a veritable Claude Melnotte. Pink-colored and rose-scented notes were ever requesting the pleasure of his company. If there was to be a sociable, a church meeting, or Sunday School concert, his lively voice was needed to add to its enjoyment. Young ladies' working societies worked not, unless he was present to hold the skeins or thread the needles. Pic-nics could not come off successfully unless he was the Sisyphus to roll the stone up the hill. He was always late to lectures because he was always accompanied. Like the Indian princess, whose footsteps were a cure for all diseases, he spread content and pleasure wherever he went. His footsteps were hailed with joy and his voice drove away all dullness. But in his pleasure-going he went alone, without his friend, who, bashful in nature, shrunk back from his eager pressing. Society to Arthur was an ordeal, for courage to enter which he must wait for future teaching, but it seemed the schoolmaster had been long abroad, for three years witnessed no change in his feelings, no dismissal of a quality so unworthy of him. In the long winter nights when his companion was out at some party or festival, he remained behind, preferring the fireside talk of his host and hostess to the brilliant drawing-rooms of society and all its pretty trivialities. But this could not long continue unsequelled. Fate had not destined him him to be a recluse when his motives were idle fears. Lawrence Sterne in his idiosyncrasy might have been content "to love a

tree," but he has not many "doubles." This is not a world of trees only, nor are all its inhabitants to be 'tree lovers.' There came a change. It came on a cold snowy night in the shape of a sleigh, packed on the outside with an iron-bound ark trunk and numberless packages, and in the inside the smiling rosy cheeks of a niece of Mr. Pardee, a handsome girl of eighteen. There was a ring at the bell and through the opened door came the sounding kiss, the merry laugh of the newly-arrived. The echo falling upon his ears with startling emphasis, was the death-knell of Arthur's hopes for a quiet evening, the paeon which told of the surprise of his stronghold. After refusing the entreaties of his friend to accompany him on a call, here was the mountain brought home to Mahomet, and face it he must. "It's enough to defeat a dozen Jobs of their patience," mentally thought the martyr, whose courage unlike a true hero's was not rising with the danger. The rustle of a dress, the glance of an eye and a few words spoken in introduction had changed his first crude thoughts, and converted them into second and wiser ones. He learned that the bright, smiling creature who stood before him was no less a personage than Miss Hattie Staples, who had come down, as her uncle said with a merry chuckle, like the Assyrian of old to take them by storm with a short visit, and that she was to be to him as formidable as she was handsome, a few moments of uninterrupted flow of small talk soon informed him. In her lively strain topic after topic melted away, news were told and questions asked, so that the spark of her conversation seemed like the fabulous vestal fire, never totally going out. The evening drew on its slow length, and feigning a sick headache, our hero left the parlor, an exile from his peculiar birthright by one, whom least of all he would have chosen for his successor. In the confines of his own room he used time in fighting over his battle, in thinking of the novelty of his position, both in the past and conjuring up the future. Dire was his wrath against the stratagem undoubtedly conceived by Mr. Pardee, bitter was his repentance at refusing to call with Henry,—but yet, after all he had committed no mammoth blunder. His ideas truly had been as confused as yarns of tangled thread, but unconsciously to him some invisible Psyche had sorted them, and pulled out the fit one in the fit place. Anyhow he had done better than he had dared hope, and with this piece of Platonic philosophy he went to sleep.

That day was the breeder of "ills innumerable" for modest Arthur Lindsley. Where once he reigned master of the fireside circle, now there was a rival, in whose presence the gift of speech passed from his possession and the gift of Zeno came upon him. In the home parties, now increased by the company of Harry Morgan, who, since the fair stranger's arrival less frequented the sociables of his club, he was too often only a listener. The sprightly talk and imperishable fund of anecdote of his friend carried all before it. For once he became good naturedly envious of Harry's self-reliance, for once he deeply regretted his own bashfulness, which thus made him a second, while the rest of his nature had designed him for a first. But yet there were moments in which he came forth from the apparent shallowness that enveloped him, and showed the true depths of his nature; there were moments, when absorbed in some noble subject, he was still conscious of the deep attention taken from his friend and bestowed upon himself. Led on by the bright glance and cheered by the bright smile, his nature began to assert its rights and to make him a talker as well as a thinker. Others might please, he could instruct. The spirit of earnestness which slept in his heart marked no less the language of his mind. Such was the condition of affairs, when the term came to its close. There had been arranged for the final Tuesday, a grand sociable at the mansion of Mr. Pardee, at which the two friends were to remain till midnight, and then take the 12 o'clock train for New York. Hardly necessary is it to dwell upon the minutiae of that evening—for one "*affaire grande*" is but a type of all,—so happily did it glide away amid the dancing and flirting of the loveliest of New Haven beauty and talent; how stately the Seniors looked and how jolly the Juniors;—how handsome our friends, both the self-trusting Harry and the newly emboldened Arthur;—how Miss Staples was decided the gem of the evening and how in the distribution of her favors old friends were most favored. All passed off pleasantly, reaching a happy end, as pleasant as the *finis* of a 'long drawn out' novel. At the hour of parting with a few sincere words, expressive of his pleasure and impressive from their depth of feeling, Arthur passed to his room, leaving his friend still lingering, whom he promised to meet at the cars. Having hastily packed his few remaining untrunked things, he

walked saunteringly down towards the depot, which was not so handy in those days as it is now. He thought over the strange events of the last few months, and made an examination into his feelings, which for once in his life seemed depressed at leaving New Haven and discontented with the length of the vacation ; but it was no sphynx question to solve, for his thoughts all came to one end, all the tracks pointed in one direction. Lost in such pleasant meditations as these, he lost all consciousness of time and it was not till the twelve strokes of Winchester's Factory bell returned him from the land of air-castles, to the sphere of Chapel St., that his apprehensions of being too late caused him to quicken his steps, but he reached Olive St. just in time to see the midnight train gleam past him in the dark.

It was the "same old story" going into its myriad-edition of "bête" getting the better of the mind. The milk-maid, who by the involuntary toss of her head at her imaginary suitors upset her milk pail and thereby all her air-hopes, and the poor peddling merchant, who kicked his wares out into the street, are true types of the whole class. "Its of no moment," thought the âme, "you can go home, and take the six o'clock train in the morning, without the necessity of a second leavestaking and in company with your friend, who doubtless is also late." Little was the future known, little did he think that those few moments of lateness were to decide a momentous question of his life ; that, trivial things, Lilliputian though they seem, often influence more surely one's destiny, than many mountain causes, which one can anticipate and by anticipating prevent. He retraced his steps in haste, and by the assistance of a night-key getting into the house, which was now in perfect quiet, he found his way to his own room situated in one of the wings of the building. He entered this in silence so as not to disturb Henry, whose form by the dim light he saw upon the other side of the bed. Fatigued by the excitement of the night, sleep soon came upon him, and fancy scattered in as interludes sweet dreams, in which Hattie Staples was not far distant. The earliest beams of the rising sun roused him, and yawning he rose to perform the duty which they suggested. He turned to rouse Henry,—but where Henry should have been, he saw the sleeping form of Miss Staples. His position at once flashed upon him. Some of

the guests had doubtless remained all night, and his room, supposedly to be unoccupied, had been confiscated to her use, and in the dimness of the light, it was her form he had mistaken for that of his friend. There she lay now, with one white arm bent beneath her head and fringed with the brown full tresses, which fell in profusion from its burden; the long black eyelids closed over the eyes in sleep, while on her cheek a smile played, dimpling the rosy color which had there its resting place. One glance hastily snatched, and the involuntary surveyor of her charms now only sought to escape before his presence could be noticed. He hastily dressed and turning the key, would have gained the entrance in a moment later, but that moment was denied to him. Another pigmy tie ruled his destiny—moments cannot be bought even with kingdoms as the price. Miss Staples turning over opened her eyes, and trembling she saw him at the door. Her cheeks blanched, but the scream upon her lips was checked in its birth, by the death-like paleness which overspread his face, while in tenderest tones he quickly explained the reason. "Miss Staples, an unfortunate mistake has placed me in a position this night, compromising your honor as well as inflicting upon me the misery of being the cause. I probably shall see you now for the last time, but with me, be assured, will ever rest the secret of this night's error." He passed out in sadness and the six o'clock train bore him in dejection to other scenes. Henry Morgan had not missed the last night's train, for far different reasons had driven him in haste to get off. A modern version of Palamon and Arcite had been enacted, and "faire Emilie" had rejected the dark knight. Palamon had been defeated, Arcite might have prevailed.

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Time has grown older by four years since "the events last narrated," and in the revolution the usual changes have come round. Our two friends came back to the last of College duties. Miss Staples having finished her visit had returned to her home. A term more passed when the two friends graduated with honor, though the beadle gave the greatest to Arthur Lindsley. Henry at the time we are writing was a noted barrister in New York, thriving and married. Arthur having received the property of a wealthy uncle, and with it a changed name, had gone to travel in

foreign lands immediately after his graduation. He had finished his travels and recently had returned. Taller in form, darkened in face by Nile-reflected sunbeams, scorched by Egypt's burning sands, there remained of the light fair-haired Senior, but the winning smile and manly look. Suavity of manners, French-acquired, is substituted for the diffidence of old. Possessing every attraction, though coveted by "daughterful Mammæ," dinnèred by courteous Papas, there remains a vacancy filled only by the unsatisfactory substance of a vision. There came a crisis however, as always does come, and much in the same old way and in the same old place. There was a party at his old friends, the Pardees, to which he came and there met Miss Staples, but in the disguise wrought by foreign climes he was unrecognized. He danced with her in the same room, where four years before, as modest Arthur Lindsley, he had claimed a like favor. The ratio of 18 to 21 had changed to that of 22 to 25, but we venture to say there had been no other change. However this may be the inevitable finis came, and from frequent visits there resulted the engagement of these two hearts so long one. The marriage over we will linger to see the denouement, which came in that hour when courage fails the bravest of women. "Hattie, do you know this is not the first time you and I have occupied the same room together?" A glance of surprise shot out from those eyes, whose brightness long years before had caused modest Arthur Lindsley to change his first thoughts:—"Miss Staples, an unfortunate mistake has placed me in a position this night, both compromising your honor and inflicting upon me the misery of being the cause. But with me, be assured, will ever rest the secret of this night's error." And thus the comedy ended.

CAN I BE A GENTLEMAN?

MY subject is an old one, but I propose to treat it in a manner which, if the Index be Argus-eyed, will be new to these pages. I shall omit alike the customary eulogizing of Bayard, and the obtrusion of such details of personal taste as Timothy Titcomb shows in advising the annual outlay of ten dollars in neckties, or Oliver Wendell Holmes in insisting on white shirt bosoms—

“With small pearl buttons, two of them in sight.”

My object is to place in distinct form, some of the thoughts which are suggested at times to most of us, and from them to draw certain practical conclusions, which, if allowed, may prove an assistance to some who ask themselves the question I have prefixed to this article.

It is to be hoped there are few to whom the reflection does not in some form occur. Who does not venerate Dr. Arnold for seeking above all things to make his scholars Christian gentlemen? Who has not admired that famous epilogue, whose burden is:—

“But if you fall or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman.”

Nor can a gentleman be unconscious. Those feelings and habits which make him a gentleman give him an appreciation of the character. Sidney, Addison, Lamb, and Thackeray, perhaps the distinctive gentlemen of English literature, seem in their writings to cherish even the title, and regard it with a fondness resulting from experience of its worth. It is a token of membership in the highest of human societies, and demands the recognition and care of its possessor. That one desires to assure himself of it, is an object worthy the aspiration of all who would lead happy and useful lives.

To the word gentleman, however, very diverse meanings have been attached. The most preposterous were founded on a notion which may deserve mention; that a gentleman should be able to excel any associates in any pursuit—in order, I suppose, that his affability may seem to proceed from condescension. Accordingly,

Montaigne says: "Let him be able to do everything, but let him love to do nothing but what is good;" Sir Robert Walpole cultivated gross conversation as a fine art; Byron, when accused of effeminacy, drank a whole company under the table; and Wellesly, nephew of the Duke of Wellington, used, while in Paris, to get the children of the lowest orders into his house to teach his children to repeat the oaths and indecent language used among blackguards—"in return for which" the historian approvingly remarks, "he made his boys teach those low children how to swear in English."

"Multum interest utrum peccare quis nolit vel nesciat," says Seneca very truly; but a gentleman of the present day can show without wallowing in the mire that he recoils from it through aversion. The whole theory belongs to that happily obsolete system of conduct with which Chesterfield corrupted the last century. Then a man desired to be a gentleman that he might attract the admiration of others; now the gentleman clings to his character because he is conscious of its inherent worth.

But while the idea of gentlemanhood has been greatly purified, there are still two conceptions between which the shuttlecock, opinion, is often tossed. The first is that good breeding constitutes the gentleman. And this is partly true. "Manners," says Emerson, "are the happy ways of doing things; each once a stroke of genius or of love,—now repeated and hardened into usage." Manners are an attraction, a distinction, a power; as far as they go they mark the gentleman. They require self-control, immediate self-sacrifice, and attention to the feelings of others. But this may spring from selfish calculation as well as from kindness and honor. The most hardened and dangerous villains are they who cloak their schemes under the garb of polished good breeding—a type of which Sir John Chester, in *Barnaby Rudge* is a sample, while inimitable Major Pendennis, whose life is after all a sad tragedy, affords a perfect illustration of the utter emptiness of mere good breeding.

Convinced of this, many bound to the opposite extreme, esteeming kindness of heart the essential and sufficient qualification. Politeness is justly defined as benevolence carried into little things; and it is inferred that a man who overflows with love to his fellowmen is *par excellence* the gentleman.

Were good intentions infallible, this view would be entirely correct ; but unfortunately kindness is often associated with a deplorable lack of judgement. The fable of the bear which crushed its master's head in seeking to drive away a troublesome musquito, is daily illustrated. When the Countess of Coventry in talking of pageants declared to her aged monarch that she desired nothing so much as to see a coronation, the fault was not in her heart. And in their best expressions of condolence, benevolent people frequently but probe anew the wounds of affliction.

The trouble lies here. No one can carry the law of love farther than to do unto others as he thinks he would wish done to him were he in their place. Now people are of all degrees of sensitiveness. Some natures are so fine-grained as to feel keenly the slightest careless allusion. Others are affected only by aggressive injury. Certainly the latter cannot comprehend the pain which a careless remark may cause the former ; nor can they hope, however watchful, to avoid all occasions of inflicting disquiet. To elude ordinary opportunities of this nature by the observance of specific rules is called good manners. To apprehend such junctures carefully, and to evade them with tact and grace, is commonly understood, rather illogically, as good breeding. These definitions are negative, but their positive aspects can be readily supplied. He who can unerringly avoid wounding another's feelings, will learn to confer those unexpected attentions which awaken the grateful surprise it is the gentleman's hourly triumph to occasion.

When to true benevolence there is added this tact in its expression, we have the peculiar characteristics of the gentleman. To be honest, to be brave, to be wise—these belong to manhood. The differentia of gentlemanhood are unselfishness and tact.

From these considerations it follows, first, that to be a gentleman requires self-sacrifice. Instances obtrude upon the most careless of us, which interpose between us and inclination the duty of politeness. If we are on the watch for such occasions they constantly appear. To comply with a tiresome request, to entertain an unwelcome visitor, to treat a rude person with courtesy—these are among the commoner tests of good breeding. When there is added the duty of habitual thoughtfulness and attention to the wants of others, it seems a formidable undertaking ; and it is

easy to account for the failures of those who would assume the character as a mere adornment. So much is required that only he may hope to succeed who is so convinced of its intrinsic nobility and value, as to engraft it upon his heart and life. Yet this is dependent mainly upon the determination, and he who *will* may thus far be a gentleman.

Tact is inborn. Some men do everything deftly and neatly, as it were by natural instinct. Such can easily be gentlemen. The life of some is from cradle to coffin a continuous botch. Such are never so clumsy as when they try to be polite. But nature places most men between these extremes, and leaves them to approach either. For such who desire to be gentlemen many opportunities are offered. The accepted canons of good manners present specific rules, and if their grounds are studied, suggest others. Intercourse is a constant school of experience. Especially valuable are the examples of true gentlemen offered in history, and occasionally in daily life.

It is granted to few to be perfect gentlemen. There may be none of us who can attain that eminence. But it is in the power of each to *approach* it, and he who strives honestly will receive in his own self-approval and in the esteem of others, ample reward for his efforts.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

MEN are murmuring because secret societies are permitted to exist in our American colleges. They are men of sense, men of education and cultivation, men of mark, in short men whose opinions are valuable and should not be despised. Sometimes one is led to think that men of so much experience, and of such profound wisdom cannot be altogether mistaken when they affirm that secret societies are the cut-worms and the caterpillars which wither the intellectual vegetation of our universities. But, on the other hand, the fact is worthy of consideration that those so arguing are either men who were at College long ago, and hence know of our secret societies only as they then existed, or they are men who never belonged to secret societies at all, and hence know of them only by hearsay.

Admitting the truth of their assertion that the intellectual activity and scholarly ambition of our students is not as great now as it was twenty years ago, does it necessarily follow that this degeneracy is a consequence of our secret society system? Perhaps one who is greatly their inferior in age and wisdom, but who has seen the working of our secret societies as they now exist, may be pardoned for jotting down hastily some of his views, even though they conflict somewhat with those generally held.

First, as to the principle of secrecy against which such strong objections are recorded. No man feels himself called upon to entertain his friends with a minute relation of all his deeds and words. I presume that any one of these gentlemen would regard it as an insult should any one object to his reticence concerning the inner workings of his private family arrangements. He considers it his right to manage his own family as he pleases, to have his family discussions secret from the world, and to project and carry on his private plans, provided that they injure no one else, without advice or oversight from any one. Have we a right to suppose, because we cannot see the inside of his house, and understand his family discipline, that there is necessarily iniquity projected there?

In every city and community in the world there are cliques of society, who have nothing to do with each other except in the way of business. Does anyone pretend that there is anything *wrong* in this? Do mechanics complain because the social organization and business plans of the monied aristocracy are hidden from them? Do the aristocracy consider themselves wronged because they are denied free access to the homes and social gatherings of their employees? In short, does anyone in a free country deny the right of men to privacy?

Now everyone on the ground knows that our secret societies are mere social cliques. It is natural for men to desire intimate friends. On the other hand it is absurd to suppose that in a large college a man can be intimate with his whole class, much less with his whole college. It is fair to suppose that the most strict would not object to the close intimacy of a few particular friends. Nor could they be blamed, except on the ground of policy, should their intimacy be carried so far as to become ex-

clusiveness. It seems to be a mere matter of taste. A true democrat prefers to be hail-fellow-well-met with everyone, and to acknowledge no intimate friends, while one of more aristocratic prejudices cares for but few friends and wants them select. Students, as respects human nature, are very similar to the rest of the world, and since this is the case, social cliques seem inevitable. It may be claimed that in a democratic country such tendencies should be discouraged. Yet the fact remains that while men exist of different degrees of education, and with diversity of tastes, these social lines of division will be drawn, and men will refuse to be mingled in a common herd in every walk of life. So long as it is permissible for men to separate themselves from each other in social organizations, it seems but just that college students should not be compelled to constitute themselves into a pure democracy.

Now as to the organization of these social cliques in college. Were some student to invite a few friends to his room for a social evening, no one would think of demanding a full report of their proceedings, nor consider it his duty to charge them with hatching iniquity because they did not choose to relate to him personally all that was said or done on that particular evening. But are our secret societies anything more than this? A company of friends gather together for social enjoyment and mutual improvement, choosing not to go about the next day tattling to all college what this or that man said. More than this, they ask for no general criticism on their performances, and consequently invite no one to be present save their fellow members. They are provided with a place where they can develop their intellectual resources, freed from the embarrassment of a large and unsympathetic audience, and yet assured of candid and able criticism from friends. You may call this haughtiness or exclusiveness, but you have no right to denominate it iniquity and rottenness unless you have some proof which shall justify such a conclusion. In other words because a man is silent he is not necessarily wicked. Is it reasonable to suppose that these societies at Yale, composed largely of professed Christians, and of staunch, upright men, are the dens of wickedness which some choose to consider them? In the first place there is no society in college which is not at all times accessible to the Faculty,

men usually regarded as extinguishers of deviltry, and even were not this the case, the public sentiment of the societies as they are now constituted (i. e. from the leading men of every Class, mentally and morally,) would permit nothing there which is not permissible outside. Aside from this, all our society-halls are situated in such public places as to restrain the members from any overt and extended wickedness, even were they so inclined. In short, the doings of our secret societies are sufficiently known among the college world as to insure exposure were anything improper to occur in them.

Another objection raised against these secret societies is their tendency to distract the student's attention from the regular college work. This is undoubtedly true to a certain extent, but all outside work has the same tendency, and there is no reason to suppose that these societies are any more distracting than open societies would be. They hold meetings but once a week, and the preparation for these meetings probably occupies no more time than a preparation for the old-fashioned meetings of Brothers and Linonia was accustomed to do. If it does, the fact goes to prove that they are doing more good than the open societies used to do, and are greater stimulants to literary exertion. This, however, I suppose to be a minor objection. The chief complaint is against the time occupied in sociality and politics.

As I hinted before, the social element in these societies is a necessity to students, and properly managed, cannot but result in good. We form a community by ourselves, and are shut out, to a great extent from the enjoyment of society at large. It would be cruel to ask students to refrain from jolly, social intercourse among themselves, and even were such a request made, the gregarious instinct of men would impel them to disregard it. Now if this sociality is a good thing, or even if you consider it an unavoidable evil, under what conditions shall it take place? We are nominally forbidden the use of the fence for social gatherings, and are cooped up in wretched little rooms, which cannot accommodate comfortably more than a half dozen. Where then shall we meet? In the billiard room? That, in our code, is immoral. At Music Hall? That too, in most cases, is immoral. At Brothers and Linonia? They are *purely* literary societies, and permit no sociality, except in the way of parliamentary discus-

sion. Shall we give soirees and promenades in Alumni Hall, inviting ladies and friends from town, and thereby provide an entertainment at once civilizing and pleasing? The austere Faculty forbid such a desecration. It must be plain then, that we are obliged to resort to our secret-society halls for social gatherings. Even then, I will venture to say that we do not spend one quarter the time in sociality as do the great majority of business men in the world at large.

College politics I do not conceive to be the result of secret societies. We have peculiar institutions at Yale, which will inevitably develop political rivalry, whether secret societies exist or not. While there are posts of honor to be filled, rival candidates with vigorous backers will continue to struggle for supremacy. The effect of secret societies is simply to systematize this conflict. It cannot be denied that any organized powers such as they constitute, will inspire greater doubt as to the result of contested elections than the absence of all organization, and consequently there is more electioneering and hard work done than there would otherwise be. But, on the other hand, it must be remembered that were there no existing and recognized parties of this kind, underhand alliances would surely be formed in the case of a close election, keeping all parties necessarily in ignorance as to their reliable constituents, and consequently in a perpetual ferment till the election, whatever it might be, was over. Such a state of affairs would evidently call for a greater consumption of time and energy than that which now exists. Consequently it seems that our secret-society system, by its tendency to array opposing political parties, in an avowed, but yet often friendly rivalry, does away with much of the trickery and back-biting which are the inevitable results of a general, promiscuous election.

We now come back to the original question regarding the general effect of our secret societies. We know that they differ very much from the ancient organizations, which naturally gave rise to much complaint, and we cannot believe that as they now exist they are the cause of all the evils commonly ascribed to them. It seems a significant fact that those by whom they are condemned are universally those who know nothing about them. It is reasonable to conjecture that were they guilty of all the harm which some suppose, there would be some honorable men

among their members who would perceive it, and proclaim it as a warning to those yet untainted, To sum up our opinions. We regard their secrecy simply as privacy, allowable in every walk of life, and their organization a necessity. Experience showing that secret intercourse will always take place among those who are under surveillance, it is far better to have it a recognized and controllable intercourse, than that it should be driven into literal secrecy. The clannish and aristocratic spirit developed to some extent by these, or by any social organization, cannot but be regarded as an evil, and yet all history proves it to be an evil which cannot be avoided, but which, existing, can be controlled. While then we cannot conscientiously regard secret societies in College as a source of the highest good, we cannot, on the other hand, consider them as productive of great evil, and on the whole are compelled to acknowledge that the good accomplished by them here, decidedly overbalances the evil, while the tendency seems to be in the way of a steady reformation of their present faults. Year by year their objectionable features are disappearing, and their advantages are becoming apparent.

I mentioned the general complaint that the student of to-day has degenerated intellectually when compared with the student of twenty years ago. If this be true, it cannot with propriety be charged to the influence of our secret societies, for they existed then as now, and in a much more objectionable form, professing no aim save that of joviality. If this degeneracy be an actual fact, it might more properly be charged to the lack of sympathy between the Faculty and the students. It is a patent and lamentable fact that there is not here that *friendship* between teacher and taught which alone can inspire enthusiasm in the scholar, and furnish encouragement to the teacher. What is the cause of this, or what remedy would work a cure, I leave for older and wiser heads to determine. One thing at least seems certain—that while recitations are gone through with as an irksome task—while the student studies for marks, and not to acquire knowledge—while the consummation wished for is graduation and not learning, there will still be ground for complaint. Meanwhile it is perhaps as well that the blame should be laid upon secret societies which are in a measure irresponsible, as upon men, who are always responsible.

MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

The Month

and a half since "last we met," has swung around quite peaceably and item-less, bringing both the usual oasis of two weeks unto the weary plodder of a desert fourteen and after the short pleasure had flown, bringing him back to the old familiar faces and places. The clock-work has commenced again for the last term of the year, and for many of us, the last term for aye. The weather, "lamb-like" at the beginning, has of late adopted more of the features of the chameleon, changing as "the day changed," with its varieties of heat, and cold unjustly transplanted from its proper place last winter, and given when we might expect better things. But though for one or two days the wind has been stiff enough to put your back against this has not stopped the trees and grass from putting on "their prettiest," nor the old path-maker from cutting down the overlapping grass from off the walks, in preparation for the many good-people who in some few weeks hence, will be flocking in "to see the sights." In the meantime, however, in happy do-nothingness the Seniors are sitting their last sit upon the old fence, singing their last glees, and getting "drilled" for the hard work, which soon will meet them in which marbles and tops will find no place. Happy in their places with no bugbear of Junior Exhibition before them the Juniors are looking forward with open hearts and purses to the "big thing" of next month, which the nine-commissioned are getting up in regular *ne plus ultra* style. We know a thing or two of the rich dainties—"the feast of nectar'd sweets" which that event will disclose, but we can only say hush, and bide the time. The Sophomores, having lost all occasion for the exercise of their ire are settling down into comparative quiet, the ebb-tide,—the *σπονδαίον* or turning point when one begins to look down on hazing and squabbling as undignified, and to wait with tip-toe expectancy for the delights of jolly Junior year. And last of all, and numerically speaking, not the least, the Freshmen come in for a word of notice. The usual-wrought change which third term witnessses, of general "sprucing up" mixed with a little assumption of independence and nonchalance, shows that they have swallowed their matriculation oaths as other men and become bona-fide Yale-fied. We will merely stop to say that as a class they present a handsome appearance, and pass on with

Our Record,

which commenced with the day after Junior Exhibition, April 9th, and which ends on May 20th, in all about six weeks. The *finis* of the term brought nothing of any moment except perhaps the examinations, about which we are all posted, and it is only necessary to put on record the fact, that, owing to the serious illness of Prof. Dana, the Seniors had no examination in Geology, an omission, which they would doubtless classify under the genus *rara avis*: and then it may be well to notice that the twenty-five mathematical men in '70 related all they knew about calculus to Prof. Newton in Alumni Hall, who thereby are relieved from the necessity of a mathematical annual in July. The Sophomores received a like favor from the Professor's hands on the succeeding day, and from all accounts, we judge the paper was "quite easy," at any rate few were conditioned, whether from the easiness of the paper or the thoroughness of their cramming, and as a corollary to this we will

mention, that fewer were conditioned at last term's examinations than at any previous one for some years. Term-work over, the grounds soon grew deserted, not counting, however, the aspirants for Townsends and the prize debate men of '70, of both of which genera quite a number hung around working and "doing up" their

Spring Vacation

generally, which, however, so far as New Haven is concerned had nothing of consequence, save perhaps the Odd Fellows' Centennial with two thousand men fully rigged out, who paraded the streets on the 26th inst., and the gaudy young damsels who, during the holidays sported along, not on the flying trapeze, but the plebeian bicycle, and who, according to a friend's account, "ran the machine splendidly, without being held on," though attended by a big crowd. Passing over their attendance, however, as no matter of surprise, we learn that twenty-seven Yale students attended at Booth's Theatre on one evening of vacation and we ourselves saw thirteen at the Academy of Brooklyn on the evening of Miss Kellogg's "second last appearance," which shows at least that the "blue element" is not wanting in the metropolis and its sister-city, and that future alumni associations will not want material. But "pleasure is like poppies spread" and no matter how quickly seized, it disappears like snow on wet places, a peculiar true remark when no happy accumulation of days lengthened our fortnight into three weeks, as did happen last year. So men left behind them Theatres and Operas and came back on the inevitable Wednesday to see what

The New Term

had to offer, and found, to be methodical, first George Francis Train, released from his English prison-house and hale, sound and in sana mente (?), down at Music Hall, talking about "Up with Ireland," "Down with England," and "On with America," to a large audience, largely student, whom he hugely delighted by his impromptu funniness—a second appearance a few days later in the character of a woman's rights man and financier, being quite as successful. Not many days behind, General Pratt turned up, the same old Daniel, "all tattered and torn" from rough usage, if not from the lion's paws, who, not having received any appointment at Washington, brought back his weary limbs to us, with the dust of many places on his hat, and a new collection of poems in his pocket. But to condense our facts a little more and come within a narrower circle, nothing alarming in the way of excitement has yet occurred. A band of music with a company going up to the inaugural, a printer's strike down town, and "the taking of the matriculation oath" by almost the entire Freshman class on the 8th inst., which by the way is somewhat later in the year than when we went through the nauseating process—has been all that has happened to break the monotony, excepting of course the so-called

Term Studies,

which were found to be for the Seniors, International Law in the President's work of that name, and under his instruction; Dana's Geology by Prof. Marsh of the S. S. S., who takes Prof. Dana's place until the latter recovers sufficiently for the labors of the recitation room; Guizot's History of Civilization is reaching its end under Prof. Wheeler; and Chadbourne's Theology under Prof. Porter finish up the recitations, with lectures by the Pres. on The Constitution, by Prof. Hadley on Roman Law, and perhaps by Prof.

Dana on Geology and Prof. Porter in his department. Prof. Eaton entertains the class also with his interesting lectures on Botany. The Juniors penetrate into Atwater's Logic under Tutor Smith, and into Thucydides with Prof. Packard, the Monday recitation being given up for lectures on Grecian History. Astronomy by Prof. Loomis in his own text-book, with optic lectures on Thursday mornings finish up their part of the curriculum. No "forensic disputations" are required, the first time of omission since 2nd term Freshman. Chemistry under Prof. Silliman is down on the bill for the last part of the term. The class is divided according to last term's stand, an arrangement which makes some little difference from the one last time, when men were distributed according to their whole college stand.

The Sophomores are being led through Terence—at least so much of him as is contained in *The Adelphi*, (which we will remark in parenthesis for the benefit of the *Courant*, is *not* a Greek work)—by the guiding hands of Mr. Otis, while Mr. Miller performs the same task for them in Greek History, and Prof. Northrop is teaching the young idea how to shoot through the dry pages of Day's Art of Discourse and the still drier Whately's Rhetoric. It is notable, that for once in their course they have no mathematics, over which to use the midnight oil. The old way of dividing the class still holds.

The Freshmen class—arranged in accordance with their standing for the last two terms—have anticipated the usual order of events and taken up Conic Sections in which they are daily being taken down by Mr. Richards. They are also enjoying Mr. Perry's instruction on Herodotus, Prof. Coe's on French and Tutor Keep's on Horatian odes. The usual amount of literary work is required of the last mentioned classes. While we are on the subject of studies, we must rid our consciousness of the announcement which will cause more than one knee-quivering. Of course

The Prize Examinations

are meant. The first of which, and most important, the Bristed, commenced on Thursday the 13th, and continued for three days, six hours per diem, embracing all the studies of Freshman and Sophomore years, with outside matter. Four contestants entered the field from the Junior class and one from the Sophomore. The present incumbent is Mr. Judson '66. A vacancy occurs about every four years and the successful candidate gets a square hundred annually. About half-a-dozen Juniors tried for the Clark prize for Greek translations, and we hear about the same number of Freshmen are in preparation for the scholarship examinations, which commence on the last day of May. Trials naturally suggest results, so we turn to record

Those Prizes

which genius has won in the last few weeks. The most important were the Senior composition prizes, awarded "on the average" of the two compositions for the two terms, and they fell—no money with them we believe—upon the individuals according to the order named:—*The first prizes* to H. A. Beers of Hartford, H. C. Bannard, New Haven, E. Heaton of Cincinnati, O., E. P. Wilder, Kalapoor, India, J. T. Hillhouse, N. Y., H. V. Freeman of Rockford, Ill., G. S. Sedgwick of Great Barrington, Mass.—*The second prizes* were awarded to R. B. Richardson of Groton, Mass., C. W. Bardeen of Fitchburg, Mass., A. Shirley, N. Y., B. Perrin of New Britain, H. W. Raymond, N. Y., E. G. Coy of Sandusky, O., H. Lear of Doylestown, Pa. The subjects were chosen from 118 proposed and the "length not limited."

The following Sophomores have taken mathematical prizes :—F. Johnson, Pine Bluff, Ark., R. P. Maynard, San Francisco, Cal., A. E. Todd, Feeding Hills, Mass., have all taken first prizes, while E. T. Owen, Hartford, Ct., has taken the *third* prize and nobody the second.

The Freshmen followed in their tracks and heard on Thursday, 6th, the first announcement from the pulpit of prizes for their class. They were, so far as we could hear the announcement, *first prizes* for H. G. Chapin, East Bloomfield, N. Y., and C. C. Stearns, West Hartford, Ct.; *second prizes* to N. Shepard, Roxbury, Ct., C. B. White of Philadelphia, Pa., S. W. Weiss, Honesdale, Pa., and E. C. Woodruff of Guilford, Ct.; *third prizes* to E. B. Case of East Granby, Ct. and B. Hoppin, New Haven. In regard to these last prizes an admirable arrangement was made, by which all men, who approached a certain limit could take first prizes, and likewise with the second and third. The bisection and trisection of prizes was thus prevented, "for which all thanks." The amount of money given to the Academic Department every year in prizes is about \$616.00, and to resident graduates about \$456.00; of the first of these amounts the Seniors receive the most, the Freshmen the next, the Sophomores come third, while the Juniors are entirely out in the cold, except when some "triple-blessed" son of Minerva comes out first best in the Bristed, which examination as we all know comes rarely and is open to two classes, when it does come. Howsoever, it is easy enough to add to "prizes" one word and we shall have before us those

Prize Debates,

which we did n't have last term, for honey-tongued eloquence persuaded the "powers that be" that better justice would be done to Junior pieces, if the debates were put off until this season. The request was granted, with the proviso put in however, that they should take place within three days after school let in, and so they did, with the following contestants :—Linonia entered under Prof. Wheeler, Mr Dexter and Mr. Beach as judges, on the question "*Does a rude or civilized state of society tend to produce the higher order of Poetry?*" eleven speakers. H. B. Mason, Chicago, Ill.; F. Countryman, New Haven; E. B. Thomas, Cortlandville, N. Y.; N. B. Coy, Sandusky, O. (absent from sickness); C. McReeve, Dansville, N. Y.; J. W. Andrews, Columbus, O.; E. J. Edwards, New Haven; G. L. Huntress, Centre Harbor, N. H.; J. E. Curran, Utica, N. Y.; H. A. Riley, Montrose, Pa.; W. H. Van Schoonhoven, Troy, N. Y. The prizes fell to Mason, Andrews, Reeve and Huntress, respectively.

The Junior Brothers had their entertainment on the same evening, at which five members officiated.—P. Trumbull, Chicago, Ill.; Orlando Cope, Butterville, Ind.; P. Lindale, Nashville, Tenn.; M. F. Tyler, New Haven; C. E. Shepard, Dansville, N. Y. The dispute was about American Institutions making "high stand" statesman, and the judges were Hon. Mr. Wayland, A. L. Train of the Palladium, and Prof. Packard of the Faculty. The "happy men" were Tyler, Cope and Lindale. Leaving these "alone with their glory" we will speak a word or two about other things of the same character.

Linonia had a second display of intellectual fire-works on the evening of the 13th inst., the subject of debate this time being a resolution to the effect "That, the progressive spirit of the age had more to do in causing the French Revolution than the oppressions of the nobility?" Only seven contested :—Greene Kendrick, Waterbury; John Wesley Westcott, Berlin, N. J.; George Wright Heck, Dauphin, Pa.; Samuel Hannah Flemming, Marion, N. C.; Joseph Alvin Graves, Springfield, Mo.; Henry

Martin Sanders, New York City; Alexander Ross Merriam, Goshen, N. Y. Dr. Daggett, Rev. Geo. E. Day, D. D., and Tutor Keep did the deciding, and gave their decision, for the first prize to Merriam and Sanders; the second to Westcott; and the third to Graves and Kendrick. The speaking was excellent, but the subject dull and uninteresting. Why cannot our prize debate men find something new to talk about? Old, heavy subjects are pulled upstairs and elucidated to the audience there assembled, year after year, until threadbare. How novel and interesting it would be to hear men talking about some live college subject, in which all were interested and understood? Moles sometimes come up to daylight, and we do hope posterity will see a millenium here.

Brothers' Freshmen engaged in their first conflict on Monday evening, May 10. Question, "Would the adoption of Free Trade principles be beneficial to our Nation?" The judges who were well chosen, were Rev. Geo. L. Walker of the city ministry, David B. Perry, A. M., Chauncey B. Brewster, A. B., '68. The speakers were: Edwin S. Lines, Naugatuck; John H. Hincks, Bridgeport; George E. Martin, Norwich; Robert W. O'Brien, Louisville, Ky.; Thomas R. Bacon, New Haven; Charles A. Northrop, Ridgefield; George Richards, Bridgeport. The speaking was all very good. The prizes were taken by Lines and O'Brien, first prize, Hincks, second; and Richards, the third.

All these debates were interesting, and better attended than usual; still the interest was not as great nor the attendance as large and varied, as met on the night of May 12, at Music Hall to listen to the public performances of the

A. A. & Convention,

which was held this year with the Yale Chapter. Forty-five delegates were present, representing 16 chapters and the convention lasted for two days. The opening exercises of the society took place at Music Hall, where the performances which were most creditable, were gone through with in the following order: 1. Music, Opening March, Greeting, MICHAELIS. 2. Music, Overture, Poet and Peasant, SUPPER. 3. Prayer by Chaplain, Rev. HENRY N. DAY, Hudson Chapter. 4. Music, Ave Maria, GOUNOD. 5. Poem, Rev. INCREASE N. TARBOX, Yale Chapter. 6. Music, Caprice de Concert, Solo for Flute, TEBERCHAK. 7. Music, Selections, Robert de Diable, MEYERBEER. 8. Oration, Hon. WILLIAM S. GROESBECK, Miami Chapter. 9. Music, Song, Sleep well sweet Angel, ABT. 10. The Fraternity Song, (by the audience,) XAIRE. 11. Benediction by the Chaplain, Rev. H. N. DAY, Hudson Chapter. Prof. Gilman of the S. S. S. presided at the meeting. The oration by Mr. Groesbeck was attentively listened to by the audience and amply repaid the listeners. The audience was quite large and a kindly number of the fair was sprinkled in among the sterner sex. The intellectual feast over, a still more gorgeous repast was served up on the next evening at the New Haven House. As it took place behind closed doors, and no reporters admitted, we did not penetrate, but we will "run our chances," that joviality and jolly good fellowship were not wanting to the scene, which ended not till the small hours were hastening on. Toasts were expected from Manton Marble and Donald G. Mitchell, Lrr. editor of '41, and other celebrities of the Society, but unfortunately they did not arrive in person, although some of them were heard from by letter communication. Undergraduates, however, filled up the programme with speeches. The subjects of the toasts, printed on one side of the bill of fare, were peculiarly appropriate and fittingly selected. Supper was served for one hundred guests and a varied bill of fare was discussed with the hearty, fraternal zeal which reunions such as this always bring forth. At one o'clock the company broke

up, mutually pleased. Thus ended the Thirty Seventh Anniversary of A. Δ. Φ. Great praise is due to the Undergraduate Committee, for the tasty manner in which they got up the invitations, admission tickets, supper cards, programmes and et cetera, as well as for the general excellence of management, with which we have heard no complaint from any quarter. The whole was a great success, and nothing for which the society in particular or college at large need blush, and it gave to our visitors pleasant thoughts to carry away with them. The annual convention of Ψ Upsilon fraternity will be held with the Union chapter on the 20th inst. Gov. Hawley is down for the oration. The next union of Delta Kappa Epsilon will be held in the fall term with the Bowdoin chapter. The interest taken in all such affairs is not a whit behind that which at present is manifesting itself about our

Boating Matters,

of whose "revival," big fellows going round with big subscription lists, are sure signs. We are glad to see them, however, as "the cerulean sky (we are using the language of an exchange) is stretched with a bright iris of hope" for good tidings of great joy in July's contest. A delegation from Harvard was with us during the last month, to negotiate, if possible, for some changes in the usual annual race. They desired—inasmuch as they had engaged to row an international race with Oxford—that we should row with the crew which is to cross the ocean, each crew to have four hands and a coxswain and the race to come off on the 4th July. To both of these conditions our crew was willing to consent, but for the law on the statute-books, which forbids racing with any other college during term time, and as the Corporation does not meet till in July, this obstacle was insurmountable. The arrangement finally made was, that we should row the usual six-oared race at Worcester, Harvard choosing four new men to take the place of those subtracted for the other race. This part of the programme then will remain unchanged. The Sophomore light-weight crew have challenged that of Harvard to contend at the same time and place. The men of each crew not to exceed 125 pounds in weight. The challenge, we are glad to learn, has been refused. The Freshmen have also issued a challenge, so from all accounts prospects bid fair for an exciting time at Worcester next summer. The University have commenced their training in earnest, rowing out twice daily with extra work in the Gymnasium. The walking system at the instigation of their trainer has been abandoned, but strict training-diet is enjoined upon all the men, with no license for society "bums."

Harvard's new crew has not yet been heard from. Ours will stand:—Geo. W. Drew (stroke), Wm. A. Copp, Orlando Cope, Wm. H. Lee, Roderic Terry (bow). The Spring races also begin to demand attention. No crew from the Senior class, we believe, intend to enter. '70 will enter a shell and gig crew. The former to be formed of E. H. Phelps (stroke), Geo. L. Huntress, No. 2, H. E. Martin, No. 3, A. P. Crane, No. 4, Z. T. Carpenter, No. 5, W. C. Gulliver (bow); while the gig will have C. H. Dix (stroke), H. L. Hutchings, No. 2, G. F. Lincoln, No. 3, C. W. Gaylord, No. 4, W. H. Van Schoonhoven, No. 5, C. Phelps (bow). The former crew is fixed permanently, the latter may undergo some variation before the races. '71 will have her light-weight crew, which may probably row in the spring races, composed of Elliot (stroke), Morse, Fewsmith, Page, Landmesser, Benedict (bow). Her shell crew consists of Howe (stroke), Ford, Coonley, Wales, Peck, Murray (bow). The last named crew may undergo some changes, but for the present it is as above given. No gig will enter from her class. The Freshmen will use their class crew in the spring races. As now made

up,—for good, we believe,—it stands :—(Stroke) E. H. Hubbard, Sioux City, Iowa, or J. P. Studley, Ansonia, Ct. ; (2), E. P. Jenkins, Falmouth, Mass. ; (3), W. L. Cushing, Bath, Me. ; (4), E. S. B. Swayne, Columbus, O. ; (5), W. B. Wheeler, South Dover, N. Y. ; (Bow,) L. S. Boomer, Chicago, Ill. Their gig crew is not yet decided upon. A few moments more with the University. Josh Ward has been up twice, once to start the work, and the second time to see that they were working, and in the proper manner. He will come for good in July. Two boats are in making for the University, one a paper, and the other one of Elliott's regular shells : this latter, however, is out of making, for it has lately arrived at the boat-house, and measures in its stocks 53 feet in length by 20 inches wide. But boating "as an organization of organs" is not more important than that other muscle-developer hied as

Base Ball,

the interest about which grows warmer with the weather, which is saying a good deal. The University nine is not yet decided upon for good, although we are informed it will differ but in two men from last year's. Several at present are practicing in the play games between the University and Freshman nines, who probably are not permanent fixtures. The Harvard club has been challenged for July 5th at Springfield, as a kind of test game, for their term ends about that time this year. Visits are also looked for from the Cincinnati club about the middle of June, and from the Union club of Lansingburg. Several of the New York and Brooklyn clubs are also going to give us a visit some time before July. From the *Harvard Advocate* of the 14th, we pick out the following challenge from '72 of Yale : "To the Secretary of Harvard '72 Base Ball Club.—The Freshman nine of Yale hereby challenge the Freshman nine of Harvard to play a match game of base ball (ball for ball) at the time of the Worcester race." The challenge we believe to be accepted though we have seen no official response. The '72 nine of this year is considered to be ahead of the Freshman nine last year, and the reverse is true of the Harvard Freshmen. The contestants of this year in every respect will be much more evenly matched than last, and the interest of course will be likewise increased. If our clubs get practice enough, and from all reports the prospects are good for match games, they will do no dishonor to their class and college. All clubs playing with ours get the benefit of the gate proceeds, an arrangement rendered necessary by the action of the Association this year, in regard to amateur clubs. But let us turn from "matters physical" unto "matters intellectual," an important portion of which, comes under the head of

Et cetera.

In the first place, the Reading Room has had a little bettering lately, from the addition of *The Catholic World*, *St. James' Magazine*, *All the Year Round*, and best of all *Appleton's Journal*, whose place should be between the *Nation* and *Round Table* ; but we feel sorry to record the disappearance of that staunch democratic organ, *The Philadelphia Age*. No successor has yet arrived to fill its place. Were those two "literary institutions"—each of which has a separate copy of the periodicals—merged into one or into nothing, the list of magazines might be made more varied. On a par with this is the folly of buying two copies of every book which comes out, one for Linonia and one for Brothers, and of paying the salaries of a double set of librarians, when a union of the two would double the number of volumes and halve the amount of expenses. Brothers' list of new books embraces the names of about 140 for the year, most of them

new publications, some of them old ones to replace books either lost or marred: Linnæa has about half as many on her list. We learn that \$100 will be shortly spent in behalf of Brothers' by the librarians. We hope that the selections will be a little better than their list shows at present. "The man with a broken ear," "Planchette the despair of Science," are certainly not among the best in the market, neither have the Brownville Papers anything about them to attract.—Since the Art Gallery comes under the head of intellectual, it would be wrong to pass over the handsome present given to it just at the end of last term. We mean the picture of Rudolph of Hapsburg, placed in the upper gallery. In the basement rooms, those seventy-five casts, bought partly by the proceeds of last year's exhibition (amounting to \$700 net), and partly by a gift of Mr. Saulsbury, are arranged, the smaller ones around the walls, and the seven large ones grouped down the center of the room. The large one of Venus occupies the center of the floor, and from half an hour's study, we are fully ready to swallow Homer's statement that she was foam-made. Anyone who recollects the classical story of Laocoon, will do well to give some time to studying the group of that name, occupying the E end of the chamber, and which is said to be taken from the one in the Vatican. The height of the whole cast is some feet above the average height of a door. But this subject has nothing to do with the class of

Sixty-Nine,

who have but ten weeks more of college life, and but five of study. At present, they have eight recitations weekly and the same number of lectures, two to the President, (who also has the lectures on the Constitution, which were in the peculiar province of Gov. Dutton before his death), and one lecture apiece from Professors Hadley and Eaton. The picture-orders for the class are being filled by the class photographer, Mr. Sarony, as rapidly as possible, who we believe has given almost universal satisfaction. The list embraces 117 men who are in the class and exchange, and 32 who do not. There are besides, 31 members of the Faculty and 45 views of buildings and supernumeraries. Class albums are being made and will be here shortly. Next to hunting up those who exchange pictures, the most exciting event of the term will be the DeForest speaking. Fifteen odd pieces for Townsends will be handed in on May 26, and the announcement of the successful men will take place about the middle of June or a little earlier. The historians are also at work, preparing their batteries for Presentation Day. They are—L. H. Bagg, 1st Division, E. Heaton, and Division, R. B. Richardson, 3d Division, C. H. Smith, 4th Division. The first mentioned gentleman is engaged in the preparation of the class statistics, to be published in a future number of the LIT. He has also the arduous duty of preparing a class poem, besides his "minor cares" of giving advice and assistance to the new Board of Editors. From all appearances we can look forward to many pleasures before us in the new term.

As many may not want to take the trouble of looking over Catalogues and Pot-pourris for the dates, and as Freshmen may be ignorant, we will insert a small calendar of reference, which if superfluous can be skipped:—Woolsey Examination, 1½ weeks, Senior Examinations, 4 weeks, DeForest Speaking, 6 weeks, Spoon Exhibition, 6 weeks, Presentation, day after above, Spring Races day before Spoon Exhibition, Annual, 7 weeks, Commencement, 9 weeks. These are all counted from May 20, and make no account of half-weeks. The Worcester regatta comes on Friday succeeding commencement.

The International race will take place on the Thames on or after the 16th August. The Harvard crew goes over six week before the race to get ready. There will be an

informal race between this crew and the one to row with us, so that we can form a rough estimate how our Worcester crew compares with their International. The sight of these two crews pitted against each other in muscle and pluck will doubtless draw together a large mass of Englishmen, and of our own countrymen no small number. It will be probably much more worth seeing than the

Town Shows

of the month, in spite of the variety of this latter class. Our record of these begins properly with the present term, for the double reason that no one thought of Music Hall during the examinations of April, and that after the brilliant promenade concert of the Juniors, there were no entertainments at the Hall specially worth seeing. During vacation, however, the unfortunate wretches who lingered to woo the Muses, enjoyed one performance which deserves mention, if for no other reason than that it was Shakesperian. Mr. W. H. Pope, who, it will be remembered, in connection with the charming Miss Agnes Ethel, won considerable praise in this place a few months ago, as Friar Lawrence in the Hunchback, played on Friday evening, April 23rd, Othello the Moor. To say that the entertainment was either good or well received, would be as preposterous as to argue Music Hall a decent place for a dramatic entertainment of any kind. We can but repeat for the hundredth time, that any dramatic company or manager who will risk reputation by playing for the amusement of this town from the narrow stage and contemptible "scenery" of Music Hall is too innocent to hope for success. The audience of course appreciated the situation, chatted and munched peanuts during the most impressive scenes, laughed outright at the worst actors, and listened respectfully only to Mr. Pope himself, who, we must allow, did play Othello well. Mr. Pope is an ambitious young actor, who shows effort and study, and his rendering of one of the most difficult of Shakespeare's characters would, in any respectable building for dramatic performances, and before an appreciative audience, have been considered worthy of one much more experienced. That he was wretchedly supported was peculiarly aggravating, from the fact that Mr. Pope attempted then *for the first time* a part so ambitious as the Moor of Venice, and no one could have failed, we are sure, to sympathize with the victim of so tormenting a debut. The company throughout, with the exception of Mrs. Waller whom the play bills called the "star," was execrable; and that lady would play almost anything else we think, better than Iago. She is unquestionably an actress of ability, but an ability perverted enough when put into male attire and set after a character quite beyond her reach. With the exception of Miss Kellogg in Don Pasquale, the minstrel troupes have drawn the largest houses. The Hibernian minstrels came on the 28th ult., they were succeeded by Buckley's serenaders on the 6th, and Newcomb's troupe on the 8th inst. Laura Keane was here for two days but came short of pleasing, in that most charming little piece of "School." The fault was the same which we find in all cases, where the company is not large enough and the attaches of Music Hall are depended upon. Miss Kellogg found the same drawbacks on the 17th, when a full house assembled to hear her Norina. In her case, the drawback was greater, for she not only found no assistance on the stage, but even missed it off, having as her orchestra *only a piano*. Had it been any one else but Miss Kellogg, the disappointment would have been universal, but her singing was recompense enough. With a brief account of the velocipedal thermometer, we will end what we hope has not been a too long record. We will not stop long with the subject of

Velocipedes,

however, only to tell, what we never expected to have to tell, their dying days. Their days are numbered. Alas! Poor Yorick! A dire pronunciamiento of the City Fathers in the words that "*No person shall use or propel by riding thereon any velocipede along or upon any paved walk in said (this) city, formed for the convenience of foot passengers*"—with each violation counted at \$25, has sent you to an untimely grave. Many disciples mourn their loss. But columns full of complaints have served to no avail in repealing the obnoxious article, but to strengthen it. A couple of bold riders were arrested on the green, but owed their release to the fact that *paved* walks were specified in the law. This quibble will no longer prevent strict justice from being meted out to all offenders. Anticipation of bright moonlight rides on the green on summer evenings have faded beneath the cruel blow. The best rinks with their best machines at 25 cents per hour cannot rescue the dying out enthusiasm,—Monods, Pickering, Hartfords are temptingless. The large Velocipedrome at the Beach House, Savin Rock, is not realizing the *golden* expectations of its builders. Eli has grown thin from the total "stand-still" of his velocipedal stock. Park & Crown St. corner offer big inducements, but few are enticed. Elm City still assures us that his building is warranted to stand for ages, but few attempt to test the accuracy of his statements. But here and there a solitary rider passes along the college yard, sole remnants of your former greatness, sole proofs of what you might have been. Nor is the sky overcast with circles of hope, no more will your followers "see stars." Signs point to a premature death. Over your grave the historian will write, *Hic jacet Velocipedus, cui vitam dedit et mortem melancholia*; or, in tenderer strain the poet will add:—

"Green be the turf above thee,
 "Friend of my earlier days,
 "None knew thee, but to love thee,
 "None named thee but to praise."

The LIT. has done with you.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Courteous Reader, we are longing to reach with you "the happy finis," to ask your heartiest 'God-send' on the newly-started pilgrims, but the end of our labor is not yet. Fain would we go per saltum to that wished-for period, but our Table heaped "high as Ossa, Pelion's twin-sister," bids us say the nay, and content ourselves with a homely word or two about other things. In the first place, the monthly invoice of

New Books,

sent us by the publishers needs a little inspection.

Black Forest Village Stories. By Berthold Auerbach. Translated by Charles Goepp from the Author's own Edition. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. Pp. 377. 1869. New Haven: Henry H. Peck.

These little tales are not, as the title might suggest, anything on the order of 'Dick Turpin' or 'The Bold Highwayman'—no hero-villain "blessed with one virtue and a thousand vices" has here his life sweetened out into countless chapters; but they under-

take and accomplish, simply a pleasant record of quiet, peasant-life in the Black Forest of Germany, and to the excitement-seeker they offer no food for his distemper. Throughout the whole of them is displayed that calm, dreamy, almost idyllic charm of country life, of joyous quiltings, where nut-brown maids and stalwart youths meet to dance the fleeting hours away, feasting on the home-brewed ale and ruskined apples. Then comes the recruiting officer and separates the plighted. Wars follow, a battle, a wound, a furlough, and then a promotion drops the curtain over the marriage ceremony of the brave heart and fair lady, amid the village bells ringing and peasants dancing on the green. Some of these stories take us into more prosaic life, disclosing home scenes and characters, with all the quaintness and novelty, which we imagine they must possess for a stranger. The elegant Sydney has hardly paid a more fitting tribute to his native peasantry, or poor simple Burns to bonnie Scots, than Mr. Auerbach in the present little volume to his countrymen. And they were appreciated as such when first published in 1843 under the title of *Dorfgeschichten, Village Pictures*, being received with a flood-tide of applause by the lower classes, and not unnoticed by the upper ten. Translations were then made into French and Swedish. The one before us by Mr. Goepp has the reputation of being literal and un-magnified, which is all we should care for in trying to catch an author in his native tongue. We have hardly time to dwell with them at large, but can only specify, *The Gawk, The Manor House, Nip-checked Toney, and Ivo*, as being peculiarly "taking." Those who wish a pleasant volume to pick up after dinner, will do well to obtain this work from Mr. Peck.

The Villa on the Rhine, Vol 1. By Berthold Auerbach. From the Author's Edition. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. Pp. 531. 1869. New Haven: Henry H. Peck.

This is the latest finished work of Mr. Auerbach, and without doubt the most finished. "On the Heights" was good, *Edelweiss* was better, the climax is finished, and we have now the best. The gentle *bonhomme* element which spreads through all his later works, has in this one mellowed down into a see-nothing-evil character. As Initials is to *Quits*, we may even compare this story to *Munchausen*, as its second volume almost, if a work on a different subject can be said to be "a second volume." It shows us Mr. A. as we have been told and as we can imagine he is, a hale, hearty gentleman of, say fifty-seven years, gay, witty, moving with ease alike amid the court-circle and the associations of working men; ever alive to charity, of which the generous offer of the proceeds of his new work, give evident proof. The present volume—the second of which we expect out shortly—embraces the first eight books. The two volumes of the present edition, called the library edition, will be out complete before the story, (which is being published in the Vienna Presse with the German title *Das Landhaus am Rhein*) will have reached its end, and consequently before the Robert Bros., Boston, who are translating from this magazine in the author's despite, can get out their edition.

The Villa on the Rhine. Same as above, except, that, this is a paper covered edition, of fit size to be bound, so as to match the American edition of "On the Heights." This edition will be in four parts. Part I extends as far as Book V, chap xv, in the Standard Ed. Part II extends to the end of Book VIII, corresponding with Vol. I, Standard. Part III ends with Book XI, Chap. vii, and Part IV finishes Vol. II, Standard. These all can be had, and any one who has spare hours and dimes for purchasing and reading one of the most interesting real-life novels of the day, would do well to get one of the two editions, at Peck's.

Trifles. By H. S. Armstrong. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1869.

This charming little book, as its name indicates, is a collection of short stories to con-

sume the tag ends of times. Many of them, evidently moral-less, are yet pleasantly written. We think the author, whom we know to be a young man, has taken, if anything, a dark-side view of women. They are not all the cold, marble-hearted, fashion-following creatures, whom he has taken for his heroines. The glitter of fashionable life does not always turn its devotees into the stony Niobes as he leads us to think. "The Leaves in the Life of an Idler" is cleverly written, much in the manner of *Ik Marvel*, especially resembling that fireside scene in *The Reveries of a Bachelor*, where the lonely, unmated man goes back over the past and draws such a life-like picture of college prayers. The story is about the attempted assassination of Napoleon. The fact, upon which it is founded, that the missiles were made in Birmingham, Eng., and brought within the French borders in the form of egg-plants, we are certain has not yet become historical. The *Story of a Beast* is unnatural and overstretched. The others are better, but at best not satisfying. We should like to see the Author's talents devoted to a weightier subject; we feel he would succeed. Writing love-stories, even in "superfine magazines," is a poor expenditure of time and talent. The *subject* is writ out, if not the *subjects*.

The Gates Wide Open; or Scenes in another World. By George Wood. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1869. New Haven: H. H. Peck.

A queer book, with a queer plot, queer subject, and queerly written. First as to the book—it is the reprint of an old work published in 1858, entitled "Future Life." The firm failed, the book was recalled, and now encouraged by the success of *Miss Phelps' "Gates Ajar,"* the author has a second time fathered it, and changed its name at its new baptism. It must be successful, for as a novelty, it is decidedly the rarest of rare birds. Its plot is queer. We are in another world, yet there is a mixture of the old in everything, we see, eat, hear, speak, drink, et cetera. The author has doubtless made up his mind in the affirmative on Milton's question,

"What if the earth

"Be but the shadow of heaven and things therein

"Each to other like, more than on earth is thought,"

only he makes the resemblance more real than shadowy. There can be nothing wrong in his intention of dealing with things heavenly, provided he touches all things with careful hand, and at no place introducing the ridiculous or profane. He concludes in his survey, unlike the poor woman, who thought her highest goal was "to sit in a clean white apron and sing psalms," that there exist in the world above, many things which our philosophy wots not of, and here it is he verges on the profane. A Mrs. Jay having passed a lawful death, after floating "in the atmosphere of a world of loveliness," for some time, goes up, not 'in a balloon,' but mounted on a cloud. Arrived at the abode of the blessed, she meets an old friend, Deacon Colgate, with whom she breakfasted. The rest of the book is given up to a description of what she saw, and in the description the most impious is placed side by side with the most sacred of features. Marriage, love, dancing, are all pelted in the chapters in helter-skelter order, with no respect for place or person. We doubt whether to call it a most outrageous satire or the product of some mind woefully aberrated. It will stand a dozen readings. We have only given it one, but shall try it again, when our editorial cares are over. All should get a copy, and when read, put it away on the shelf, ticketed "queer." Try it.

The True Woman; a series of discourses. By Rev. J. D. Fulton. Boston: Lee & Shepard. New Haven: H. H. Peck. Pp. 219. 1869. Price 50 cents.

Peck has this book; debaters should bear this in mind.

Reminiscences of Mendelssohn. By Elise Polko. Translated by Lady Wallace. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. Pp. 334. New Haven: Judd & White.

The Ark of Elm Island. By Rev Elisha Kellogg, (author of "Spartacus to the Gladiators," etc.) Boston: Lee & Shepard. Pp. 288. New Haven: Judd & White. 1869.

This is not Noah's ark, but another divine's. It is not filled with divers beasts and birds of many colors, but fifteen interesting chapters in the life of "Lion Ben" constitute its summum bonum. The story is like Mayne Reid's and counterparts his Ran away to Sea, giving us a sea voyage, the best we have read in many a day. The chapter entitled "A Sunday in Havana" is especially noteworthy, as showing two types of the negro, the free, who "works little; plays much; sleeps much," yet withal feels and glories in his freedom, and the poor slave, who looks with envy on the blessed state of his neighbor and works only for money enough to buy his freedom. This work makes No. III of the series which Mr. Kellogg is writing, and will soon be followed by the next number—The Boy Farmers of Elm Island. Though all bearing different names, they are unfortunately linked in characters and interest with each other. This we think is very reprehensible. Why must a body, to read an interesting story, be compelled to read through half a dozen volumes? It is like making a man, when he marries a woman and is compelled to support all her family, marry the whole family.

Life of Jefferson Davis, with a Secret History of the Southern Confederacy. By Edward A. Pollard. 1869. Phila.: National Publishing Co.

Alice's Adventures in Wonderland. By Lewis Carroll, illustrated by Jno. Tenniel. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Pp. 192. 1869. New Haven: Judd & White.

Would that we were better acquainted with Miss Alice and what she saw in Wonderland, but a hasty glance is all that has been given her.

Salt-Water Dick. By May Mannering. Boston: Lee & Shepard. New Haven: Judd & White. Pp. 230. 1869.

Dotty Dimple. By Sophie May. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Pp. 168. 1869. New Haven: Judd & White.

Having now passed through the Rubicon of our book list, we may find some interest in the numerous

Exchanges

which have accumulated since the new board took possession.

COLLEGE MAGAZINES.—*The Brunonian, Chicago Index Universitatis, Christian Union Literary Magazine, Granville Collegian, Dartmouth, Denison Collegian, Griswold Collegian, Hamilton Literary Monthly, Michigan University Magazine, Nassau Lit., Packer Quarterly, Ripon College Day, Virginia University Magazine.* COLLEGE PAPERS:—*Amherst Student, Brown Yang Lang, Crown Point Castalian, Columbia Cap and Gown, Cornell Era, Delaware Western Collegian, Eureka College Vidette, Hamilton Campus, Harvard Advocate, Hiram Student, Iowa University Reporter, Lawrence Collegian, McKendree Repository, Miami Student, Michigan University Chronicle, Monmouth College Courier, Notre Dame Scholastic Year, Pardee Literary Messenger, Racine College Mercury, Rutgers Targum, Shurtleff Qui Vive, Trinity Tablet, University Chronicle, Washington Collegian, Western Collegian, Wesleyan College Argus, Williams Vidette, Willoughby Collegian.* OUTSIDE PERIODICALS:—*Arthur's Home Magazine, Atlantic Monthly, Brooklyn Monthly, Cincinnati Medical Repository, Littell's Living Age, Michigan Teacher, Overland Monthly, Once a Month.* OUTSIDE PAPERS.—*Advertisers' Gazette,*

American Journal of Philately, American Literary Gazette, American Presbyterian, Appletons' Journal and Art Supplement, Baltimore Statesman, College Courant, Hearth and Home, New York Imperialist, Loomis's Musical Journal, Nation, New England Postal Record, Recorder Journal, Round Table, Sea-Side Oracle, St. Louis Journal of Education, Schoolmaster, Weekly American Workman.

We have also received:—Baltimore *Southern Metropolis, Die Gartenlaube, London Society, North Hampton Free Press, New Haven Register, New York Practical Painter, New York Manufacturer and Builder, Yonkers Statesman, The Living Church.*

We are under obligations also, for the speech of Thos. C. Jenckes of Rhode Island, on his Civil Service Bill; and for the monthly report of the Department of Agriculture from Washington, and for pamphlets from the Free Trade League.

Notes on College Exchanges.

Our exchange list is rapidly extending, and we are glad to see it. We are willing to send the Lrr. anywhere, wherever it is wanted, and like to see the same courteousness on the part of others. We hail with pleasure the appearance of any new periodical on the horizon, no matter how big its prospectus. In our patriarchal dignity we are glad to see the young folks springing up around us. Among the new ones, to which we extend the welcome hand this month, we are glad to notice the April number of *The Packer Quarterly*, with its very suggestive cover, and its still more inviting contents. The majority of the pieces are on readable subjects, and spite the trouble of *cutting the leaves*, recompense the reader. The magazine has the most attractive cover of any which reach us,—some others would be well enough with their present covering, were it not for the big black advertisements, that disfigure them. We are going to give our Jerolamen St. friends a very prominent place on our shelf of exchanges, and hope to see it seeking its place "bright and early" every month. *The Brunonian*—now there's the Brunonian, one of the most attractive of exchanges, were it not for the flaming advertisement of some boot-maker or tailor, which looks forth from the goodly cover, enough to disenchant the most enthusiastic of readers. We for many years sinned in that same way, but then we are old and it takes a long time for us to get about, but *now* that we have moved, we can conscientiously recommend the change as one for the better. Among the "good things" in its college news, we notice an interesting letter from W. G. S. of '69.

We must speak a word about

Other Periodicals,

which come like bright spots, after wandering through the mass of smaller matter, and which transfer us from the small cosmos of college life out into the larger world of activity, with its far different *memorabilia*. We commence alphabetically with

Appletons' Journal,

although, we suppose it is needless for us to sing the praises of the new *Appletons' Journal*, which quietly appropriated to itself a commanding position at the very outset, any more than to express our pleasure in adding it to our exchange list, and our entire approval of the "rounds of applause," which have elsewhere greeted its appearance. Its form is the one we would choose above all others for a paper, which is to gain such a position as this

undoubtedly will occupy, handy to read, and handy to put in binding and put away on our shelves. Besides, the paper on which it is printed and the handsome wood cuts which accompany it, will make it an ornamental as well as instructive volume, ready for spare moments and handsome to show to one's friends. If its sphere was to coincide with the *Nation* or *Round Table*, they would have to look well to their laurels, but on the contrary, it is designed to fill up a want in another department, leaving those two worthies to still stand supreme in their own place. The Art Supplement is truly valuable, containing information on general matters of interest and illustrations, which one would think were the work of German artists; each number which has not this supplement, contains a large engraving as a substitute. But when will our contemporaries learn, and force their printers to acknowledge that the title of the new paper is not *Appleton's* but *Appletons' Journal*?

Arthur's Home Magazine.

To notice the "literary" part of *Arthur's Home Magazine*, is of course quite out of our way, but we cannot help expressing our amazement at the excellence of the wood cut entitled "The Unwilling Scholar," prefixed to the May number. It is rare indeed that we notice so well-executed a drawing on wood, in this country, and if the artist, Mr. Lauderbach, is in the habit of doing as well, he has no right to hide his light any longer under this Philadelphia bushel.—Mr. E. B. Bensell's picture, too, in the May *Once a Month* is by no means badly done, and the monthly itself is positive proof that a neatly printed magazine can emanate from the city of brotherly love. Unique in form, and handy as well, with considerable tact and discrimination shown in the selection of its pieces, it is apt to contain something of interest for anyone's leisure moments. Its price is two dollars a year, but its publishers (T. S. Arthur & Sons, of Philadelphia), in "order to let people see the magazine and become acquainted with its rare excellence," will send the first six numbers of the present year for a half dollar. And, though advice of this sort is not in our way, we venture to remark that the trifle spent in this manner would not be regretted. *The Children's Hour* also reaches us from the same publishers, and is apparently a good enough thing for the little folks; though it cannot compare with *The Nursery*, "a magazine for youngest readers," published by John L. Shorey of Boston. If any LIT. readers happen to be "uncles" to promising nephews or nieces, two or three years old, we can do them a real service by assuring them that they can bestow no more acceptable a present than a subscription to this really meritorious little monthly.

The Round Table.

We observe by the *Advertisers' Gazette* that the publication of the reputed "circulation" of different papers and periodicals in Rowell's "American Newspaper Directory" has already begun to have its natural effect, in calling forth statements of the different publishers who have been aggrieved by having their "circulation" rated too low. None, however, have as yet complained of mistakes in the opposite direction. The whole idea is, as the *Nation* says, a great "source of error," and, "except as illustrating the truth that editors are fallible, the assertions of most of them about their 'circulation' are hardly worth setting down." It was by a too implicit trust in the statements of the "Directory" that we ourselves were led into error last month, in allowing the *Round Table* and *Nation* a circulation of "about 7,000,"—a figure considerably too large, especially for the former.

A few other minor inaccuracies also crept into the sketch of "Two Papers" to which we refer. Mr. Henry E. Sweetser, '58, of the *World*, one of the former conductors of the *Round Table*, courteously informs us that we were in error in ascribing the suspension of *Round Table* in 1864 to a difference in the political views of its managers;—not the slightest disagreement in this respect having ever arisen between them, as a matter of fact. While happy to make public the correction, we must still say, in justice to ourselves, that the statement—though, as it now appears, a wrong one—was made by us neither carelessly nor without strong evidence in its belief. A friend who understands the matter also informs us that Mr. Leslie Stephens long ago superseded Mr. Dicey as London correspondent of the *Nation*, and reminds us that as no Paris letters have appeared in that paper for a great while, M. Laugel has of course ceased to correspond for it. The *Round Table* of May 1, likewise takes occasion, in a "Table Talk" item of the "biting" sort, to make various disheartening general reflections as to the age, ability and animus of the writer of "Two Papers," together with a direct charge as to his veracity. This last we will reply to, so far as to assert that when the *Round Table* says that a majority of the writers mentioned in our sketch as past contributors to that paper, "have never published anything in its columns," it says what is false. Our names were taken, as stated, from its own published list, and to it we beg leave to refer anyone who may care to satisfy himself that in this particular instance the Editor of the *YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE* compares quite favorably with the Editor of the *Round Table*, in the matter of "veracity" and "intentional misrepresentation." With the "style" of the article we of course have nothing to do; but, as insinuations as to our carefulness touch us in a tender spot, we beg our readers' indulgence when we tell them, that parties knowing whereof they spoke have assured us that the statements of fact in the article alluded to were accurate in all essential particulars; "remarkably so, for a writer personally unacquainted with journalistic matters in the city."

The Imperialist.

Not every one knows, or notices, that there exists in New York City, a journal bearing this name, whose object corresponds to its name, "to establish an imperial central government based upon free institutions." Such a one there is, however, and it seems, as far as appearances go, to get along thrivingly. It is an eight-page weekly, and contains besides editorial articles on the advantages of imperial sway, an exhibit of the corruptions of our government, either in direct charges, or in a general way laying them to the influence of republican institutions. For example the last number had its two chief articles under the titles, "Causes of Republican Failure" and "The Moral Influence of Democracy." It has now reached its No. 6, in spite of the numerous obituary notices upon it going the rounds of its contemporaries. At its start people were in doubt as to its aim, considering it, if not like Barnum's "What is It?" at least to be something new in the burlesque line, but doubt has disappeared, and it stands to-day boldly as the champion of strong central government, either in monarchical or imperial form. The earnestness which is employed in the advocacy of such strange views, and the total absence of violent talk is doubtless strengthening its position. Its pages are full of letters from different portions of the country, chiefly however from the South, and in the rear of the paper is a column of orders directed to or with the mystic letters T. C. I. O., which we suppose to be an association having in end the same cause as the paper, its official organ. Whatever it is, it is *not* a burlesque, nor an imaginary K. K. K. We are watching its course with interest, and advise those who have not seen it, to give it a glance.

London Society,

for April, contains the second sketch of Mr. Towle, '61, upon American College Customs, the first number of which was briefly noticed in the last LIT. The author says, and we think justly, that the "Students of Yale adhere more strictly than those of any other American college to the traditional ceremonies and celebrations handed down from past university life." Many of the customs he describes have died out, but there remain traces of them in those we hold at present. The electioneering for Brothers and Linnonia is no more, but the campaign of the Freshmen societies has all the features of the old system. Biennial Jubilees exist only in our songs, but Annual Dinners take their place. Pow-wows and Euclid burials are clear gone, but Junior Exhibition is still the same. The Wooden Spoon still holds as when he was in College, even to the sameness in programme. The same ruse is still employed to get possession of examination papers, there remains the same fight over Freshmen for suppers, college politics have still the same marked features, smoking out still holds in vogue, "letters home" are just as frequent. We are not as radical as one would think from a first view, our customs change slowly, and total change comes rarely. We may remark, by-the-by, that the magazine came to us with \$2.25 "letter postage" due upon it, on account of its sender venturing to enclose his autograph! Fortunately, by oversight of the clerk we presume, we were not called upon to pay that or any other amount; but as some overstrict official seems disposed to attend to the very "letter of the law," we must ask the gentleman, if he favors us in future, as we trust he will, not to presume that his official dignity will shield him in his attempt to defraud (by writing his name on a magazine!) His Majesties' mail.

Sabbath at Home,

for May, contains some more chapters on Cyril Rivers, and what he learned at College. Unfortunately these are the bad chapters in Cyril's life. He speaks at Junior Exhibition, gets highly applauded, but it turns out he has been sailing under false colors, and speaking and stealing some other man's oration, delivered twenty years before. Of course he is "brought up," disgraced, and just at this point, it becomes known that as a Sunday school teacher he has embezzled the funds of his flock and bought an organ for them "on tick." In this happy conglomeration of trouble the May number closes, and the next will doubtless bring him to a denouement, of what kind we have not the slightest idea, for of all heroes such a character as this we have never met. The story is founded on a fact we have doubtless all heard, but how close the author has kept to it we do not know.

The Galaxy has a sketch from the pen of W. A. Linn, Lrr. '68, on the little wandering musicians we meet in every city. It gives some interesting facts about them and is well worth reading. The title is *Les Petits Italiens*.

New Englander has a long article on Yale College, down on Pres. Woolsey's plan to change the corporation, and wanting to see a reform in our way of studying the classics. Another article on American colleges is from the pen of one member of the Faculty. All of these, topics concerning Yale, possess interest for us.

We wish that all the "free matter" which now passes through the mails, under our present abominable franking system, was as deserving of attention as the "Speech of Hon. Thomas A. Jenckes, of Rhode Island, in behalf of the Civil Service Bill," which comes to us under that gentleman's frank. We trust this little pamphlet is being

spread far and wide, and that by some means the great mass of the people will be made to understand what it is all about. For, as the *Nation* well says, the only apparent chance of securing its adoption is to frighten Congressmen into voting for it, since argument seems no longer to influence them. And if in any way the people of the country can have the truths of this measure brought home to them, it is certain that they will demand its passage of their mis-Representatives at Washington, or an early withdrawal of these worthies from public life, with all its golden opportunities for public declamations against "corruption."

The Living Church.

It is with no small amount of pleasure that we have received the first number of this church paper, newly started in New York, to whose editorial corps Mr. W. G. Sumner, '63, was recently called. It enters upon a new field of labor. Among its contributors, Dr. Harwood, Trinity Church, New Haven, is counted, and though no list comes with the first number, yet we are told its columns will be filled by men of note in the New England Episcopate. The first number contains its first editorial upon the name of the paper—*The Living Church*. The rest of the contents is made up of foreign correspondence, notes upon the Irish Church Bill, and book reviews, and the usual column of scraps called Thoughts and Things. The paper is issued by the firm of Sutton, Brown & Co., New York, and as far as "the properties" of a paper goes, it certainly is one of the finest, our only objection being perhaps the too decided tint of the paper on which it is printed. We should like to see it added to the Sunday papers in the Reading Room, and recommend it for that purpose to the treasurer of the Missionary Society.

Hearth and Home.

The *Hearth and Home* though it has not attained any very great age, yet promises to live long and be strong. It is just the paper that is calculated to meet the want of our American home, neither "too literary" on the one hand, nor on the other too much devoted to common, every day affairs. Striking a happy mean between the two extremes it presents us with a good *readable* paper, containing some matter that is fitted more to instruct than to amuse, and again some fitted more to interest than instruct. It seems to us a paper particularly adapted to the farmer's house. And we may say that a paper that should make the farmer's work a speciality, has long been felt a great want. The *Hearth and Home* will meet that want to a great extent, and uniting as it does with its valuable information on farm matters, high literary excellence, we can safely predict for it even greater success than its present circulation warrants. We are particularly pleased with its illustrations—one of its many points of excellence. These with its admirable literary department will serve to render the paper remunerative, which has hardly yet been the case with a paper devoted simply to agriculture. Even if we had not read it we should almost feel justified in praising it from the character of its editors. What they have undertaken has yet to prove a failure, and from the well known character of its contributors we feel a regret that we were unable to read every word of it. But time, or rather the want of it, cut us short in our pleasant task. For the same reason the February number of *The Overland Monthly* has been robbed of that attention which we desired to give it, and which we know it merits from what we have seen of it before. It "smacks" of the far west, and has an air of freshness and vigor about it with which we are decidedly pleased. Its articles present a strong but by no means unfavorable contrast to those of our older and "more staid" eastern magazines. And among the many magazines of the present day we are disposed to award a high place to *The Overland Monthly*.

Quid pro Quo.

It is suggestive to notice the various ways in which the different college papers treat the *Courant's* recent proposal, "If you want to be sure of an exchange, publish this advertisement." Some insert it and say nothing; one or two print it with the remark that they do it out of pure philanthropy, because they are glad to help on so good a paper as the *Courant* though they do not admit its right to order them; but most reject it with scorn, as though the proposal were an insult and an outrage, and vent their wrath against it by remarks of a more or less "biting" character. The circumstance shows very well how the *Courant* is "not a member of the college press" in the sense that all other college papers are, a fact which we think our duty to keep before the college public. This being so, we see nothing particularly outrageous in the *Courant's* proposal, unless it be in its hinting at rather than asserting its refusal to exchange. The various periodicals of college students, are published rather for "improvement" and "glory" than for money making, and those editors may be deemed peculiarly successful who "come out even" with the printer on the day of settlement. The object of "exchanging," too, is rather "for the fun of the thing" than for any money profit derivable therefrom. As the *LIT.*, for instance, confines itself exclusively to Yale matters, and is "entirely made up of the writings of undergraduates," our exchanges are really of no particular value to us, yet we are glad to welcome them all. We presume the case is about the same with most of the other members of the college press, all of which are, in this view, on an equality with one another. But what would be "fun" for us turns into injustice in the case of the *Courant*. Its expenses of publishing are probably not far behind a good many other outside periodicals, and hence it cannot afford to send round weekly a couple score of papers, and get in return exchanges for which it can have no mortal use. Therefore something must be put in the balance to equalize.

And now, kind reader, having been kept from you so long by the large number of books and exchanges for the month, the last subject being now cleared off from our Table, we lean upon our elbows to have with you

A bit of Gossip,

about matters in general. You know of course that Professors Lyman and Newton sailed for Europe on the 16th ult.; the former with \$10,000 to buy apparatus for the Scientific School, and the latter to make some observations upon meteors; you doubtless likewise have heard that Professor Northrop is Collector of the Port of New Haven, by virtue of his nomination by the President and confirmation by the Senate, and that the duties of his office are not arduous enough to require his resignation; nor can you be ignorant of the happy nomination of Mr. Keep to the consulship at Piræus, in Greece, which will lose him to us. All these things are well known to you, but there may be a few personal items about the *LIT.* boards of which you are not aware. You may not know that of the last board, consisting of L. H. B., E. G. C., H. V. F., H. W. R., E. P. W., the first mentioned hopes in all human probability to become an editor, a *real* one, after having played that character so successfully; that the second has designs on Theology, the third will take to the law; the fourth inclines to the law for the present and his old task of journalizing for the future, while the last in the list hopes to use the art of penscraftery either at the Bar, or in the "fourth estate"—the press. Besides all this, you may be ignorant that E. P. C., J. H. C., W. C. G., C. H. S., T. J. T., were nominated to fill the editorial chairs of the Thirty-Fifth Board on the night of Dec. 8; elected at noon on Jan. 27, initiated on the evening of March 24; that the third named is Ch. and the last named Tr., and that the Memorabilia will not be given out—as was

stated in the last LIT.,—but will remain in the hands of one of the editors. All these it can be said, without any editorial vanity, are “things worth knowing.” As a scholium to this, it should be mentioned for your information that, each number will be out as near the first of the month as possible, and none later than the middle at most, the difficulty of starting and want of experience rendering this number the only exception. With this much explanatory to pave the way, we lift our hats to give you the

Editors' Greeting.

Some wisacre with proverbial short-sightedness, gives us a receipt for beginning writing—“To write the first sentence yourself, and trust Providence for the second.” With us the case holds differently, we have many second sentences but lack the first. Our title suggests what's to follow, but not what's to come first. Our versatility is limited. We are not one who could write finely about a broomstick, nor upon a sofa as a subject would our “task” have been well accomplished—scarce would we have out-Cowpered Cowper. We must do like the Italians, we will follow their maxim. It is this. When they desire to take a wife, buy a mule or choose a melon—“pull your cap over your eyes and commend your soul to providence.” We will go it blinded, we will seize the first subject. Naturally enough our thoughts, like thoughts of school girls, revert to our clothes. To-day we are seen of men in a new dress. The LIT. growing young again comes forth on tinted paper. It wears its thirty-four years lightly. No longer will its light be hid under the narrowing compass of a bushel. The bushel, 'tis true we have removed, but we tremble for the light. Will not regard for looks get the better of inside worth? or, will not we look to one part only, like the artist who painted a one-eyed princess by taking the profile and neglecting the other side? This it must be confessed we fear. Circumstances are against us. Contrast with those just gone before, will make our shortcomings shorter, and our nakedness more visible, since

“When a well-graced actor leaves the stage,
“The eyes of men are idly bent on him
“Who enters next.”

Hence allowances must be made, complaints must be showered with sparing hand. Perseverance even without success is praiseworthy. To persevere is in our power. We know the goal, we know what the LIT. should be. Heavy subjects and loaded articles we know are not in its province. If not reached by us, the fault is in our ability, not in our knowledge, is natural, not acquired. The causes operating against perfect success are many. Outside assistance comes rarely, without it, it is unnatural to suppose that five men can always present a readable magazine. This backing is of two kinds, active and passive, giving contributions and keeping back undue censure. A fiddler and his wife lived in enmity for long weeks, having a fiddle nightly placed in bed between them. On his happening to sneeze one night, and his wife according to the custom in that country saying ‘God bless you,’ the quarrel was made up and the barrier removed. So with us. Bless us when we sneeze, smile when we are in trouble, and no fiddle of separation shall ever come between us. When small faults are seen, be not snappers-up of these “unconditioned trifles;” when large ones come to the surface, and here we beg to substitute Irving's apology—“If the reader find here and there something to please him, let him rest assured that it was written expressly for intelligent readers like himself; but should he find anything to dislike, let him tolerate it as one of those articles which the author has been obliged to write for readers of a less refined taste.”

Such is the burden of our prologue. Mutual support will beget mutual good will. Commence on this principle at once. Our first visit is now paid you. We ask to greet you and be greeted. Be not too severe. Our thanks are due you. We thank those who elected us and respect those who did not. The Past cannot be undone. The Future can correct what it cannot change. For the past we have regret, for the future, hope.

C. H. S.

The thanks of the new board at large, are due to Mr. L. H. Bagg, '69, for many valuable suggestions. Several items in our “Notes on Exchanges” are from his pen.

VOL. XXXIV.

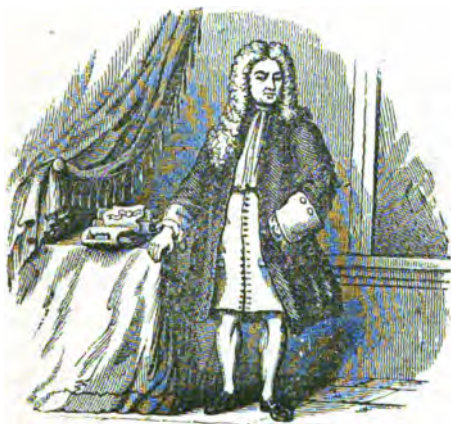
NO. VIII.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED

BY THE

Students of Yale College.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSES
Cantabunt SOBOLIS, unanimique PATRES."

JUNE, 1869.

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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXIV.

JUNE, 1869.

No. VIII.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '70.

EDWARD P. CLARK,

WILLIAM C. GULLIVER,

J. HENRY CUMMINGS,

CHARLES H. STRONG,

THOMAS J. TILNEY.

SOME REASONS WHY.

AMERICAN colleges in their various aspects have of late received a large degree of attention from the whole press of the country. Hardly a periodical, from the ponderous quarterly down to the ephemeral daily, has neglected to express its views upon the prevalent system of education. The merits and defects of the course of study hitherto almost universally adopted, the claims of modern languages and "practical studies" to usurp the place of the classics and mathematics, have been so thoroughly canvassed that he must be a bold writer indeed who would choose such themes for his subject. "The marking system" too has been so fully ventilated, that any further abstract discussion of marks as a test of scholarship and a means of discipline can hardly expect to receive attention.

It is not, therefore, the design of the present article to praise or censure the course of study now pursued in this college, nor to recommend the maintenance or abolishment of "the marking system." Prof. Hadley, as the representative and mouth-piece of the faculty at the Boston reunion last winter, expressed the firm conviction that there would be no material change for years

to come in the character of the studies pursued. It is equally certain that no very radical change in the matter of marking can be at present expected. Accepting it, then, as a settled fact that the present system, of making marks given for daily recitations in the classics and mathematics the chief test of scholarship, will apply to many future classes, we wish to point out some needed changes in its working. Hardly any one who has spent three years of life here will be disposed to question our assertion, that Yale College fails to develop in her students a grade of scholarship at all commensurate with her reputation and the just demands of the community upon her. It is our object to mention some reasons why this is the case.

First, and perhaps most important, we place the small ratio of instructors to the large number of students. A stranger glancing over the list of "Faculty and Instructors," as annually displayed in the Catalogue, occupying as it does three pages and comprising over fifty names, might be inclined to doubt our grounds for this statement. But let him deduct those attached to the Scientific and Professional Schools, and those whose connection with the college extends hardly beyond the appearance of their names among its "Officers," and he would be surprised at the comparatively insignificant proportions into which this lengthy and high-sounding list had dwindled. One's enthusiasm for what we fondly call "the first college in the land," can hardly fail to be dampened upon learning that a class of 176 is intrusted to the charge of only four tutors, and that but three instructors are provided for a class of 117.

As a natural consequence of this great disparity between the number of teachers and taught, from 40 to 45 men are crowded into the division room for an hour's recitation. The defects of such an arrangement are many and glaring. From the very nature of the case not more than a third, or at most a half, of the division can be called up at any one recitation. With some instructors the case is even worse. Two instances, which we have recently noticed, show how rarely a member of the largest divisions may be called upon to join in the recitation. The one is that of a man, who, though present at a dozen recitations in one department, was called up only three times; the other, that of a man who attended fifteen recitations and remained a silent

spectator of eleven of the number. Such cases, to be sure, are somewhat exceptional, but they should be impossible. We doubt, however, whether on the average the proportion of times a man recites, compared with the total number of exercises attended, rises above that of two to five. That carelessness and inattention characterize our recitation rooms under such circumstances should awaken no surprise. It would be strange indeed were it otherwise. This, however, is but one of the evils. Granting that it were possible to maintain the interest of the students, none will deny that the large size of the division prevents the best efforts of the teacher. With 130 men daily coming before him, and but few of the number reciting more than twice a week, it is next to impossible for him to learn the mental peculiarities of each, and adapt his instruction to the requirements of different individuals. Hence the tendency is almost irresistible for the teacher to fall into a mechanical style of conducting the recitation, which in turn reacts upon his pupils.

This leads us to what we consider an almost equally great fault in the present course, particularly in the first two years—the inferior quality of the instruction. The large size of the divisions, we are aware, would hamper the efforts of the best teachers; but without any change in that respect much more might be accomplished than is at present. In plain words, we maintain that the employment of tutors should be discontinued. This genus of instructors has come down to us from a remote antiquity, and is entirely unsuited to the requirements of the present day. When the standard of admission was very low, and men entered college with so poor a “fit” that they virtually had to commence with the rudiments, there was perhaps an excuse, if not a demand, for the employment of tutors. But demand and excuse have now alike vanished. The requirements for entrance have been greatly raised. Thorough preparatory schools have been established. The principals of several of them compare favorably with college professors. A large and yearly increasing proportion of every class comes from these schools, and, aside from them, a much higher grade of scholarship is required of all who annually apply to become “members of the incoming class.”

The great change which has taken place in the matter of thorough preparation for college within the last fifty years, can

only be appreciated when one has examined the "terms of admission," and the "course of study," in a catalogue of half a century ago. But, notwithstanding this great advance in the scholarship of students, almost the same provisions for their instruction continue in force now as then. A class of 170 or 180 members is turned over into the hands of four young men, themselves but two or three years out of college. And this is not the worst. Very seldom is it the case that the chosen man has paid any special attention to the department over which he is to preside. Still more rare is it to find a tutor, who intends to make the instruction of college students his life-work. On the contrary, the position is generally filled by a man who wishes to carry on a course of theological or scientific study, and who accepts the office of tutor as affording a casual means of support. Now, it is too much to expect that a man who accepts a position under such circumstances will take a very enthusiastic interest in the performance of its duties. The fact that he does not receive half the salary which he might obtain as principal of a respectable high school, is not calculated to rouse him to any special efforts for his pupils. Nor will he probably interest himself very deeply in devising and studying the best methods of instruction, when he does not expect to hold his position more than two or three years. While saying this, we will not deny that there are some tutors who seem to really devote themselves with some spirit to their work; but the drawbacks of which we have spoken embarrass even them. In short, while the office of tutor retains its present character, the student will fail to receive from the college such instruction as is justly his due.

Another great fault of the course hitherto has been the system of alphabetical division of the classes. We heartily rejoice at the partial reform in this matter which has been instituted the present year, and hope that it may be carried out to its fullest extent. A more absurd plan than the old one could hardly be devised. The members of every freshman class differ greatly in proficiency, and perhaps more in capacity. A considerable number come from the first academies and seminaries in the land, where they have enjoyed the instruction of the most thorough teachers. Others have had hardly any advantages and are so poorly qualified that heavy conditions alone save them from

rejection. Between these two extremes are men with every variety of preparation. All such differences, however, the old system entirely overlooked. The members of the class were separated into four divisions merely by reference to the initial letter of the name. Best and poorest were thus brought side by side, and so continued during the whole four years. The smartest and the dullest were assigned the same lessons, and subjected to the same requirements. Under such a system both parties suffered—it would be hard to tell which most. The poor scholars were often taxed beyond their ability, by lessons which were comparatively easy to their more brilliant classmates. Thus some were discouraged by the severity of demands, the ease of which allowed others to grow careless and remiss.

A great step, however, has been taken in the right direction. After one term's trial has shown the capacity and qualifications of each man, the divisions are thereafter made on the ground of scholarship. By this means all the members of each division will stand on a certain average plane of scholarship, and the same demands can fairly be made of all. The different divisions can pursue different courses of study, and the method of instruction can be varied according to the requirements of each. Another great advantage of this method is, that it rouses the indolent and excites to effort those who are merely careless. Those who can be good scholars will not be satisfied to remain in the same division with the most stupid. The experience of many years has proved the benefits of such a system at West Point; the brief and imperfect trial which it has received here has shown that equal benefits may be expected from its application to this college.

We have thus pointed out some reasons why we are not better students. They are briefly these—the large size of the divisions, the inferior quality of the instruction, and the system of alphabetical division of the classes. So long as these remain, any reform in the character of our studies will be of little avail. Until these faults are removed let not the public blame too severely the students, if they fail to equal its expectations. But let us hope that a better day is soon to dawn upon Yale College, when her instructors and her students will alike be worthy of her history and her fame.

SPOTS ON THE SUN.

NOTHING succeeds like success, and a Magazine which, if it be not "the best," is unquestionably the most successful, as well as "the oldest college periodical in America," can certainly afford to have pointed out to it certain circumstances which must ever tend to impede its progress. At the outset it should be understood that we have no reform to advocate, no change to advise, in the existing method of conducting the *LIT.* A system which has caused the present to outlive all other college periodicals, which has brought it through thirty-three years, and exhibits it now, in its thirty-fourth, as vigorous and full of life as the youngest of its cotemporaries, we firmly believe to be as nearly perfect as human ingenuity can devise. The presumption, as the logicians say, is overwhelmingly in its favor; and presumptuous indeed would that man be who should soberly propose to supersede it by some plan of his own invention.

It may be said that the editors are too few or too many in number; that their term of office is too short or too long; that instead of being chosen from a single class, they should be chosen from two, or from three, or from four classes; that they should be appointed by their predecessors in office rather than be elected by their class; that publishers as well as editors should be chosen; that the Magazine should be a fortnightly or a quarterly instead of a monthly, and so on. We may be willing to admit the existence of some good in each and all of these suggestions, contradictory as many of them are, but we do not believe that enough can be said in favor of any one of them to prove the desirability of its adoption; and that none of them may ever be adopted we sincerely trust. Without putting too implicit a confidence in the theory that whatever is right, or being too deeply impressed with a veneration for things customary and traditional, we are convinced that any change in the present order of things would be the reverse of advantageous. And having thus set at rest the minds of our conservative friends by these negative assertions, we proceed to indicate the necessary imperfections in the system we stoutly uphold.

There is an irresistible tendency in college to choose prize-men for editors,—usually those who have taken the highest prizes, for debate or composition. Supposing it were a fact that these prize-takers possess all the best literary ability of college, it by no means follows that the best editors are included in their number. Editorial ability is a thing quite distinct from purely literary ability, and may exist independently of it, as we endeavored to show in a previous number of the Magazine. Yet it is safe to presume that the average undergraduate will persistently disregard this fact till the end of time, and will always prefer as editors the ones whom, for their prizes or whatever reason, he takes to be the “best literary men” of the class. But even supposing it were true that these best literary men are sure to turn out the best editors, it still does not follow that they should always be chosen as such. The editors of the Magazine are its publishers as well; and tact in publishing is very far from coinciding with literary talent or journalistic skill. Without quite agreeing with those who assert that college life suppresses and destroys all the executive ability a man may by nature be possessed of, we must yet admit that the business faculty, “the art of putting things through,” is by no means common among us: as witness the inefficiency—we may almost add the downright imbecility—of most of our college committees. Now this gift, rare enough at the best, is least likely to be possessed by high prize-men and big literary men, of all others; yet it is a thing imperatively demanded for the successful management of a Magazine. We see then that so long as of the three qualifications—editorial ability, business ability, literary ability—which should recommend a man for the position of LIT. editor, the latter only is considered by those who elect him, it will be at all times possible if not likely that the most suitable men will fail to be chosen.

Another great difficulty is, that the men who are chosen, whether the most suitable or not, very rarely “do their best.” They are apt to consider their office as an end when they should consider it a means, and vice versa. Most editors do their hardest work “*for the LIT.*” before they are elected rather than afterwards. They enter prize debate and write prize compositions and strain every nerve for the making of a literary reputation sufficient to secure their election; but when they are

actually chosen, *ma foi!* their work is accomplished; they will go down to posterity in that halo of glory which surrounds the famous scroll whereon are emblazoned the names of those geniuses who have edited "the oldest college periodical;" and they are content: fame's summit has been reached, and they can climb no higher. The idea of making something out of the LIT., of infusing into it a life and character of its own, of striving to win for it a more than local reputation, seems never to occur to them. That the "honor" of this, as of every other "office," really depends upon the conscientiousness and skill with which its duties are performed, is a fact unknown to their philosophy. The glory, in their view, came with the fact of election; the duties are an unpleasant incident connected therewith, which must be shirked whenever possible. Thus, in a certain sense, is what should be a means made an end, by those who on the other hand and in another sense, make a means of what should be an end in itself, by accounting their editorial office simply a stepping stone whereupon they may possibly mount to a senior society. The question of success or failure does not alter the principle of the thing, as many profess to imagine; for a neutral who originally secured the office of editor only that it might better his chances of a society election, is not apt to work any harder than another who, influenced by the same motives, happened to be more fortunate.

Supposing, however, that these drawbacks did not exist,—supposing that the most suitable men were chosen, and that these performed all their official duties conscientiously and well,—the LIT.'s troubles would be by no means ended. All the editors are supposably equal in ability, and some of them are not infrequently rivals in the various prize contests of college, so that none would submit to have the "policy" of the Magazine dictated to them by any one man. In other words, there can be no strong "character" to the LIT., for this implies a single managing editor, whose word is in all things law. To expect any pronounced and consistent "policy" in a periodical whose course depends upon the opinions—often varying and ill-defined—of five individuals, who may in turn exercise almost absolute power in its management, were of course absurd. In the nature of things there can never be that unity of purpose, and harmony of ideas,

and powerful *esprit de corps* which sinks the individual in the work; which would cause them, should superior executive ability or editorial tact become apparent in one of their number, to place themselves entirely under his direction and control, to cheerfully and heartily give up individual judgments and preferences for the sake of the common glory.

The three leading points already made doubtless include most of the difficulties in the LIT.'s pathway, yet it may be worth while, perhaps, to refer to some of them in a manner less indefinite and general. The short term of the editorial office is, in itself considered, undoubtedly a drawback, yet that nothing would be gained by lengthening it is perhaps sufficiently proved by the fact that, as a rule, the first-issued numbers of each successive board are its best. The short term, nevertheless, prevents the formation of those numberless little editorial habits and customs, which, though individually of no special importance, combine to make up in great measure the distinctive character of a periodical. Such are an unswerving allegiance to some particular system of orthography; a uniform rule in the matter of punctuation; a well-defined limitation in the use of capital letters; an unvarying mode of referring to itself or other journals; a distinctive form of expression, and a changeless peculiarity in the regulation of typographical matters generally. All these, and many like them which form the most sacred traditions of regularly conducted journals, are things which it were futile to expect to gain in a year of rather desultory and conflicting practice. Reasonable skill and accuracy in the correction of proof, and good typographic taste and judgment, are likewise unlikely to be acquired in so short a time, as a matter of course.

Again, the college editor rarely pays sufficient attention to those two important matters—time and space; he seldom studies the philosophy of “making up” a Magazine. And by this we mean the viewing his work as a whole and considering the relations of the different parts to each other; the rejecting of what is intrinsically good, because it is not befitting the time or place; the printing of everything where and when it will be most “available.” On the one hand, very few voluntary contributions are at his disposal, and on the other, those which are personally solicited he generally feels under obligation to print, whether

deemed suitable or not, lest their writers account him ungrateful or malicious. Thus it is that the difficulty of procuring respectable "copy" of any sort forbids the giving of much attention to the more refined details of the "make up" itself. Then there is the art of giving a "taking" look to articles, which is too little considered. Other things being equal, a short title is of course the best; and a very long one is usually, in a magazine article, an unpardonable fault. In our view, a title should hint at rather than fully explain the subject matter of an article; should excite curiosity which reading alone can gratify; yet it should not seem far-fetched or inappropriate after its significance is understood. It is possible to dislike the taste of the writer who labels a pleasant sketch as if it were a treatise on some abstract science, without at the same time going into raptures over the titular vagaries of Mr. John Ruskin and his imitators.

As to the business side of affairs, in the soliciting of subscriptions and advertisements, and the collecting of money for the same, the temptation to shirk disagreeable labor is very great, and the tendency to appropriate the general funds for private uses, and "account for the same at the end of the year," is by no means inconsiderable. There is apt to be little appreciation of the value of advertising, and of the many indirect methods by which a journal may be "pushed" into notice. There is too little carefulness in the making out of mail-lists, and too little promptness and regularity in despatching magazines through the mails, and too little attention to those many minor details which a publisher should have regard for. The weakest point of the *LIT.*, as of all other college periodicals, is its finances. While it is true to a demonstration that an energetic man of good executive ability could make from the Magazine an annual profit of five hundred dollars, it is just as certain that an average board of editors will never make any profit whatever: and they may well think themselves fortunate if their editorial glory does not demand a round number of dollars from their individual pockets.

It has all along been implied, as is now stated in form, that each board gains most of its knowledge from its own experience simply, and profits little from the advice of its predecessors. Such advice, except in the unpractical form of glittering generalities, is rarely given: either because experience has taught nothing

worth recommending, or because carelessness as to the future of a periodical whose past owes little to them has seized upon the retiring editors. We have thus tried to indicate what seem to us the necessary and inevitable hindrances to the *LIT.*'s highest success, and we have done so in no expectation that our words will have any immediate beneficial effect. It is chiefly to prevent the contingency of a possible reform,—which anyone might plausibly advocate, by newly pointing out existing evils and asserting that a change in system would remove them,—that they are now offered. By anticipating this exhibition, and arguing that these recognized evils can only be cured by a remedy likely to be worse than themselves, we trust we may have done something toward preserving intact the present arrangements, which, as stated at the outset, we judge to be the best that can be devised. At the same time, it is hoped that some of these remarks may have an incidental value in suggesting to those concerned the mitigation of necessary evils; and in creating towards them a charitable spirit on the part of the college public, by causing the latter to realize the difficulties which beset them in their labors.

It seems to us that under the present order of things the *LIT.* can never die; that it must always be “conducted by the students of Yale College,” so long as the college shall itself, in its present form, exist. And in saying our last say concerning it we can hardly refrain from adding a word for the benefit of those supposititious editors whom some indefatigable index-maker of the future may guide to the inspection of these pages. That word is this: The *LIT.* is exactly what you make it. It offers you a chance for improvement and distinction beside which the other opportunities of college are as nothing. It gives you a more substantial and lasting return for honest work than do all the literary prizes of college combined. Spite of all its drawbacks, its years prove it to be the most successful of college magazines. If you choose to have it so, it may be the best.

L. H. B.

YE PEDAGOGUE.

NOT long ago a retiring editor took occasion to advocate in these pages the claims of a fourth profession. There is yet another, which, as forming at least the temporary vocation of a greater proportion of students than any other, is perhaps equally worthy of attention. I refer to school-teaching.

It is not a brilliant employment. Except in the case of the most eminent professors in our leading colleges,—the Socrates of the nineteenth century,—from the miss of sixteen who has been through fractions and is allowed to teach a summer term in a country district, to the valedictorian whose rocket sinks into the gloom of a country boarding-school, conscientious teachers are perhaps the hardest worked, the least esteemed, and the most grudgingly paid of all classes in the community. It is not impossible that the public may sometime learn that other qualifications are required than incapacity for anything else. But so long as five feet ten in stockings, a knowledge of square root, and a willingness to accept a day-laborer's wages, constitute the essentials, the profession will be crowded, its estimation and salaries below par, and its followers mainly those who cannot achieve success elsewhere. But with all its disadvantages, it happens to be almost the only avocation immediately remunerative to impecunious college graduates; and every senior class includes many who are depending upon a salary to be thus derived. To such I offer a few thoughts, suggested partly by a brief experience, mainly by reading and reflection, upon the calling to which I expect to devote some of the best years of my life.

The three main requisites to success are knowledge, tact in imparting, and skill in controlling. The first inquiry, in considering the choice of a school, should be as to the extent and accuracy of the information required. Most of us are acquainted with "the three R's," and with the rudiments of the higher branches. Yet there are probably fewer than one would suppose, who are competent to interpret the story of the "arms and the man," or of the wrath of Achilles. Now scholars lose confidence in a teacher who confesses ignorance of fundamental principles, and they learn to distrust and despise one who is

repeatedly detected in error. I was once advised by a teacher of forty years' successful experience, always to veil ignorance upon any point in sesquipedalian phraseology, lest I be proved not omniscient. The principle is hardly tenable, but the underlying fact deserves notice—that children must feel their teachers to be unerring guides. The young are not slower than their elders to detect superficiality. Woe to that teacher's peace of mind, whose pupils have found his knowledge little more reliable than their own.

Skill in imparting knowledge is a rare natural gift. It implies clear insight, ready invention, and unlimited patience. The first and last may be acquired; the other is the gift of experience to those naturally deficient.

But profound erudition, and the faculty of imparting it, are not enough. A rarer and more essential quality is at the foundation of success. Discipline in school is the primary requisite, and he who fails to secure it will be an unhappy and unsatisfactory teacher. Nor is this as easy for the school-master to attain, as when

"Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned."

I wonder how many a harassed tyro has wished that his charge had been in Sweet Auburn, ere it became a Deserted Village. But alas! we have changed all that. Let me confess that once, while chancing to be in charge of a certain school, fearing that my dignity was not held in sufficient respect, I ventured to read Goldsmith's description, in the hope of implanting a juster idea of the relation between teacher and scholars. Lamentable failure! Such an appreciation of the ludicrous contrast between that stern worthy and the meek individual before them twinkled in the eyes of my pupils, that I hastened to congratulate them on being relieved from a superstitious ignorance, which alone could foster an awe so foolish.

No, things are not as they were. Half a century ago children stood aside with uncovered heads when the minister passed, and had frequent occasion to recognize in parental authority an active force. Now they criticize the parson's elocution, and take their parents into partnership. It is a little curious that Thackeray's most vivid impression of this country was of the absence of parental restraint; and that Dicken's first American child's story should caricature a reversal of this relation.

But the keen eyed satirist noted an attendant circumstance, which escaped the quick glance of "Boz." He observed that this familiar intercourse generated a companionship between parents and children, unknown under the stricter discipline of England. He judged that their love increased as their awe diminished. Let us not misunderstand him. Insubordination and impudence are as fatal to love as to peace. Make the child master, and his affection will be but pity. So far as children are learning to despise advice and reproof, we are degenerating; but we are advancing, so far as they enter with undiminished respect into the relation of companionship. So with teachers and scholars. Lamb somewhere remarks upon the impossibility of any cordial friendship between the best of masters and his pupils. But at the present day such intimacies are not uncommon.

Here, then, is a fact which the teacher must encounter. American children are deficient in the organ of veneration, and will not obey him because of his position. Unless he personally enforces a due regard for his dignity, it will not be paid. Any respect he may command will be paid the man—not the teacher.

It follows, that to secure the obedience of a school, one should first seek to deserve it. He should carefully consider the mutual relations of teacher and scholars, and should stand ready to fulfill his obligations. It is of the highest importance that pupils should feel the master to be faithful to them. Any discipline into which this conviction does not enter will be forced and unstable.

Again, to control others one must first control himself. None can respect an angry man. A teacher should be cool and collected under all circumstances, and especially should never punish when excited. Indeed, to so arrange one's daily duties as to preclude hurry and introduce prevailing method, has striking effect in inspiring confidence. A teacher who forgets promises and exceeds the usual periods of recitation, is sure to excite just dissatisfaction and distrust.

But the talismanic word, even though it recall David Copperfield's step-father, is firmness. The most favored teachers are placed in circumstances where no quality will supply the place of this. He who makes rules deliberately, and maintains them inflexibly, can govern any school. It is the yielding in little points that overthrows authority, as fissures destroy an embankment.

The comparative fighting weight of teacher and scholars is a matter of no moment. A determined dwarf can subdue giants. I knew of a girlish teacher who took a school unmanageable by men, and began her work by feruling an overgrown boy, whose hand she stood upon the platform to reach. She kept the school under perfect discipline, and that not because of her sex, but because of her determination. Let a teacher deliberately resolve to maintain obedience at any cost, and his scholars will be quick to divine and respect his resolution.

I can imagine no life more unsatisfactory than that of an incapable teacher. Bullied by the large boys; himself a bully to the smaller; jeered to his face; insulted behind his back; his school a bedlam; his recitations a farce; his name a by-word; hired only because cheap;—he draws his grudgingly paid stipend in the delusion that he is respectable because a professional man.

Such wert not thou, O ZEUS,—name fortuitously bestowed, but applied in no disrespectful spirit, and cherished among the healthiest recollections of the past. Happy we who sat at thy feet. Happy in sound and accurate instruction; happy in the instillment of a love for thorough scholarship; happy in the fellowship and example of one who was in every way a *man*. We were careless and wayward; far less than we ought did we profit by thy teachings: but the most indifferent of us failed not to catch some warmth from thy glowing countenance, and the most earnest gladly acknowledge thy quickening influence. If it be noble to give one's every energy to his calling; to wrestle with bodily infirmity that one's duty be faithfully performed; to persevere amidst perverseness and ingratitude in conscientious attention to the minds and characters of one's pupils;—then wert thou a nobleman. And if it be a satisfaction to have wrought in all committed to thy charge a lasting impression of the dignity of Christian manhood, then has thy life's labor been not unrewarded.

ON THE FENCE.

"Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit."—VIRGIL.

RETURNING from an after-supper walk the other evening, I came upon the college fence in its best estate. It was a pleasant evening, with a dry warmth such as one rarely finds in New Haven weather; the elms, with their bewitching curves, were crowned with one mass of greenery; while through their shadows shone here and there from out of college windows the glimmer of lamps—reminding one that the "literary exercises" had their devotees, even on such an evening as this. On the fence were groups of students; and just in front of one of these congregations a couple of little brown-skinned vagabonds were singing "with the spirit" to the tinkle of a harp and the squeal of a violin, in expectation of a plenteous harvest of pennies.

I stopped at a sufficient distance to be clear of the magnetism which always hovers about a crowd, and wondered to myself how one could describe the fence. To say that it was so many lengths long, so many rails high, or stood in such and such a place, would be very much like describing the college chambers by giving their length, breadth and height, the number of bed-rooms each contained, together with the closets, shelves, etc., but omitting all mention of the traditions and quaint memorials with which each room is full; the goodly fellowships, the honest, life-long friendships, which dwell therein; the wit and wisdom, the songs and stories, which hover about these contracted dwelling places;—in short, by mentioning the mortar and brick, but leaving out the mind and human nature. Disregarding, then, the mere physical data and looking simply at that part of college life which may be summed up in the word fence, I thought I had happened upon a phase of human experience such as could be found nowhere outside of college, and one well worthy of examination.

The fence is a regular part of the college curriculum. Although it really ranks among the higher studies—not being taken up until the second year—yet it has a certain influence upon a man from the time he first comes here. I dare say no sub-freshman ever came to Yale without asking some question

of a man on the fence;—and indeed it seems quite natural that this should be so, for, as he beholds the rows of men sitting thereon, he at once imagines that these are reliable persons whom the Faculty have placed in this prominent position for the purpose of giving such directions and information as strangers may wish to get. He regards it at this time with great complacency and not a little condescension. The member of the “incoming class,” however, finds his position changed when he at last gets his white paper and becomes *de facto* a member of college. Suddenly he discovers that the atmosphere of the fence is unfavorable to his health. As he finds it necessary to remain at a distance from it, its value increases. It becomes a divinity to him; and from the safe retreat of Hoadley’s he worships it in devout admiration. The passion grows. He gets to giving quite as much thought to that coming white day when he can sit on the fence with impunity, as to his rank as a scholar—while it is probable that his chances of ever sitting thereon would be materially increased, if he thought less about it and more about his studies. Mayhap, if bold enough, he watches for a rainy night, when passers-by are few and upper-class men are elsewhere, and at the witching hour of twelve seats himself in the long coveted position—a second Æneas, in the Elysian plains without any pater Anchises.

Sophomore year is the “open sesame” to this unique chapter of delights; and perhaps at this time there is the most persistent sitting on the fence, just for the sake of sitting there, of any time during the college course. It possesses all the delights of newness and superiority. The privilege of perching one’s self on the topmost rail has all the fascination for new-fledged sophomores that swinging on the front gate has for children of a smaller growth. This feeling, however, wears away. And yet, during the entire second year, it seems to me that the fence plays a prominent part in the life of college men. Wherever the egg of class mischief may be laid, it is pretty sure to be hatched somewhere near the fence. The society songs are sung there; and now and then a bit of college politics comes in for spice withal, and this, should chance permit, may be “arranged” at the fence. Beside: the ineffable glory of watching the envious freshmen is no mean addition to the pleasures of the fence during sophomore year.

Junior year inducts a man into something more than this vulgar pleasure. The third year, notwithstanding its politics and its various displays of swallow-tails, is a kind of an Indian Summer epoch. And the fence is no exception. It is no longer a new thing, and a year's experience has taken away much of the fancied notion of superiority. The roystering song which chronicled the transition from freshmen to sophomores now gives way to madrigals and mission-school hymns. The taste, too, has become somewhat more critical. No longer does a nudge or a whispered (as though it were a second Augustan age)

"O crus! O brachia!"

mark the passing by of every woman. In short, juniors, "though not clean past their youth, have yet some smack of age in them, some relish of the saltiness of time." The change in location shows this. In sophomore year the fellows look toward the sun-rising; in junior year they face to the southward. It is a tropical period.

Senior year, it appears to me, must open "fresh fields and pastures new." The seniors have taken their last hitch on the fence. The jollity of sophomores, the self-satisfied pleasantness of juniors, is now succeeded by a touch of sentiment. The future, which rarely troubles the average college man, demands some consideration; and that is always a sobering thing to do. Perhaps, however, the change which is inevitable is the more thought-breeding. To kick a chair out of doors, however rickety and deceitful it may be, is not a pleasant undertaking for the sensitive man.

—"We cannot
Buy with gold the old associations."

And more especially is this true in the case of leaving college. There is not one of us, probably, even among those who have been here the briefest time, but has at one time or another cursed Yale college and everything connected with it; and yet to leave this old mother after a four years' attachment to her apron-strings is no pleasant matter for the coldest and most selfish among us. This approaching separation is the ghost that haunts the senior section of the fence. The excitement of pitch-

ing pennies, of spinning tops, of playing at leap-frog, cannot exorcise the grim fellow from his perch. The "silver sand of hope" has uncoiled to the very end, so far as college is concerned; to-morrow the good-bys must be said, and this day's end brings us to-morrow. At such a time the fence must seem like an old familiar friend, always the same to us, whatever our mood may be. And so, involuntarily, we come to it more softly, we are lower-voiced and more confidential in our chats about it, and we leave it more reverently than at any previous stage of college life.

Again: If you ever noticed it, there is a certain fence aristocracy in every class. One can tell the *crème de la crème* of this aristocracy by the assured way in which they seat themselves thereon. They feel themselves masters of the situation. Less constant *habitués* look up to such persons with a great deal of reverence. They rarely have as much assurance in the recitation-room—but that is because they lack their inspiration. Could they but recite on the fence, a fizzle would be improbable and a flunk impossible. They are pleasant fellows, always: no crabbedness can long hold sway over such a kingdom;—and they are fellows of some talent, else they would as surely be dethroned. They are often lazy, and quite frequently subject to ill-health, especially on Monday and Thursday mornings. They are never close communion: give them only comfortable room, and you may take all the rest. Altogether, the fence frequenters are a very desirable element in college: hearty good boys, generous to a fault, honest, full of pluck, and ready to help you kill time any day in the week.

I suppose the fence and its associations will be remembered a great while longer than the equation of the parabola. The latter may have done us more good—but what seems to be of little good is usually the most pleasant. We all like to be pleased, and we remember what pleases us.

Some day, after we have gone away from here, and only the big book, in which we promised not to swear or play cards, keeps our names in remembrance,—a musty immortality, at best!—a few of us, now and then, will stray back, to look at the place where we were boys together. Gray-headed, and beaten, perhaps, in all that we had once hoped for, we shall be; but the fence will not stand upon that. It is a constant friend. And there,

upon it, some summer's afternoon, while the butterflies go by,

—"Playing in their Sunday dress,"

and the elms droop above us as of yore, we shall live over the past. The fence will be the magician, and we shall see again the old faces, and shall hear the old names, though they

"Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb."

W. R. S.

MURMURINGS.

Why do ye murmur, oh trees,
And sigh with your boughs?
What tale tells the wandering breeze,
Such sadness to rouse?

Why dost thou murmur, oh sea,
And moan with thy waves?
What sorrow e'er cometh nigh thee,
Or haunteth thy caves?

Why dost thou murmur, my heart,
And never know rest?
What enemy still makes thee start,
Like birds in their nest?

Well mayest thou murmur, my heart,
Thou sea, and ye trees,
For sighing is ever your part,
And Death your release.

THE CLUB.

“WHAT shall we eat, and what shall we drink,” are questions which concern college students perhaps as deeply as the rest of mankind. However large their consumption of mental pabulum, and however copious their draughts at the wells of knowledge, they differ not from other men in requiring some more substantial supplies. It is of an institution founded to meet these demands that we propose to write. The college club is eminently an organization *sui generis*. Composed of a number of classmates, who board entirely by themselves, free from the watchful eye of the New Haven landlady, it furnishes, we sometimes think, the most favorable opportunity to be obtained for the observation of student character. And we hold that no man can consider his college experience complete, who has not been at one time or another in his course a member of one of these institutions.

The average daily life of a club furnishes much to interest a careful observer. If such is not your regular habit, gentle reader, we advise you to go to breakfast some morning early enough to watch the different members, as they come to partake of the matutinal meal. First enters the punctual man with lesson prepared the night before, ready to give his undistracted attention to the duties of the table. Soon after strolls in another, whose acquaintance with the lesson is so limited that his time during the meal is divided between plate and book. As time passes on, you will notice that the salutations of the new-comers to their comrades grow briefer and more concise, and that the conversation, which may at first have been quite animated, gradually dies away until it hardly extends beyond requests for the various services of the table. At length, when the din of knife and fork is at its height, and the bell is just commencing to ring out its notes, in bursts the man who has “slept over,” and has just time enough for a cup of coffee and a swallow or two of food. And as the manner of their coming is peculiar, so will their manner of answering the prayer-bell attract attention. As soon as the first warning notes are heard, you will see one or two picking up hat and books, and preparing to answer its summons. To the majority, however,

the first bell is but a signal for renewed devotion to the work before them. Even when the second bell is heard, a few valiant spirits retain their seats, whom long experience has taught the exact number of seconds required for the passage from club-room to chapel. At length, however, the very last rushes from the table, and the room, a few minutes before full of noise and confusion, relapses into profound quiet. Such is breakfast at a large club. Each meal has its distinguishing characteristics, but we will only allude to the different phases which conversation takes at each. Breakfast, as preceding recitation, is chiefly occupied with questions as to the lesson, the different degrees of preparation upon it, and the chances of being up. Dinner and tea each follow a recitation, and the talk naturally turns upon its results. "Rushes," "fizzles," "flunks," "good luck," "bad luck," are expressions which you will hear on every side.

So passes a day in the club when the college world is at peace. But would you become fully acquainted with the institution, you must be present when the ordinary dull round of events has been interrupted. Perhaps as good an occasion as any for this purpose is the evening meal, immediately after a rush in which all the members of the club participated. Each ready with some tale of personal daring and gallantry, and all alike desirous to make known their part in the "victory" which is invariably gained, a greater "confusion of tongues" can hardly be imagined. Somewhat similar is the condition of the club after a good game of base-ball, or a successful boat-race. Excitement does not now run so high, but even on such an occasion one can hardly refrain from a desire to match twenty collegians against an equal number of the ancient denizens of Babel, with entire confidence that the verdict would be in favor of the nineteenth century.

But while there is thus much of interest in the outward life of the club, the thoughtful observer will prize the opportunity it affords for the study of character. The average college club contains some specimens of the genus homo which merit attention. Happy that club, if such there be, which does not contain the bore. However unlike the outside world in other respects, college resembles it in being afflicted with this pest. The college bore is *par excellence* a traveled man. No tale of most thrilling adventure can you tell, but he has witnessed or experienced its

parallel. Indeed, you may consider yourself fortunate, if you are even allowed to tell your story uninterrupted by his busy tongue. As for any college occurrence in which you were the chief actor and he a remote spectator, you may well despair of ever having an opportunity to give your version of the story. If in your innocence you should once be so bold as to interrupt him, in order to correct some glaring error in his account, a few sentences from him by way of reproof will convince you that you really have very little knowledge of what you said or did. Gradually, if you are docile, you will come to hear with the utmost composure the worst misrepresentations of your conduct and actions, rather than brave his indignant censure. Another character, which you will usually find, is the college gossip. He is the man who is always the first to make known all changes in the regular course of events, who keeps an accurate record of the health and movements of all our instructors, and is the first to announce the sickness or absence from town of any of them, who can give a complete list of the prizes and honors taken by every prominent man in every class, together with the societies to which he has belonged, and who in short has any amount of small talk about almost anybody or thing you may mention. Although sometimes his conversation is so puerile as to become disagreeable, you have only to contrast him with the bore and you will no longer complain. A club also contains a number of men not so prominent for any particular type of character. There is, however, generally some man who is known as the joker of the club, whose time is fully occupied in most excruciating attempts at wit and humor; some man who is always behind the times, and occasionally breaks in with some startling news which every one else had known a week before; and some man who is less renowned for his conversational powers, than for the sublime equanimity with which he disposes of whatever eatables are set before him.

It is the fashion with some to disparage clubs as nurseries of slang, rudeness, and ill-breeding. We will not deny that there is some ground for the criticism. We have sometimes seen a club when delayed a few minutes beyond the usual hour, which a passer-by might from the tumult have mistaken for a pack of barbarians. We have known men who elsewhere pass for gentlemen, whose conduct at the table would go far to disabuse one

of that opinion of them. And it cannot be denied that conversation is sometimes indulged in, which few would care to repeat in the home circle. But these things are the exception rather than the rule. They are the faults which seem inseparable from even the best of institutions. On the other hand, there is a heartiness and good-fellowship, the absence of which is not compensated for by the stiffest formality, secured by the most angular and cross-grained landlady. Taken all in all, the club is an important element in the social life, which is so pleasant and valuable a feature of the course at Yale, and we hope that it may long live and thrive.

A WEEK ON FOOT.

I HAVE always had a great fancy for becoming acquainted with new places, and in old times used to take great delight in roaming over the fields and hills around my home, and imagining that I was exploring a new country. This same desire led me some time since to undertake, in company with an older friend, the expedition which I am about to describe, and I can recommend it as a very pleasant way of spending a part of the long vacation. There was nothing remarkable about it; we did not go to the White Mountains, and were only gone about a week, but we did go through one of the prettiest parts of New England, Berkshire county in Massachusetts. We called it a pedestrian excursion, and did enough walking to justify the name; but were not so particular about it as not to vary the programme by occasional rides. After getting in good practice during the summer, we were at length ready, and,—not to be too particular as to where we started,—you may imagine us, one afternoon in September, just setting out northwards from the village of New Preston, up in Litchfield county. Our baggage was of very modest dimensions and consisted only of satchels, which could be hung over the shoulder or carried in the hand as came most convenient. In

addition I carried as a walking-stick a heavy umbrella—a wise preventive measure, for with one exception we had remarkably fine weather all our trip.

On that afternoon our road carried us along the side of a stream till we came to a pretty lake of irregular shape called Waramaug. On one side of it was a high peak, known as the Pinnacle, which we stopped to ascend and from which we had a fine view. Passing the lake, we came over rather a dull road to the little village of Warren, and about two miles beyond it put up for the night at the house of a cheese-maker named Perkins. Mr. Perkins was a “brick,” for he entertained us well and in the morning when we asked for the bill he shook his head.

*“Geseget sei er allemit,
Von der Wurtzel bis zum Gipfel.”*

Starting the next morning about the time for prayers, we descended by a long hill into the valley of the Housatonic, and found ourselves in the town of Cornwall, which includes a variety of sub-Cornwalls, such as Cornwall Bridge, Cornwall Plains, North and West Cornwall, and perhaps more. We made a detour through the town, getting a lunch and inspecting a smelting furnace on the way, and then went on up the river to the village at its falls, a place of great capabilities, but where the unfinished canal which was to make it a great manufacturing place only shows what might have been. Here we turned out of the valley to the west into the town of Salisbury. This is the iron town of Connecticut, and there were abundant signs of it all around—roads cut up by the heavy ore wagons, and charcoal pits without end. One was at the foot of a mountain, and the logs were brought down to it by a long trough. “And when a tree ‘bolts’ from the trough, it cuts the standing trees quite off.” At the end of a good day’s work we found a pleasant resting place in Lakeville.

The next day was the great day of the expedition, and it was the only unpleasant one. We left Lakeville in a dense fog, and, passing directly over one of the largest ore-beds on the way, went just across the state line to the Harlem road, on which we were conveyed for a dozen miles northward by a freight train. It was not quite so bad as the train I once rode on up above Farmington,

which went so slowly some of the way that two of the passengers had time to jump off, go over into a neighboring orchard, fill their pockets with apples, and return to the train while it was jogging on,—but it was not a very cheerful way of traveling on that misty morning. In course of time, however, we arrived at Copake, and turned to the east again. Just in this corner of Massachusetts is the town of Mt. Washington, a mountain town indeed, containing no church, no store, and scarcely any houses. Owing to the eccentric manner in which its roads twist around, and the mist which enveloped it that day, my ideas in regard to its topography are of a very shadowy nature. It is distinguished for two things, Mt. Everett, and the falls of Bash Bish. These latter we first proceeded to visit, and, after going about a mile and a half from the railroad, we came within sound of their roaring and soon found ourselves at their foot. A little bridge took us across the stream just below them, and, after climbing up a steep ascent through evergreen woods, we came to a rock jutting out over the falls far above them, and sat down to enjoy the scene. Below us was the water, madly leaping and tumbling along; farther down we could trace its course a little way towards the plain, and through a break in the hills we could look far away to the west. On all other sides were dark forests, and behind us the mountains rose still higher. About us were the gloomy clouds into which we had ascended, and which now indicated that rain in earnest was not far off. Fearing this we were compelled to hasten away, though longing to explore the chasm further, and after wandering through the woods a while found a guide, who led us by a path through the fields to farmer Smith's far up among the mountains. Here we were glad to find a shelter and means of drying our garments, and had to amuse ourselves during the afternoon as best we could.

The next morning was so foggy that we saw there was no use in ascending the mountain, and had to depart leaving it unvisited. Six miles, through a pretty gap in the mountains and over a wide flat, brought us to South Egremont, and six more to Great Barrington, where we stopped for lunch and to see Mr. Leavitt's famous great barn. After debating a while between cars and legs, we chose the latter and walked on to Stockbridge, passing Monument mountain on the way. Here we were fortunate

enough to find a most excellent place at which to stay over Sunday. A pleasanter village than old Stockbridge, and a better lodging place than Mr. Lincoln's, it would be hard to find. Starting bright and early Monday morning, we walked through Lenox to Pittsfield, and there spent the afternoon, among other things paying our respects to Maplewood. Our time being limited, we skipped the intervening towns and proceeded directly by cars and stage to Williamstown, where we so far degenerated as to put up at a hotel.

At breakfast the next morning, we had the company of a large number of students,—no rule against boarding at hotels being known here,—and, after attending prayers in the Chapel, spent the morning in looking around the college and seeing the sights. One of the students urged me to come to college at Williams, but his arguments were in vain. Leaving Williamstown a little before noon, we walked down to North Adams over a dusty road, and part of the way had a ride given us, the only time it happened during our trip. At North Adams we took the stage to go over Florida mountain. It was one of those large wagons with a top, but no sides, so that the view was uninterrupted, and we had it all to ourselves. Up the mountain we slowly wound by a zigzag road, having a beautiful prospect all the time off to west over the valley of the Hoosac river, and being entertained by the driver with stories of his experiences on the route. Then we crossed the level summit and quickly descended into the valley of the Deerfield. The view on this side was still finer than on the other, embracing a perfect sea of green hill tops. Leaving the stage at the foot of the mountain, we stopped to look at the great Hoosac tunnel, which was at that time silent and deserted, and then in the shades of evening walked on eight miles and spent the night at Charlemont. The next day we followed down the Deerfield along a pleasant road lined with maples to the quiet village of East Charlemont, and on to the busy Shelburne falls; then up the hills and over Greenfield mountain to the Connecticut. Here we turned to the south, and about supper time came to our final resting place in Northampton, somewhat footsore I must confess, but by no means exhausted. The result of the excursion was, that we had traveled two hundred miles and had a thoroughly enjoyable week at a cost of seven dollars apiece.

MINOR TOPICS.

WE notice that a convention of American Philologists is announced to meet at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., on Tuesday, July 27, to continue in session for several days. The character and standing of the signers of the call, and the nature of the questions proposed for discussion, promise to make the occasion one of considerable importance to the cause of education. We shall be especially interested in the opinions which may be expressed upon the following question: "What position should be given to the study of the English language in our colleges and other high schools of learning?" We are not of course so foolish as to expect that any great change will at once result from this meeting, but we hail it as we do every evidence of discussion of the question. Let the subject be thoroughly canvassed, and the day is not distant when such attention as it merits will be paid to the study of our mother tongue. But before any change is made in the studies, there are some faults which should be remedied. There is no possible excuse for the indifference shown by our instructors to the most flagrant errors in the pronunciation, spelling and grammar of our own language. That such errors are made, is a not unnatural result of the defects of our preliminary education in this respect; but that they go unnoticed and uncorrected by the teacher, is a disgrace to the college. Yet almost every one will find it difficult to mention more than one or two instructors who pay any attention to the subject. Worse than this is the fact that mistakes, particularly in the matter of pronunciation, are sometimes made in the recitation room for which the students are not answerable. This is only a natural result of the looseness which prevails on this subject. A man whose faults were unnoticed by his teachers while he was in college, returns here as tutor to spread those faults among his pupils. And when not himself guilty of blunders, he seldom feels confidence enough to reprove them in his scholars. One thing which contributes greatly to produce errors in the construction of sentences is the practice, encouraged by many instructors, of literal translation of the classics. We can recall but one teacher in our course under whom

a man was sure of being corrected for a failure to give good, idiomatic, English. In the majority of cases, the plea of translating "literally" will "hide a multitude of sins." Of such a state of things students have a right to complain. Let the course of study, if need be, remain as it is, but at least give us teachers who are conversant with our own tongue. Devote one or two hours daily for years to recitations in Greek and Latin, but do not grudge a few minutes a week for the correction of grammatical blunders, and the instillment of sound principles in the use of the vernacular.

THE near approach of the Wooden Spoon Exhibition is again directing the attention of all to the great festival of the college year. Some facts not generally known in regard to the history of the institution may, therefore, be of interest to our readers. The first Exhibition of which we find any record was given by the class of '48. For two or three years we judge that the entertainment was not of a very creditable character, for we find that the class of '52 are credited with having "redeemed it from the stigma which had fallen upon it," by conducting their Exhibition upon entirely different principles from those which had controlled their predecessors. This class personally invited the presence of the faculty, opened the performance for the first time to ladies, and excluded the personalities and improprieties which had previously marred the exercises. To the men of '52, therefore, belongs the honor of having taken the first step to give the Exhibition its present high character.

For some time the spoon was presented to the man whose name stood last on the list of appointments for Junior exhibition, and the chief control of the affair was placed in the hands of non-appointees. At first, too, the exhibition came off at the same time of the year as Junior Exhibition, and was designed as a sort of burlesque on the latter. In case the lowest appointee declined the honor, as was at least once the case, the Spoon-man was selected by the colloquies from among their number. But gradually all these restrictions were removed. The spoon came to be bestowed upon the most popular man without regard to his scholarship, the title of *Cochlelaureati*, which once belonged to all non-appointment men, was applied only to the nine members

of the class who formed the Spoon Committee, and the exhibition itself took rank as a distinct institution. The members of the committee, by the way, constitute a secret society, and it was for some years their custom to select their successors annually, after the manner of other college societies. For some time this plan worked without opposition, the Cochs being considered simply as members of a society, and, as such, possessing the undoubted right to choose their successors. This right was exercised for the last time by the Cochs of '60, who appointed their successors in the usual manner. The class of '61, however, objected to this system of appointment, and, after a warm discussion, decided to elect a Spoon Committee from the class. The election resulted in the choice of the same men as those appointed by the Cochs of '60, which seems to show that the action of the class was not prompted by personal feeling, but by a conviction that the class as a body were entitled to a voice in the matter. This claim has never since been questioned, and the nine Cochs have been annually chosen by the class. They thus at the same time constitute a society of their own, and a committee of the class, and their society presents the anomaly of yearly receiving men in whose election it had no voice.

It may be worth while to note that one valedictorian has been a member of the committee, L. T. Chamberlain of '63. Nor has the LIT. frowned upon the Institution. E. G. Holden, the recipient of the spoon in '60, was an editor of this Magazine, and three of the LIT. board of '61 were also among the Coch-leaureati. The most recent instance, where the two offices were held by the same man, is that of M. C. D. Borden of '64. It is to be hoped that a complete and thorough history of this popular institution will be some time written; in its absence the few facts we have mentioned may be of some interest.

ONE of the most sensible of recent changes in the college calendar, both here and elsewhere, is the advance of Commencement to the early part of the summer, and the consequent lengthening of the summer vacation. The time was, fifty years ago, when the third term closed on the second Wednesday of September, after having been in session through the three hottest months of the year. By successive advances the close of the

college year has been brought forward to the last Thursday in July, and it is now about time to look for a still further change in the same direction. This latter change has already been made in Harvard and Williams, as well as in some other colleges, which hold their Commencements in the latter part of June. The only wonder is that the old system has so long continued, with hardly a single argument except tradition in its favor. However, we of the present day may congratulate ourselves upon the change which has already been made, while at the same time we lament that we do not enjoy the greater reform, which is destined sooner or later to come. Now that common sense has once been permitted to influence the decision of college questions, the absurd plan of holding the most important, critical, and long continued examinations of the whole year in the heat of summer cannot long survive. We are informed that the Scientific School has already abolished this barbarous system, and will hereafter hold its "Annual" at the end of the second term. It is to be hoped that the introduction of such a plan in the Academical Department will not be long postponed.

AMONG the various puzzles in the yellow-covered work of literature annually issued by the faculty, the most perplexing to us has been the title "Scholars of the House," which stands above the names of those who enjoy the emoluments of the various scholarships offered by the college. We have never been able to obtain any information as to the character of the "House," even from the supposed occupants of the edifice. We think, therefore, that at least the dozen men whose names are to appear in this doubtful connection in the next catalogue, if not the rest of our readers, will be glad to learn the origin of the appellation, which we happened across the other day in an old volume of the *LIT.* In the year 1733, Bishop Berkely, a graduate of the University of Dublin and a great friend of the cause of education, established in this college the scholarship which is still known by his name. Among the provisions made by the worthy Bishop to govern the disposal of his bounty was one, that the successful candidates for the scholarship should be known as "Scholars of the House." This title he undoubtedly borrowed from his own "alma mater," where it is synonymous with the more common "Scholar" in the

English Universities. "House" in the University of Dublin is a term applied to one of the various halls or colleges which go to make up the European universities, but the word has here no significance. The full title really belongs only to those who take the Berkely scholarship, but of late years its use has been extended to all who enjoy the various scholarships since established. It is rather amusing, by the way, to compare the opinion of the Bishop as to the value of his donation with the real cost of living at the present day. The following are his words on this point: "Ten pounds a year would, if I mistake not, be sufficient to defray the expenses of a young American in college as to diet, lodging, clothes, books and education." Acting upon this opinion, he gave the corporation a piece of property, the income of which affords the large sum of "about forty-six dollars a year" to each incumbent of the Berkely Scholarship. "*Tempora mutantur.*"

To the almost universal practice of bestowing money upon colleges for certain specific objects, instead of putting it into the general fund, we are most heartily opposed. But if there is any millionaire who wishes at the same time to benefit this institution and bequeath his own name to posterity in connection with his gift, there is certainly a fine opening for him to secure these results by endowing the Law Department. The lamentable condition of this Department has again been brought to mind within the last week by the statement that of the graduating class of 117, 47, or considerably more than a third, intend to study for the bar. Now, without knowing anything as to the facts of the case, we venture the assertion that of this large number not a half dozen will ever be enrolled among the members of the Yale Law School. And of the very few who may study here, it is not too much to say that they will do so because they have other objects in view. This certainly is not as it should be. After spending four years of college life here, it would seem but natural that a large majority of those who take a professional course should choose this same city for the purpose. And such without doubt would be the case, were advantages for such study offered here equal to those which are furnished elsewhere. But as a matter of fact, we find the graduates of every class, a year after leaving college, members of the various professional schools in

Cambridge, Andover, Albany, New York and other places. Recent efforts, however, promise to place the Divinity School on a par with the best in the country, so that we look to see its numbers yearly increasing. But the condition of the Law School is even worse now than it was thirty years ago. The last catalogue contains but 17 names. The standard of admission is very low; the library small and incomplete; the accommodations poor and insufficient. Of late years the corps of instructors has consisted of one professor, who devoted only a portion of his time to the school. He has recently been removed by death. Yet, notwithstanding its present low condition, were the requisite funds to-morrow put in the hands of the corporation, there is no doubt that within ten, yes five, years the Law Department of Yale would rival in numbers, reputation and influence the similar schools connected with Harvard and Columbia. If, then, there is any Smith, Brown or Jones, who wishes to immortalize his name, let him liberally endow the Smith, Brown, or Jones Law School, to take rank with the Sheffield Scientific School as a department of the University.

CAN it be that a new era in business matters is about to dawn upon college? Perhaps we are over-confident, but it has really seemed to us lately as if such might be the case. In the first place, we have had, for the first time in our recollection a financial report from a Committee which had the handling of several hundred dollars. The Junior Exhibition Committee of '70 have published in the *Courant* a commendably full and accurate exhibit of their expenses and receipts, and for this utter disregard of precedent deserve all praise. Now that the initial step has once been taken, it is not too much to hope that the practice of publishing reports of their doings will be adopted by all future committees. Not to speak of other manifest advantages of such a system, not the least would be the increased readiness with which money will be contributed, when everyone knows that he will be furnished with full information of its disposal. But the committee report to which we have alluded is not the only encouraging sign of the times. In the matter of base-ball we see a gratifying change from previous seasons. Last year our neglect and shabby treatment of visiting nines was so marked that it elicited

rather uncomplimentary, though not unmerited, remarks from the press on one or two occasions. The trouble arose, not from any lack of hospitality on the part of college, but from the fact that there was nobody whose duty it was to attend to the matter. It was only another exemplification of the truth of the old proverb, "What is everybody's business is nobody's business." This year, however, there seems to be somebody commissioned to attend to the reception of our visitors, and the result has been the expression of perfect satisfaction at the handsome treatment they have received by the only two clubs who have yet been our guests. A continuance of such treatment will gain us a good reputation for hospitality, and increase the willingness of first class nines to come here and play us. In fact, if we once get in the way of doing things in a business manner, we shall be so strongly impressed with the advantages of the plan that there will be no danger of relapsing into the old carelessness and indifference. That so desirable a result may be gained, the two facts which we have mentioned give ground to hope.

THE games of base ball between Yale and Harvard we see are to be played at Springfield this year on the 3rd and 5th of July. It is to be hoped that this will be the first step toward the adoption of Springfield as the scene of the annual regatta, and other contests between the two colleges. This city possesses for such purposes many and great advantages over Worcester. In the first place, it is more central of location and easy of access. Although not exactly equidistant from Cambridge and New Haven, yet it is in this point of view preferable to Worcester. Only one road has to be passed over by either party, while at present Yale students are frequently delayed by the lack of speedy connections between the Connecticut and Massachusetts lines, over both of which they have to pass. And while but a two hours' ride from this city, Springfield is only three hours distant from Boston. For students it is, therefore, by far the fairer and more convenient locality, while the general public would be much better accommodated by the choice of the Connecticut as the course for the race. And not only is the city itself much more accessible to all parties, but the scenes of the contests, both on land and water, are much more easily

reached after you have arrived at the city. A mile at least must be traversed after leaving the Bay State House before you come to the rough and uneven field upon which the rival nines have in past years contended, while a five minutes' walk from the Massasoit brings you to one of the best ball grounds in New England. And who that has plod the weary way from the city to the lake at Worcester will not rejoice to learn that in five minutes after leaving the cars at Springfield he may put himself in a good position to witness the University race. Another strong reason for changing the scene of strife is the fact that the Springfield course seems destined to become one of the most popular in the country. Several races of the first importance have been already rowed over it, and others are in prospect. This will enable a comparison to be made between the time of "professionals" and "amateurs"—a consideration of no small account. It must, of course, be admitted that no smoother course can anywhere be found than that over Lake Quinsigamond; but considering the fact that the current at Springfield is very slow, that the course on the Connecticut will probably be the scene of many important races in the future, that much better advantages for ball playing are offered, and that the city is on the whole the most central locality in New England, there ought to be no delay in making Springfield the Mecca of our annual pilgrimage.

It has been, and still is, a great defect in the course of study here pursued that so little attention is paid to the important subject of elocution. A great step, however, was taken in the right direction last year by the change which was instituted in the manner of awarding the college prizes for declamation in the Sophomore class. Previous to that time three prizes had been given in each division, the speaking had been private, and but little interest had been felt in the disposal of the prizes. But by offering three prizes, to be contended for by the dozen men who shall have been previously proved after thorough trial the best speakers in the class, and throwing the contest open to the public, it is made an honor worth striving for to be one of the successful competitors. We cannot but think, however, that a very inappropriate time is chosen for the contest. The advantage of this new plan of awarding the prizes over the old one consists in the fact that

more significance and value are given to them, and that more attention will therefore be devoted to preparation for the occasion. But to secure these results in the highest degree, the time of speaking should be such that all college may have an opportunity to be present, since everybody knows that college prizes are chiefly sought for the reputation which they give a man among his fellow-students. But by having the speaking come off, as last year, on the Tuesday evening of Commencement week this advantage is almost entirely lost. Hardly a round dozen of the classmates of the speakers, and probably not fifty undergraduates anyway, are at that time in the city. The large majority, therefore, do not hear the declamations, and only learn of the award of the prizes by a brief paragraph in the papers. Under such circumstances the speaking will never gain the position which it should occupy among the prize contests of the year. All the objections to the present way of conducting the matter would, however, be obviated by the choice of an earlier date in the term. Were Presentation week not so crowded, some evening at that time would be a good occasion ; but any date before the end of the term it seems to us would be far preferable to the time chosen last July.

SPEAKING of Presentation reminds us that we sometimes hear or read regrets at the increasing interest felt by students in the exercises of that week, as compared with the diminished attention given to Commencement. Some even go so far as to deduce from these premises the conclusion that students now-a-days are really less *students* in the proper sense of that word than the graduates of a generation ago. We do not agree with this opinion. To be sure, we of the present day do not turn out of bed at 6 o'clock winter mornings and then attend a recitation by candle light, all on an empty stomach, thereby spoiling our eyes and bringing on dyspepsia, and it is happily true that the average student is no longer distinguished from the rest of mankind by his feeble and sickly appearance. But for all that there is still a good deal of faithful study done in this college. Indeed, when the matter is looked at seriously, everyone must see that it cannot be otherwise. Nobody questions that the standard of admission has been very much raised, that better and more thorough instruction

is given, and that severer demands are laid upon students. It is still regarded as something of an honor to take the valedictory, and the time has not yet come when the hard student loses the respect of his associates. Such certainly could not be the case, if we had really so far degenerated as some would have us think. The loss of interest in the exercises of Commencement week admits of a much simpler and more creditable explanation. In the first place, so many previous opportunities are now afforded for students to hear the best speakers in the graduating class, that there is no inducement to stay over a week for the purpose of listening to a ten minutes' speech from each of the dozen selected to grace the occasion. Then an "oration" is not so rare, nor a "poem" so infrequent, but that any one may well be pardoned who considers it no terrible loss if he fails to hear those exercises, as regularly delivered at the anniversary of Phi Beta Kappa. Moreover the oration is generally a very labored, and, if the truth must be told, rather dull performance, and the poem is, or at least should be, of especial interest to graduates. Besides, if anyone desires to become acquainted with these productions, they are always published and will doubtless be much better enjoyed if read in a cool retreat in the country, than if listened to in the North Church about noon of a hot July day.

Presentation week, on the other hand, is from the character of its exercises of peculiar interest to the students. Wooden Spoon Exhibition, as being the only public entertainment in the year under the auspices of undergraduates, as well as from the character of the custom it celebrates, naturally engrosses a large share of attention. Class Day, too, possesses features which particularly endear it to those within college. What though the orator be not so profound as the graduate of thirty years' standing, and the poet not so widely known in the world at large as the gentleman invited to rhyme before the alumni. They are still representatives of college, and from this simple fact their performances must always secure its attention and consideration. The class histories, the speeches of former members and the other exercises of Class Day can never lose their interest for students, however little attention they may receive from graduates. The fact is, there is and can be no rivalry between Commencement and Presentation weeks. Each has its peculiar province. The former

furnishes a needed opportunity for graduates to come back and renew their old-time friendships and intimacies in the class meetings and the alumni reunions, which are annually securing a higher place among the exercises of the week. There will always, too, be interest for the alumni in the performances of the graduating class on Commencement day, since very few of them have any other opportunity during the year to hear college speaking. But, as we have shown, the average student cannot reasonably be expected to remain here a week after the real close of the term for the sake of attendance upon such of these exercises as are open to the public, and his absence argues no loss of respect for high scholarship. His festival comes three weeks earlier, and no one should complain that its character is such as, by attaching his affections more closely to the college, will better fit him to enjoy in after years his return to Yale to join in the festival of the alumni.

A WEEK or two since some Scientifics put their knowledge of surveying to practical use by measuring a three mile course in the harbor for the use of the crews. Starting from the draw-bridge near the boat-house, the course runs past the end of Long Wharf out to Oyster Point. We are informed, however, that this course will probably never be used in any harbor contest, as it would be impossible for spectators to get a good view of the race. It strikes us, therefore, that as long as there proves to be somebody connected with college competent to make water surveys, it would be a good idea to ascertain the precise length of the regular course which will be rowed over on the 29th inst. Nobody in college seems to know anything accurately about this distance. We learned recently from a *LIT.* of 1862 that a survey in the summer of that year made "the distance from the stake where the commodore's boat was fastened in the last race, to the Black Buoy, 7,143 feet, making the whole course 1,554 feet short of three miles—or 206 feet more than 2 2-3 miles. Thus, the whole course lacks more than $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile of the proper length." Whether the position of the buoy has been changed since that time, and if so, how much, nobody can tell. Another survey is, therefore, very desirable. It has always seemed to us that the ignorance of the length of this course has

been one reason for our defeats in the annual regatta, by creating a false impression as to the speed of our crews. The custom has usually been to add half a minute or so to the time made by a crew around the buoy, and call the sum their three-mile time. The result has been that, after congratulating ourselves on the fact that a crew had rowed to the buoy and back in about seventeen minutes, we have gone to Worcester and seen the same crew occupy nineteen precious minutes in the voyage around the stake-boat.

MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

Our Record,

Which comprises the period from May 20th to June 19th, has few events of exciting interest to chronicle. As in previous years, the month of June has thus far been chiefly occupied in preparation for the great occasions of Presentation week, and the contests at Springfield and Worcester. Since our last issue there have been all sorts of weather, the wet and muggy element rather predominating, particularly on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. A brilliant meteor illuminated the heavens on the night of the 20th ult., and the computation of its right ascension and declination has furnished ambitious Juniors ample opportunity to display their astronomical lore. With a keen sense of "the eternal fitness of things" the gymnasium has been furnished with a new boiler, so that all who have shivered through the winter, while patronizing the college baths, can now be furnished with warm water in as large quantity as desired. The college yard has also been mown for the first time, in a shockingly poor manner too. But perhaps we ought not to complain, for was not the operation performed in the most approved poetical fashion, by the traditional mower, whetting his traditional scythe? The quiet monotony of the latter part of May was interrupted by the advent of a rather eccentric individual, Rice by name, who in his particular line of oratory is no mean rival of the Great American Traveler. Mr. Rice is descended from historic stock, his father, as he is rather fond of telling, having "carried the first orders for the Revolutionary army." He visited New Haven after a somewhat protracted tour of the country, embracing, ac-

cording to his statement, "twenty-two thousand and nine hundred cities, villages and school districts." He appears to be a harmless monomaniac upon religious subjects, and delivered his harangues from an elevated position upon the back of a well-fed horse to enthusiastic audiences gathered upon and about the fence. Like the great Daniel he was not above receiving the free-will offerings of his auditors, but from the brevity of his stay we judge that he was not favorably impressed with student liberality. He did not even stop to attend the exercises of the

Theological Seminary,

Which were duly celebrated on Thursday, May 20th. Commencement in this department comes thus early in consequence of the fact that there is but one term in the year, lasting from September to May. We are glad to be able to authoritatively deny the rumor that several members of the different classes were dropped or conditioned at the annual examination. Having duly completed the course, the following members of the graduating class delivered addresses in the College Street church on the forenoon of the 20th ult. to a good sized and exemplary audience: J. W. Beach of '64, H. B. Mead of '66, E. W. Bacon, A. J. Lyman, E. E. Rogers and W. B. Williams. The exercises were enlivened by the rendering of two or three "anthems" by the college choir. A meeting of the alumni of the Seminary in the afternoon, and a sermon by Rev. W. I. Buddington, D. D., of Brooklyn, N. Y., in the evening closed up the day in a manner very satisfactory to all concerned.

The interest felt by the students generally in this anniversary was of course not very great, although but little more enthusiasm was displayed over the campaign elections of the so-called

"Large" Societies,

Which occurred on the following Wednesday. The title we have quoted although once very expressive, has now become ludicrously inappropriate, as will be seen when we state that the officers in Brothers were chosen by a total vote of four, including the chair, and in Linonia by not over a dozen at the outside. Even the members of '72 could not be induced to join in the farce, though then for the first time recognized as Sophomores by the choice of one of their number as vice-secretary. Fearing that these venerable organizations may not survive the long vacation, and not wishing their last actions to go unrecorded, we insert the names of the successful candidates for the various offices. In Brothers, *President*, C. E. Shepard, '70, *Vice-President*, M. F. Tyler, '70, *Censor*, E. G. Selden, '70, *Secretary*, C. H. Clark, '71, *Vice-Secretary*, C. G. Bart-

lett, '72. In Linonia, *President*, E. B. Thomas, '70, *Vice-President*, J. H. Cummings, '70, *Secretary*, C. D. Hine, '71, *Vice-Secretary*, A. R. Merriam, '72. Turning from the dead past to the living present, the doings of

The Class Societies

For the last month claim our attention. First in order come the Freshmen Societies which will prosecute the "campaign" for victory in '73 under the charge of the following officers: *Kappa Sigma Epsilon, President*, F. A. Feeter; *Committee*, W. H. Bradley, F. T. Dubois, R. W. O'Brien, H. S. Payson, J. Prendergast, H. M. Sanders, H. D. Sellers, R. F. Tilney; *Delta Kappa, President*, G. A. Spalding; *Committee*, W. C. Beecher, F. S. Dennis, B. Hoppin, H. W. B. Howard, G. L. Hoyt, J. W. Kirkham, D. J. H. Willcox; *Gamma Nu, President*, H. E. Benton; *Committee*, A. L. Betts, J. H. Hincks, D. S. Holbrook, E. S. Lines, A. R. Merriam, L. B. Pond, F. S. Smith, W. B. Wheeler. The respective armies being now fully officered, we may expect soon to witness the commencement in earnest of the annual fight for the supremacy among the sub-Fresh. On the evening of Friday, June 4th, the Sophomore Societies gave out their elections to '72, Phi Theta Psi taking 30 men, and Delta Beta Xi, 31; both societies initiating the newly elected Friday evening, June 18th. Of the Junior Societies, Psi Upsilon gave out 29 elections, and Delta Kappa Epsilon 30, to members of '71, while Alpha Delta Phi, contrary to precedent and established custom, gave out 10 elections to '72, as well as 18 to '71. Junior elections were given out on Tuesday evening, June 8th, and the initiations will take place Friday, the 25th inst. The catalogues of these various societies have received a few additions since our last in the way of

Prizes,

Although the great haul does not come till the close of the present month. The examination for the Bristed scholarship, alluded to in the May Number, resulted in the success of W. W. Perry of the Sophomore class, who vanquished his four competitors from the Junior class. This, by the way, is the third successive time the Bristed has been awarded to a Sophomore, which certainly does not speak very well for the classical training of the course. The founder of the scholarship, Mr. C. A. Bristed of '36, was present at the contest, and was heard to express rather uncomplimentary opinions as to the character of the papers handed in. His dissatisfaction is supposed to have caused him to rescind his reported resolution to invite the whole body of contestants to dinner at the New

Haven House. At all events, no account of the dinner was ever rendered. The Berkeley scholarship has been awarded to R. B. Richardson of '69. Seventeen Seniors handed in to Prof. Northrop on Wednesday, May 26th, their pieces for the Townsends, and on the Thursday morning of the next week the names of the six successful candidates were announced as follows; H. C. Bannard, H. V. Freeman, Edward Heaton, Stuart Phelps, G. S. Sedgwick, E. P. Wilder. Of the subjects given out, Messrs. Heaton, Phelps and Wilder wrote upon "Milton, Jeremy Taylor and Locke, as Advocates of Liberty"; Bannard and Freeman, upon "Law of Benevolence and Law of Trade Coincident"; and Sedgwick, upon "Wentworth, Earl of Stafford." These gentlemen are now engaged in the pleasant occupation of "cutting down" their respective productions to fifteen minutes, the extreme limit allowed when they contend for the De Forest on the 28th inst. From prizes the mind naturally turns to

Studies,

Under which head we have a few changes to notice since the opening of the term. The Seniors have attended their last recitation, listened to their last lecture, and on Tuesday, the 15th, went in to the first of the final examinations for degrees. The Juniors have completed Atwater's Logic under Tutor Smith, and taken up in its place Cooke's Chemical Philosophy under Prof. Silliman. The Greek recitations are omitted on Mondays and Thursdays, on which days lectures are given by Prof. Packard on Grecian History. Prof. Loomis also gives on Thursday mornings lectures on Optics to as many as choose to attend of the division which would regularly recite to him at that hour in Astronomy. Once in three weeks, therefore, comes to the members of each division a Thursday on which they are required to attend but one recitation. The Sophomores have exchanged Terence for Horace, and are preparing for their prize declamations at the end of the term by elocutionary exercises under Prof. Bailey, which take the place of the noon recitations in Prof. Northrop's department. The Freshmen have completed Conic Sections and are now finishing up Day's Algebra under Tutor Richards, while the Herodotus of the first weeks of the term has been replaced by Lucian. Very little attention, however, was paid to any of these studies on the afternoon of Wednesday, the 9th inst., when the first

Base Ball

Game of the Yale "season" was played at Hamilton Park with the Mutuals of New York. It is worthy of note that the date of this game was almost identical with that of the first game played by our nine last year,

which occurred on the 6th of June, that our opponents in each case were "the champions of the country," and that we were beaten in each game by only two runs in a score which was kept down among the teens. The game on the 9th was witnessed by a crowd of about 1,500 persons, and was one of the prettiest contests ever witnessed in New Haven. The game commenced, for a wonder, precisely at the appointed hour 2:30 P. M., and was briskly played in two hours and a quarter. Although defeated, our nine made a brilliant exhibition of fielding, and the game was a most auspicious opening of the season. The exciting character of the game justifies us in appending the score :

MUTUAL.				YALE.			
			R. O.			R. O.	
Hunt, l. f.,	-	-	3 3	McClintock, '70, 3d b.,	-	2 4	
Hatfield, 2d b.,	-	-	4 1	Selden, '70, 2d b.,	-	2 4	
E. Mills, 1st b.,	-	-	2 2	Deming, '71, l. f.,	-	4 1	
Devyr, s. s.,	-	-	1 5	French, '72, 1st b.,	-	1 3	
Swandell, 3d b.,	-	-	1 4	McCutchen, '70, s. s.,	-	2 3	
C. Mills, c.,	-	-	1 4	Hooker, '69, p.,	-	1 3	
Eggler, c. f.,	-	-	2 3	Condict, '69, c. f.,	-	1 4	
Wolters, p.,	-	-	2 2	Richards, '72, c.,	-	2 2	
McMahon, r. f.,	-	-	2 3	Lewis, '70, r. f.,	-	1 3	
			<hr/> 18 27			<hr/> 16 27	

Innings,	1st.	2d.	3d.	4th.	5th.	6th.	7th.	8th.	9th.
Mutual,	0,	0,	7,	4,	4,	1,	2,	0,	0,—18.
Yale,	1,	1,	4,	3,	2,	3,	0,	0,	2,—16.

The umpire was John Kelly of the Empire Club, of New York, and the scorers were, M. McCarthy for the Mutuels, and A. W. Evarts for Yale. The Yale nine presented on this occasion was, with the exception of Selden, '70, who filled the place of Wheeler, '72, in his absence from the city, the same as will meet Harvard on Hampden Park, at Springfield, on the afternoon of July 5th. Previous to that time several matches are expected. The return game with the Mutuels will be played at New York on Wednesday, the 23d inst.—the faculty having granted the nine permission to play three games during term time outside of New Haven. This concession, however, was only obtained on condition that but ten persons should leave the city, the nine players and the scorer. We regret to say that all our representations of the great propriety of allowing the compiler of the Memorabilia to join the party have proved unavailing to move the faculty from their position. It is hoped that the Williams nine will visit us sometime Presentation week, and efforts are in progress to bring about meetings between our club and the base ball representatives of Amherst, Brown, and Wes-

leyan University. A most provoking rain storm prevented the playing of the appointed game between the Yale and Cincinnati nines on Monday, the 14th inst., and previous engagements unfortunately precluded the choice of any other day for the contest. More favoring skies, however, were vouchsafed on the following Wednesday, when the class nine of '72 donned their new uniforms for the first time in a game with the Stamford nine. The clubs were illy matched, and a long and uninteresting contest ended with the very one-sided score of 67 to 16 in favor of '72, the only noticeable thing being the good-natured manner in which the visiting club took its overwhelming defeat. The game was merely played for the sake of giving the Freshmen practice before their game with Harvard '71 at Springfield on the 3d of July. They also expect to play the Brown Freshmen on Friday, July 2d, in this city. The general interest lately exhibited in ball matters has naturally somewhat diminished the attention paid in the early part of the term to

Boating,

Although this rival sport has by no means lost its hold upon the college community. The brilliant prospects of May for the harbor races have, as usual, somewhat decreased under the heat of June, and no crews are expected to enter from the two upper classes. Considerable crowds, however, are daily attracted to the boat-house to watch the Freshmen and University crews as they take their semi-daily pulls. The former crew has been finally settled upon, and stands as follows: J. P. Studley (stroke), E. P. Jenkins, No. 2, E. S. B. Swayne, No. 3, W. L. Cushing, No. 4, E. H. Hubbard, No. 5, L. S. Boomer, (bow). Their performances are viewed with deserved admiration by their classmates, and give good ground for hope that they will "uphold the honor of the class" at Worcester. They have secured the services of "Hank" Ward as trainer, who arrived and commenced his duties on the 9th inst. He was accompanied by his brother, "Josh" Ward, the most famous member of this aquatic family, who on the same day assumed charge of the University. Since our last one change has been made in the composition of the crew, and one or two changes in positions in the boat, all which changes it is to be hoped will turn out for the best. We, therefore, again state the crew, which we trust will come in ahead of Harvard next month on Lake Quinsigamond: G. W. Drew (stroke), W. A. Copp, No 2, D. McC. Bone, No. 3, W. H. Lee, No. 4, E. D. Coonley, No 5, R. Terry (bow). As Harvard's best men will be in England, preparing for the International race at the time of the Worcester regatta, she has requested the privilege of putting on her crew Mr. Fay, who is a member

of the Law School, and so by the regular rules debarred from participation in the race. This request was promptly complied with, and from what we can learn it seems likely our crew will have no mean antagonists at Worcester. The paper boat sent here from Troy, N. Y., for trial is probably the prettiest craft ever launched on these waters, but is unfortunately too light for the crew. Upon learning this, Mr. Waters, the builder, who was here the other day, promised to send down another boat better adapted to the weight of the crew about the first of July. It is not impossible, therefore, that the race may be rowed in a paper boat. Before closing our record a little space should be devoted to the

Town Shows

Of the month, which have been few and for the most part unimportant. In the way of minstrelsy we have had Arlington's, Pettengill's and La-Rue's companies, each of which performed to a well-filled hall. Camilla Urso played her violin one evening to a small house, which was quite a contrast to the audiences she usually draws when she appears in the Institute course. On Monday morning, the 14th, the chorus which had been for a month or so preparing to join in the Boston Jubilee, and which included several students, gave a public rehearsal in Music Hall to the apparent satisfaction of a good crowd. But by far the best entertainments which we have to notice were the two nights of acting by the stock company of Wallack's Theatre in New York. Sheridan's standard comedy of the "Rivals," which still retains the high place on the stage awarded it in the last century, was presented on the 11th, and Lester Wallack's "Rosedale" on the 12th. The players were all "well up" in their parts, and, though the company contained no "star," it was composed of thoroughly good performers. Like all such companies in New Haven, it was greeted with appreciative but not large-sized audiences. For the future, the most interesting announcements on the "Amusement Calendar" of the *Green Room* are the two Yale "shows" on the 28th and 29th. We are glad to learn that everything promises two most successful evenings. For the Promenade Concert on Monday evening it is enough to say that the music will be furnished by Theo. Thomas' full orchestra, which will also diversify the exercises of the Exhibition on the following evening. For the latter we hear frequent appointments of rehearsals, and from all that dame rumor says we think college is warranted in expecting two of the most successful "shows" of the year.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

COURTEOUS reader, a pile of matter accumulated upon our Table invites your attention. And first, if you are so disposed, we will glance at the

New Books,

Which the Lrr. has received from the publishers during the month.

Problematic Characters. A Novel by Friedrich Spielhagen. From the German, by Prof. Schele De Vere. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. Pp. 507. 1869. New Haven: Judd & White.

Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt are laying the American public under great obligations to them, by their translations of the works of the most prominent European authors in fiction and belles-lettres. The work before us introduces an author hitherto unknown in this country, but one who is destined to have many readers. For the last dozen years the name of Spielhagen has been steadily growing in favor among his countrymen, so that to day he enjoys the reputation in Germany of standing in the foremost rank of modern novelists. A perusal of "*Problematic Characters*" will convince the general reader that this reputation is well deserved. The title-page of this book contains the following words of Goethe: "There are problematic characters, who are not equal to any situation in life, and whom no situation satisfies. This causes an immense discord within, and their whole life is spent without enjoyment." Such is the motto which our author has chosen, and his work is an interesting portrayal of such natures. As might be inferred from the title and motto which he has chosen, it is as a delineator of character that Spielhagen especially excels. But, aside from this, the work before us claims attention for its vivid descriptions of nature, its exhibition of social customs, and its pervading national coloring.

Italy (Florence and Venice). From the French of H. Taine, by J. Durand. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. Pp. 385. 1869. New Haven: Judd & White.

M. Taine is the ideal traveler. A Frenchman of most cultured and æsthetic sensibilities, an enthusiastic worshiper and discerning critic of Art, and at the same time a careful observer of nature and of man, we can hardly imagine one better qualified to visit and describe a country of such historic and classical memories as Italy. The present volume is written somewhat in the form of a journal, reciting the author's tour from Florence to Venice, his impressions of those two cities and of the regions between and about them with reference to their present aspects, and his criticisms of the two great schools of art which take their names from those cities. Such is the scope of the work, and it would require a bold critic to complain of the manner in which the author has carried out his aim. Viewed purely as a description of the cities and districts visited, it is hard to name any author who has been more successful in bringing before the mind the true condition of the country. And only personal contact with the people can give one a better idea of the manners, character, and civilization of modern Italians. But apart from all this, the true admirer of art will be most interested in the author's studies of those great schools of art which have made famous the cities which he visited. The beauty of the thought is also greatly enhanced by a most graceful and felicitous style, the charm of which has been very successfully preserved by the American translator.

Mental Photographs: An Album for Confessions of Tastes, Habits, and Convictions. Edited by Robert Saxton. New York: Leypold & Holt. 1869. New Haven: Judd & White.

This is a decidedly unique publication. Its aim, as stated in the author's preface, is "to serve as a record for the tastes and characteristics of friends; in short, for their mental photographs, just as another class of albums serves to keep their physical ones." To secure this end the book contains copies of a series of questions, forty in number, with blanks for answers. The following are specimens of the questions: *Your favorite color?* *Flower?* *Season of the Year?* *Style of Beauty?* *Names, Male and Female?* *Poets?* *Prose Authors?* *Character in Romance?* *What epoch would you like to have lived in?* *What is your favorite occupation?* *If not yourself, who would you rather be?* *What is your idea of happiness?* *What is your dream?* *What are the sweetest words in the world?* *What is your aim in life?* *What is your motto?* The answers of course may range

"From grave to gay, from lively to severe,"

according to the disposition of the "sitter," and the book may thus be made amusing as well as valuable. The editor gives illustrations of both kinds of answers taken from his own album. For instance, the question "Who is your favorite composer?" received from one the answer "Coffee," from another "Mendelssohn and Mozart." The favorite motto of one was stated as, "To be, is better than to seem," by another as, "Let her rip." The plan of the book is a novel one, and seems likely to prove popular. A place for the carte-de-visite to accompany each mental photograph enhances the value of the album, and its fine outward appearance makes it an ornament to the table.

The Villa on the Rhine. Vol. II. By Berthold Auerbach. From the Author's Edition. Pp. 458. Also the same, Part IV. Pp. 206. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 1869. New Haven: Judd & White.

We have here the completion of Auerbach's great work in the two editions which Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt have published. The first mentioned is the library edition in two volumes, the second a paper covered edition in four parts. The demands of all classes are thus satisfied, and the issue of these different editions, together with the rivalry between the New York publishers, who have the author's sanction, and the Robert Bros., of Boston, will doubtless result in a wide circulation of this great German novel. It is only necessary for us to say that the interest of the work is fully sustained to the end, and to subscribe heartily to the merited praise which the first volume has before received in these pages.

Life of Jefferson Davis, with a Secret History of the Southern Confederacy. By Edward A. Pollard. 1869. Philadelphia: National Publishing Company.

The above is the title of a work soon to be issued, of which a number of advance sheets have been forwarded to us. The author is already well known for his previous contributions to the history of "the lost cause," but his present undertaking promises to greatly surpass in interest and historical value all that he has hitherto written. His materials, the title-page tells us, were gathered "behind the scenes in Richmond," and contain much curious and startling information respecting the leading characters on the Confederate side, and particularly with regard to the intrigues of Mr. Davis' administration. The specimen sheets which we have received indicate that the work when published will not disappoint the expectations raised by its announcement. Although but fragments, they present in very readable style many remarkable facts before generally unknown, and are so appetizing that we await with interest the completion of the volume.

Little Freddie feeding his soul. By Say Putnam. New York: Robert Carter and Bros. Pp. 125. 1869.

Our rule is, not to notice Sunday School books, or books for children of any kind, but when there appears such an exception to children's books as the one now before us, we feel justified in making an exception to our rule. The authoress, fully appreciating the harm continually done to children by the senseless trash so constantly offered them for perusal, has succeeded admirably in producing a book at once entertaining and instructive. The truths and doctrines of the Bible, under the guise of a story, are explained and illustrated, so that the youngest child may understand them. At the same time it is done in such a way as to chain the attention and interest of the child, calling for no great mental effort but simply receptiveness. The child, eagerly following the adventures of the little hero, will inevitably acquire the deepest interest in the various questions which trouble him. His curiosity once fairly aroused on these subjects, it is an easy task for the parent or teacher to elaborate the instructions, so ably outlined in this little book. We would sincerely advise Sunday School teachers, and all those who are interested in children, to place this book at once in the hands of their little friends.

And now, having relieved our Table of part of its load, we may perhaps find some things of interest in the

Exchanges,

Which the mail has brought us since our last issue.

COLLEGE MAGAZINES.—*Beloit College Monthly*, *Christian Union Literary Magazine*, *Dartmouth*, *Denison Collegian*, *Griswold Collegian*, *Michigan University Magazine*, *Ripon College Days*.

COLLEGE PAPERS:—*Albion College Standard*, *Amherst Student*, *Antiochian*, *Brown Yang Lang*, *Columbia Cap and Gown*, *Cornell Era*, *Delaware Western Collegian*, *Emory College Vidette*, *Hamilton Campus*, *Harvard Advocate*, *Iowa University Reporter*, *Madisonensis*, *Miami Student*, *Michigan University Chronicle*, *Monmouth College Courier*, *Notre Dame Scholastic Year*, *Pardee Literary Messenger*, *Rutger's Targum*, *Shurtleff Qui Vive*, *Wesleyan College Argus*, *Williams Vidette*.

OUTSIDE MAGAZINES.—*Atlantic Monthly*, *Littell's Living Age*, *Loomis' Musical Journal*, *Michigan Teacher*, *Overland Monthly*, *Sabbath at Home*.

OUTSIDE PAPERS.—*Advertisers' Gazette*, *American Journal of Philately*, *American Literary Gazette*, *American Presbyterian*, *Appletons' Journal*, *Baltimore Southern Metropolis*, *Baltimore Statesman*, *College Courant*, *Hearth and Home*, *Living Church*, *New York Imperialist*, *Nation*, *New England Postal Record*, *Round Table*.

We have also received:—*Christian Banner*, *Christian World*, *Every Saturday*, *Meriden Recorder-Journal*, *Oliver Optic's Magazine*, *Phonographic Advocate*, *Yonkers Statesman*.

We are also under obligations for a copy of the *Speeches of Senator Sprague on National Affairs*, which we have received under that gentleman's frank, for pamphlets from the Reform League of Boston, and for a catalogue of Monmouth College.

The above list certainly contains variety enough to suit the most exacting. We have here periodicals representing all sorts of institutions from the colleges of New England down to the "universities" of Iowa and Missouri. We find articles of every style, from the "Voice of Nature and of Revelation" by the President of a Western University to the less heavy and infinitely more interesting comments by students on the varying

features of college life in different parts of the country. Among the topics which form the subjects of articles in several of our exchanges is the condition of the

Literary Societies

In the colleges from which they emanate. Those who deplore the "loss of interest" in Brothers and Linonia, and attribute it to exceptional causes in force here, will perhaps be surprised to learn that the same state of things exists elsewhere. At Brown University, the *Brunonian* bluntly says, "the large societies are dead." At Williams, the *Vidette* complains that the meetings are wasted in useless quibbles over obscure parliamentary points, that two of the regular exercises in one society have been unfulfilled since the middle of last term, that "for six successive meetings it has been impossible to act upon an amendment to the constitution for want of the requisite number of members," and, in fine, laments "the sad condition" of the Societies generally. The following comment upon a meeting of one of them shows a state of things not very unlike that here: "The main difficulty was the failure of all the appointments but one." We judge that the tendency at Amherst is in the same direction. In the course of an article on the subject of prize exhibitions, the *Student* speaks thus of the two open societies: "From week to week their meetings are quietly attended, seldom attracting strangers, and almost as rarely drawing a full attendance of the students." We have not made these extracts in order to propound any theory of our own in regard to the cause of this decline in the "open societies," here or elsewhere; but merely to make manifest the fact that their condition here is not so abnormal and unparalleled as some would have us believe. An explanation which we once settled down upon after a perusal of our exchanges, that the societies were dying from their

Names

Was unfortunately disproved by the fact that the societies which had the most barbarous names were apparently the most prosperous. However, this fact did not change our conviction that the names are some of them bad enough to kill the best organizations. Read them and see. To begin with Amherst, we really cannot say a great deal in favor of "Alexandria" and "Athens," although we will admit we prefer them to Williams' "Philologist" and "Philotechnian." Madison University at Hamilton, N. Y., has nothing worse to offer than "Adelphia" and "Æonia." But when we arrive at the Wesleyan University in Delaware, Ohio, the jargon really begins. For euphonious appellations it would be hard to surpass the following: "Chrestomathean," "Meleterian" and "Zetageathean." Yet there is considerable rivalry in this matter between the last-named institution and Christian University in Canton, Mo. The latter boasts the following sweet-sounding titles: "Mathetrophian," "Monoethian" and "Zelotophian." We leave it to our readers to decide which of the two universities bears off the palm. Albion College, in Albion, Michigan, claims notice for "Atheniædes" and "Erosophian." It is worthy of mention that unpronounceable names seem to especially flourish in the so-called

"Mixed" Colleges,

Though whether or not this is a mere coincidence we will not attempt to decide. Some rather peculiar features in regard to these composite institutions have attracted our notice. The most liberal, on the whole, in the matter of admission is Lawrence University, in

Appleton, Wis., of which the *Collegian* says that its "halls are open to every human being of good moral character and suitable age, whether male or female, red, yellow, copper-colored, white or black." The same institution is claimed by its faculty to present superior facilities to young ladies, since they are "admitted to the same privileges as young gentlemen in all respects, and are permitted to compete on equal terms for all the honors and prizes awarded by the University." Some of the rules in these Western schools strike one as somewhat peculiar, as witness the following in Pardee College, Mo.; "Gallanting or association of ladies and gentlemen, unpermitted by the President." With such a rule enforced it is rather difficult to see how the "refining and elevating influence" of the gentler sex, which is one of the great advantages claimed for "co-education," can be exercised. At the latter institution, by the way, the completion of the same course of study entitles young gentlemen to the degree of A. B., and young ladies to that of M. A., which last it may be well to state is an abbreviation for "Maid of the Arts and Sciences." The future M. A.'s at Pardee support a society, "Atelceta" by name, from the announcement of which we extract the following sentence: "Believing as we do, (not that our sphere is in the hustings of the arena of politics), that our sex is endowed with intellectual capacities inferior to none, and that it is ours to tread the path of science and to revel in the galaxy of literary fame, we cordially welcome and invite all young ladies entering Pardee College to join our number, and we feel assured that our Society will prove to them interesting and beneficial." If anyone has hitherto doubted that the female sex is "endowed with intellectual faculties inferior to none," his doubts certainly cannot survive the perusal of the above. For the benefit of those whose who are interested to know what kind of students this institution aims to develop, we quote this sentence from its prospectus: "Its graduates must be men and women—not pigmies or mere pleasure-seekers; must be governing men and self-reliant women—not aimless drivellers and wishy-washy nobodies." But we are rather surprised that no reference is made to "the effeminate products of the effete and ante-diluvian institutions of the East," which it strikes us would very much heighten the effect. At some of these Western schools the literary societies have "contests," at which chosen representatives of rival organizations deliver declamations, read essays and engage in debate before a board of judges. At Monmouth College, and perhaps at others, such contests take place between ladies' societies, and the *Courier* forcibly answers those who are surprised at such a custom that it sees no reason why the ladies should not engage in them, "for the contest element in their character is just as strong and vigorous as in the opposite sex." It is the custom of the gentlemen editors of the *Courier* to give full reports and criticisms of these contests of the ladies, which must be a very pleasant task so long as they praise the performers, but perhaps hardly so much so if they should happen to criticize rather severely. Possibly it was by sad experience in the discharge of this one of their reportorial duties that they learned the strength and vigor of the "contest element" in the female character, in regard to which they speak so confidently. Perhaps, however, they have incurred the displeasure of the opposite sex by their opinions on the subject of

Etiquette,

Which furnishes matter for much discussion in the "organs" of these "mixed" institutions. The Delaware *Collegian*, for example, had an article not long ago inveighing against some social customs which have grown up in regard to the intercourse between the students of the university it represents and the members of a female seminary in the same place. It seems that things have come to such a pass there that a gentleman is

"voted guilty of an intolerable meanness" who, after having had his invitation to an entertainment declined by a young lady on the ground of a "previous engagement," makes any further attempt to secure company for the occasion. Another custom is growing up at the same place, that if a gentleman is seen in company with a lady a few times near the beginning of a term he is considered as having engaged her company exclusively for the whole term, and "all others must govern themselves accordingly." The sad result of this is, that owing to fear of what Mrs. Grundy will say the "monopoly is kept up," even though neither of the two interested parties prefer such an arrangement. Then, too, the wicked gossips of Delaware are always ready to put down such a couple in the list of "engaged," and, if they afterwards cease to "keep company" together, these same gossips must noise abroad their reasons why "the engagement has been broken." This is truly a lamentable state of things, and we condole with our Buckeye friends on their misfortunes. They must remember, however, that they cannot have the "rose" of association with the fair sex without the "thorns" of unfeeling comments from the outside world. Decidedly the most original thing, though, in any of our exchanges is the department of "Answers to Correspondents" in the *Eureka College Vidette*. One exceedingly moral youth propounds the startling inquiry whether "a young lady tell a falsehood" when she appears at an entertainment without any escort, after having previously declined the company of a gentleman on the ground of a "previous engagement." To this the editor gallantly replies in the negative, telling his correspondent that if he never deviates from the truth more than the young lady does in such a case, he need not fear for his moral character. Among other questions we notice one which we think must have been propounded by "a member of the incoming class," as to "whether the gentleman should take the lady's arm, or *vice versa*." The *Vidette* thus replies: "It is now the fashion to take a lady's arm if she has a muff, otherwise he ought to leave it to her pleasure." Such features of college life naturally appear rather strange to members of such venerable antiquities as Yale and Harvard, though hardly more worthy of comment than some aspects of the

Tobacco Question

Presented in several of our exchanges. On no other question is there a greater diversity of opinion and practice on the part of college faculties than on this. At one place the views of James Parton are received in all their entirety and even George Trask, the great tobacco reformer, could find nothing of which to complain, while at another the governing body apparently thinks there is some sense in such views as those of John Fiske and Dr. W. A. Hammond. At Pardee College in Mo., one of the regular rules forbids the use of tobacco in any of the buildings connected with the institution. A similar regulation has recently been adopted by the faculty of Lawrence University, in Wis. The result is that, as the students cannot enjoy their cigars and pipes within the college premises, the regular smokers are driven to saloons and other lounging places, while, by reason of the peculiar fascination which attaches to anything forbidden, many more are acquiring the habit. On the whole, therefore, the enforcement of the new rule can hardly be claimed to have particularly advanced the cause of morality. Racine College, in the same State, presents an entirely different aspect. Here the faculty have provided the students with a smoking-room, well carpeted, supplied with good furniture, and adorned with pictures—altogether a very pleasant place to retire and "enjoy a social smoke." No greater liberality than this can be shown. At Amherst the faculty pursue a middle course between these extremes. They do not forbid the use of tobacco, but

discourage the habit and distribute anti-tobacco tracts. On the whole, the faculty here pursue perhaps the most sensible course in the matter. The instructors follow their own judgment,—some smoking and some not,—and allow the same privilege to the students. It cannot be denied, however, that smokers have the advantage when it comes to

Class Day,

And everyone is expected to join in smoking the "pipe of peace"—a custom which we notice almost everywhere prevails. Believing, as we have elsewhere said, that the growing interest in class day is a pleasant feature of student life, and that the friends of education need apprehend no injury to the cause of scholarship thereby, we rejoice to see the higher place which this occasion is annually winning in almost every institution. A most encouraging change in this respect has been just instituted at Michigan University. In calling for a reform in the manner of celebrating the day, the *University Magazine* for May thus described the forbidding aspect which the occasion has worn of late years: "Having put on our Sunday attire and Sunday countenance, we form a solemn procession, and to the strains of an appropriate death-march, file off the Campus and perform the class obsequies in a church. The services are opened with prayer, after which the Class Orator preaches a sermon, Calvinistic in doctrine and Methodist in delivery, spiced only with the words Greece and Rome, laid on at the rate, say, of three to the square inch. Should either of the latter gentlemen so far forget the solemnity of the occasion as to sneeze, such irreverent hilarity is, of course, to be frowned down instantaneously. Another death-march, a benediction, a general rush for the four o'clock express, and Class Day is ended, to the evident relief of students and strangers alike." Such doleful ceremonies the *Magazine* severely criticized, and called upon the class of '69 to inaugurate a change, by making the day "as welcome an anniversary at Ann Arbor as it is at Yale or Harvard." Such a change has been made, and the last number of the *Magazine* reports that "its complete success insures its perpetuation." After an oration and poem in the church in the morning as here, the afternoon was given up to the class history, prophecy, songs, dedication of class tree and stone, cheering of the buildings, and other appropriate ceremonies. All the exercises passed off in a hearty, cordial manner, to the satisfaction alike of students and professors—one of the latter confessing that "the exercises of the day had never been equaled in Ann Arbor." We heartily congratulate our Michigan friends on the success of the new plan. At Ann Arbor, as well as at many other colleges, the planting of a class tree takes the place of the planting of the class ivy here. At Michigan University a white elm was planted, and in soliloquizing on the ceremony the *Magazine* propounds this eminently safe query: "Who knows but the Freshman of the twenty-second century may bask in the shade of the elm of '69?" A rather peculiar ceremony at Ann Arbor, which we do not remember to have noticed elsewhere, was the dedication of the "class rock." This is described as a rock of some size, weighing about three thousand pounds, and was brought to the college campus from its former position outside of the city. It stands near the tree, and like it has no peculiarity in itself, but like it will ever be interesting as the memorial of a class. By the dedication of both a dead and a living memorial, a fine opportunity is afforded for the gentleman who delivers the address to grow eloquent in expressing the hope that "the love of the class for each other may endure as the rock and flourish as the tree." Besides the historian who recites the adventures of the class while in college, a "seer" or "prophet" is in some places elected to predict their course in after life. When the right man is found to take this office, the "prophecy" must be an interesting addition

to the exercises of the day. At Columbia College an important feature of class day is "the placing of the memorial plate." Instead of planting a tree or dedicating a stone, each class perpetuates its memory by nailing upon one of the trees about the colleges a brass plate, about a foot square, with the name of the class and the date of its farewell to college engraved upon it. But the most rare and interesting feature of class day which we have anywhere noticed was the "laying of the Class Corner Stone" by the class of '69 at Denison University, Granville, Ohio. As a new college building is about to be erected, the graduating class was permitted to superintend the laying of the corner stone, and besides the usual documents, deposited a copy of the class oration, the class statistics and the photographs and autographs of all the members of the class. Upon the front face of the stone were engraved the words Class of '69 and the class motto. This year, by the way, is the first time class day has been celebrated at Denison, but the success of the occasion will doubtless secure it the place there among the

Holidays

Of the year, which it already enjoys in many other institutions. Under the head of holidays we notice that several colleges number some rather peculiar occasions. The Denison *Collegian* talks of "an abiding feature of college life," in the shape of the annual picnic. For this the young ladies of the Institute make all the necessary arrangements and extend the invitations, so that all the young gentlemen have to do is to accept the invitations and "join in the festivities of the occasion." At Lawrence University, in Appleton, Wis., they have what is called "tree day," which is a day set apart every spring for planting trees in the college yard. The *Collegian*, however complains that the business is rather overdone, so that in future "tree day" if it is granted will be purely a holiday. At Williams College the students have recently enjoyed the holiday known as "mountain day." This occasion takes its name from the fact that it was originally granted in order that such as chose might have an opportunity to climb "Greylock," a mountain peak of considerable elevation near Williamstown. Many now spend the day in the ascent of the mountain or in tramps about the surrounding country, although everyone is at liberty to spend the day in any other way which he may prefer.

Various Matters.

The *Yang Lang* comes to us enlarged in size and showing evident marks of prosperity. We congratulate it upon its success as a college *Punch*. To be sure, one can hardly be expected to go into ecstasies over the execution of its wood-cuts; but considering that they are the workmanship of college men they reflect credit upon their getters-up. The stories of the paper are capital take-offs of the exaggerated style of modern sensational novelists, and its jokes have the merit of having been written since the flood, which is more than can be said of most of those which travel the rounds of the college press. We especially admire the manly stand the *Yang Lang* takes on the subject of "mock programmes," and its "determination never to give place to personalities of whatever character." We wish it success in its efforts to arouse the boating spirit at Brown.

The last Number of the *Michigan University Magazine* announces the final consummation of the long pending efforts to consolidate the *Magazine* and the *Chronicle*. The new publication will be a semi-monthly, and as the sole organ of the great university of the West should receive a generous support. We must say, however, that we regret the change. It seems to us there should be room for both publications. But as long as the

change is to be made, our best wish is that the new fortnightly may be as successful as the paper which comes nearest to our idea of a semi-monthly, the *Harvard Advocate*.

The *Hamilton Campus* has much improved since its change of form and time of issue a few weeks ago. The new editors are very successfully carrying out their aim to make it "eminently a college periodical, filled with such matter as will give it a hearty welcome to the office and home of every son of Hamilton."

We sometimes think we have at last discovered "perpetual motion," as we notice how some item runs through all our exchanges. Time and time again have we found this startling bit of news meeting our astonished vision: "Yale is to have velocipedes in the gymnasium." Another item which has traveled considerably is the statement that "Yale has five thousand graduates."

The *Cap and Gown* waxes virtuously indignant over the reported determination of the faculty of Columbia to abolish the use of gowns at the coming examinations, the reason assigned being that "gowns are of material assistance in answering questions."—Glancing over a recent number of the *Pardee Literary Messenger*, our attention was attracted by an article entitled "To Mothers." The article proved on examination to consist of a dozen most excellent rules with regard to the training of children, of which this may serve as a sample: "Never allow your child to whine, or fret, or bear grudges." We have no complaint to make of the character of the rules, but we must say that their insertion in a college paper seems to us rather strange. But, then, *Pardee* is one of the "mixed"! By the way, one of the rules at this institution forbids the having or carrying of any other weapon than pen-knives.—At Hamilton College all the recitations of the Senior Class for the day come in the forenoon, a plan which is said to be very much liked by the students.—Happy the students of Michigan University, who have no prayers Sunday mornings!—Such of our exchanges as do not confine themselves to undergraduate writing are very generally reprinting the excellent series of articles which Geo. M. Beard, M. D., Lrr. editor of '62, has been writing for the *Courant* on "Hygiene for Students." We notice that Dr. Beard has just commenced a series of articles for *Appletons' Journal*, which will show up many "Popular Fallacies concerning Hygiene."—Amherst is really looking up in the world. Two students were arrested the other day for throwing ball on the village green. But Amherst policemen have yet much to learn before they can compare themselves with New Haven "peelers." Still, after a few years' practice, they may perhaps arrest a man for gently tossing a ball a few times to a companion not twenty feet off.

We have lingered so long over our exchanges that we have room for but

A Word Explanatory,

Which we feel is due our readers for our tardy appearance. Several circumstances have conspired to produce this. Two or three contributions, which we were encouraged to confidently expect, at the last moment failed us, thus imposing upon the editor a larger amount of composition than had been expected. This, together with his ill health and ignorance of the amount of labor and time required to "get out" a Number, has deferred to a date in the month much later than he had designed the issue of this Number. But we will not waste time or occupy space with apologies. Such as it is we send forth the Magazine to you.

E. P. C.

VOL. XXXIV.

NO. IX.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED

BY THE

Students of Yale College.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSIS
Cantabunt SOBOLES, unanimique PATRES."

JULY, 1869.

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THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXIV.

JULY, 1869.

No. IX.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '70.

EDWARD P. CLARK,

WILLIAM C. GULLIVER,

J. HENRY CUMMINGS,

CHARLES H. STRONG,

THOMAS J. TILNEY.

ENTHUSIASM.

THIS word has a varied significance. To some it conveys an idea only of a craving ambition; to others it is synonymous with fanaticism, while to others still, it tells only of an ardor in whose first glow the fire dies away. But to us it has a broader, a nobler, and, according to its etymology, a truer meaning. Carefully marked out from transient zeal on the one hand and blind fanaticism on the other, it speaks of a definite aim pursued with persistent vigor.

Considered in such a light it is the key to success. In every walk of life living illustrations exemplify this assertion. Wander where you will in the great gallery of history, touch whatever breathing marbles you like, listen to whatever story of a successful life you choose, and you will find that enthusiasm has been the key to unlock the golden doors. Do you shudder at the conqueror's tale of blood? It was enthusiasm that sharpened the sword and prosecuted campaigns with indomitable energy. Are you charmed with the orator's eloquence or the writer's fancy? Enthusiasm lent magic to their pens. Is it the merchant's great success at which you wonder? Enthusiasm has

stimulated him to arduous labor. Do you envy the statesman his fame, or the man of science his name? Enthusiasm has held both by the hand when they would have fallen through weariness, and cheered them on in their toil by holding out golden promises for the future. Such are the instructions of the past preserved for us in history, such the lessons of actual life gained from our everyday experience. Everywhere we find the truth written, as it were, in letters of fire.

Thus defined, enthusiasm becomes the motive power which animates to success. It is not, as many claim, transient zeal, pursuing its object in fitful fevers; nor is it, on the other hand, to be symbolized by the light of the moon with her mad returnings, but rather by the steady, ever-constant, life-giving warmth of the sun. The mind enthusiastic is the mind all aglow with activity, but with that activity directly controlled by reason. Reason marks out the plan of life. Enthusiasm follows out that plan with persistent vigor.

Enthusiasm, therefore, indicates three characteristics which must be inherent in every successful character. They are, a purpose in life, energy in carrying out that purpose, and, implied in the latter, a love for the chosen labor of life. These will at once be recognized as the requisites of success. Quite true it is, that there may be characters which are floated to success by propitious circumstances. But to the great majority of men enthusiasm must furnish the motive force to action. A higher and nobler faculty may plan, but unless enthusiasm be present to execute, it will be futile and unavailing. The locomotive may be placed on the track, fully fueled and equipped, all painted and varnished, but unless the fire be applied and kept steadily burning it will move but little if at all. What the fire is to the locomotive, enthusiasm is to man.

It is so in every station of life. Descend, if you will, to what the fashionable world calls "the lowest grades of society." Go to the workshop where the laborer toils for his daily bread, or wander across the broad farm where the necessities of life are gained from mother earth only after long and patient working. Is not enthusiasm a vital element even here? Distinguish, if you will, in this class, those who find a pleasure in their labor and look forward with a pride to the realization of something beyond—either the increase of wealth or one or more of the many other

objects, the struggle after which makes life a pleasure. Then mark those who have no such hope, who aim at nothing beyond the gratification of present wants. To such, life is an insolvable mystery. The former are cheerful and happy while the latter are soon life-sick, disheartened and discontented. And why this difference? Simply because the one finds a pleasure in his labor either for itself or because it is the means to a higher end, while the other soon becomes wearied with what is to him nothing but a dull routine of tedious labor. The beacon-light of no future hope sends its beam down the gloomy pathway to cheer him on, and the flame of mere animal pleasure soon burns out. Thus, even in this class of people we find that, where the love of labor, where enthusiasm in our calling is wanting, discontent and weariness must follow.

But, ascending one step in the social ladder, we reach the circle of mercantile and professional life. Here, too, we find enthusiasm a vital element. The merchant's aim in life is a fortune. What but an enthusiastic devotion to this end would stimulate him to years of laborious toil? The lawyer's ambition is fame; would anything else but enthusiasm with its arduous devotion, rob the body of its rest or the mind of its relaxation? The doctor's aim, too, is a reputation, and only an enthusiastic devotion to his work would support him in his toil. It cannot be mere daily subsistence that induces the close application of these men, for this could be gained far more easily. Nay, it is future hope that warms the aspirant's heart with the alluring sunshine. The apathetic lawyer will never make a name, nor the lazy doctor obtain a long list of patients. As the world naturally waits to see the merchant all absorbed in his business before it predicts success, so it is willing to guarantee the future only of the diligent, hard-working lawyer and physician. Still more illustrative is the life of the inventor and man of science. No "dead" man could be successful in either department. There is something back of remuneration, something back of mere success, which inspires them to labor. No word so well as enthusiasm will define this "something."

But if enthusiasm is needed at the bar, the counter or in the physician's toilsome round, how much more is it needed in the pulpit! The object of the ministry is not the defence of creeds

or settling of theological disputes, especially when, as in the present day, wickedness in all its forms is tempting mankind on every hand. This is the giant with which Christianity must grapple. But a struggle with such a power implies a greater earnestness than at present inspires the pulpit. The preaching that must thus contend, must come from the heart rather than from the head. Its aim must be the salvation of souls, not of creeds. The needs of the present hour call for more earnestness in the pulpit. We have inherited from our Puritan fathers, to a certain extent, their frigid religion, and it has characterized our pulpit with a tendency to "profoundness" and dry disquisitions. Such a tendency is ill-suited to the wants of the American people, distinguished as they are by practical dealings with practical subjects, and with but little desire for useless discussion. In other respects New England has outgrown the character of the Puritans, but in this there still lingers a trace of that tenacity to doctrinal warfare which, to a thoroughly practical people, is dull, and to a common audience decidedly stupid. It is a glorious thought that such things are passing away from the pulpit, and that the stern, rigid, philosophical religion of the Puritans is being superseded by an earnestness, a hearty sympathy and a generous love, beautiful to behold. This is in part off-set, however, by the increasing need of such an earnestness. The want of simple, unadorned, working piety is more and more pressing, both in the Christian's life and the preacher's sermon. Where great sins threaten the community and gross immoralities are countenanced, clashing of sects must be laid aside. At such a time defence of doctrine or vindication of sect becomes puerile and any "straining for effect," disgusting. When a heart overflowing with an anxious love for an unrepentant world marks the pulpit, our ministry will descend from the sublime and the profound to the plane of common-life, and feed the bread of life to a hungry world.

We have attempted thus to show that enthusiasm is essential to success; that without it the warrior cannot become a conquerer, the merchant prosperous, the lawyer renowned, the physician skillful, or the Christian preacher successful. Time and space allow us but a small margin for applying these truths to our student life both in its relations to us now and in the future.

Enthusiasm has been said to be pre-eminently a characteristic

of student life. College songs are rendered with a peculiar gusto, and everything, connected at least with its external affairs, is carried forward with spirit. The sad fact is, however, that many leave this enthusiasm outside the brick walls, never attempting to carry it into the study or recitation room. From this and the perplexities that follow, we would draw the same conclusion with reference to enthusiasm in college as in the outside world. It is essential to success.

To insure any return for the time spent here, there must be a love for study, and that, too, of the strongest kind. Without this, study soon becomes wearisome. As those who have been renowned in the field of arms, of science, or literature, have been enthusiasts, lovers of their work, so the student will be successful in proportion as he possesses a love for study. This must be an axiom to all who give it a moment's thought, but the conclusions that follow are striking.

It teaches us, in the first place, that any one who has not even a strong love for study commits an error in coming to college. For such, the collegiate pathway is rough and stony. To such study is a task and not a pleasure ; they soon become disgusted with it and hail its end with joy. Yet scores every year go to college not because they want to, but because they are sent. Herein we find the reason why so many colleges are disgraced and retarded, by those who are being dragged through. That professor is a wise man who is continually advising such, to retire to some other vocation. Indulgent fathers or proud mothers can hardly calculate the injury they are doing their darling by *forcing* him through college. He will be a mere drone here, and that character, once acquired, may cling to him through life.

Furthermore, our every day experience tells us that from a love for study, there will spring up an enthusiastic interest in it. Nor does it stop here but shows us, besides, that those alone attain any degree of proficiency who are characterized by this enthusiasm. True enthusiasm inspires the scholar as it inspires the painter or the sculptor, with the highest and noblest conceptions. It seems to be the deity which holds and controls the whole being, ever creating within it the highest purposes, and animating it to the hardest struggles. Very true it is, that this deity possesses but very few. She bore Martin Luther on towards the

great end for which he seems to have been created. Of others, too, she has been the guardian deity, but the great majority of men she influences but little or not at all. The true scholar when thus inspired is a being ennobled, a man to be admired. He looks not at honors or stand, but presses on unflinchingly toward his great end, the acquirement of knowledge. Nor is it anything strange if the true scholar passes his college days without signal honor, but it is something strange if he passes through the world without achieving a great life's work.

We may remark here, that we are far from being of that class who look with a sneer upon the honors of a valedictorian. But it is the firm adherence to purpose that we admire rather than the purpose itself. It is a false enthusiasm that causes a man to bend all his energies to acquire a high stand. And yet that this false enthusiasm is so prevalent in college is hardly to be wondered at. The great prominence given by the college world, both faculty and students, to honors, must inevitably induce many to work for these ends alone. Happily, however, there is a growing opinion that college honors are, to a great extent, a sham. We therefore may expect to see the gradual decline of this honor-love and in its place the rise of a true love for knowledge. Then we shall plant the foundation deep and broad upon which to build an imposing structure of future prosperity.

Again, an enthusiastic love for study will act as an antidote to many of the perplexities and anxieties that beset our pathway. College, like the world, of which it is but a miniature, has its own complement of perplexities and anxious cares, and ours is just the age when they are most keenly felt. But as the great sculptor, when harassed by troubles and debt, turned to his studio and, absorbed in his work, soon forgot his troubles, so may the enthusiastic scholar make his study the "lake of forgetfulness" in which to drown all his cares. It is hard, indeed, for one to see another rank the same with himself when that rank is gained through a complicated system of doctor's certificates, pleas of ill-health, and toadyism. Yet *these* the true student will look upon with a common-sense view, and thus and only thus, be contented and happy.

A real enthusiasm on his part is thus, in a two-fold way, a vital necessity to a student, but enthusiasm on his part alone does not

complete the want. There is even more need that the same enthusiasm should animate the instructor.

In the first place, the instructor should be a "live-man." Common sense is as vital here as elsewhere. We should at once see the folly of choosing for stroke of the university crew, a man who, however strong he might be, should yet lack energy and "vim." But sober reflection will convince us that the necessity is as great for an energetic leader in the recitation room as in the university boat. Zeal and apathy are everywhere, alike contagious. We know from experience that an energetic instructor will awaken a reciprocal energy in his pupils. We know, too, from the same infallible source of knowledge, that a Rip Van Winkle in the instructor's chair is not calculated to infuse much life into a recitation. The ability to instruct does not come simply from profound scholarship but from the addition of other qualifications. The idea that a man, simply because he is a good scholar, will make a good teacher, is fit only to be classed among the Quixotic hypotheses long since exploded by the very weight of their own foolishness.

Since the four years spent in college are not to be wasted, the student has a right to expect enthusiastic instructors, fully qualified in every way for their positions. In our leading colleges, at least, professors are generally such, but tutors, whose stay is at best transient, may or may not possess the desired qualifications. They should be men who are themselves learners as well as teachers. Then the "text-book" will be literally such, being, in a sort of way, a nucleus around which much valuable information shall be clustered. Such is the man for an instructor, but such a one will not be he who goes to his desk as the horse to the treadmill. The essential part of such a man's instruction will not be bounded by an ablative of means. He will seek to create an interest because he is interested himself. Everything bearing on the subject will be brought up and explained, so that the recitation room shall vie with the study in imparting knowledge. A mere verbal transformation of Latin or Greek words into English has little merit beyond a memory exercise, and might as well be performed to a stone post as in the recitation-room. Indirectly, from such a course must result, too, inaccurate and shallow scholarship. This evil must always exist where nice discrimination is not made in the choice of instructors.

We conclude, then, that there is a general lack of enthusiasm both in and out of college, and that to it may be attributed the existence of so many dead weights everywhere. How to remedy the evil becomes a serious question, and yet, if our suppositions be true, we may infer that this can, in a measure, be done by the cultivation of the true spirit of enthusiasm. Let no one come to college who has not a love for its duties, and in the choice of life's labor let us be governed by our inclinations. We may then, at least, find satisfaction in our lot.

A STEP IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION.

THERE has been a strange transgression of custom in the recent action of the Alpha Delta Phi fraternity. She has extended her privileges to Sophomore year. This has created quite a sensation; and it is the purpose of this article to say a brief word in favor of the adoption of this plan by all the Junior societies. It is not my purpose to discuss it in the light in which it just now appears,—of necessity,—but to argue for it on abstract principles.

It seems a great deal in its favor that scarce any one looks on it otherwise than favorably. Yet there are some conservative enough to think that "it won't work." I propose to reply as best I can to some of their objections and present for consideration one or two points in its favor.

In the first place we are told, that men at the end of freshman year are not known well enough to warrant such action. But Junior societies enter into an extensive system of pledging, and that, too, during the first term. It is quite true that men comparatively unknown during freshman year may afterwards prove their worth, but, as a rule, those who are to be first in college will show themselves before the completion of one-fourth of their course. Even were this not the case, such men would not necessarily be debarred. Class elections need not be more unknown than now. Simple reference to classes, however, as they

follow one another as waves of the sea, coming whence we know not and where going we cannot tell, confirms the point in question. Our own class, though unusually irregular in this respect, is hardly an exception. That men have appeared on the prize list who were unhonored by Sophomore societies has a political significance. Thus from my own experience and observation, I find little strength in this objection.

Again, we are told that no strong social feeling can exist between men of different classes. He who admits this, acknowledges that to him this silly class feeling is stronger than desire either for worthy friendship or the best societies. He says, in effect, that he desires no friends not selected from a particular circle. Of all aristocracies this is the most ridiculous I ever heard of. And yet it must be admitted that, to a great extent, collegians prefer second rate friends of their own class to first rate ones from another.

From something of the same spirit springs the objection, that such a movement will lower the dignity of a society. Pray, in what does the dignity of a society consist? Is it in its close adherence to class restrictions? Is it in that ludicrous solemnity which, though it fails to daze a classmate's eyes, does oftentimes draw a little veneration from "hopefuls" below? Is the dignity of a society based upon this? Does it not rather lie directly in the worth, both morally and mentally, of its members? Is not this dignity of a society dependent upon its character, and does not the character of a society depend upon the character of those who wear its mystic symbol? If such be the true source of a society's dignity, it must follow that it will be increased, rather than diminished, by the choice of its members from two classes instead of one. It is, at least, to be presumed that societies are based on ability. They aim at gathering a group of the most able men. Now it is very plain that the proportion of such men to the full quota of a society can be made much larger by a selection from two hundred men than from one hundred. If this plan should be followed, Junior societies might be mostly composed of those who have won distinction either as scholars or literary men. There would then be fewer undeserving ones crowned with the laurel they never have and never could earn. Thus these objections seem to me, forceless. But there are positive arguments in favor of this measure.

If a society be of any benefit, and it is, it is far better that we should enjoy its benefit as long as possible. If one year's connection with a society be of a certain advantage, it follows mathematically, that a two years' connection would yield twice the advantage. This to the individual members. But the society itself would reap a rich harvest in the increased worth of its members, and the increased affection for it which must result from two years of active membership instead of one. A longer connection would strengthen the ties which bind us to societies, while now, when one short year is over, we leave just as our zeal is beginning to bud and blossom, and the society is consigned to new and untried hands.

But space forbids any lengthy discussion on these points. There is yet one vital reason which demands to be spoken of. It is this: such a movement would sound the death-knell of Sophomore societies. In speaking of these I am aware that I may be treading on dangerous grounds, but plainness is demanded. Yet it is not my wish to harm a feather of that wing which is so much the pride of the newly-fledged Sophomore; nor is there any desire to divulge the secrets *now* so sedulously guarded. And I sincerely hope I may have credit for the kindest intentions when I affirm, that I should hail with joy the burial of these orders. This for two reasons.

In the first place they are a needless expense. Their initiation fees are as much larger than those of freshman societies as their numbers are smaller and their style greater, or, "more precisely," these expenses vary directly as the style and inversely as the numbers. Add to this the expense of feeding, once in so often, two hungry upper classes. Thus quite a sum is added to the yearly expenses of a student, which must be a heavy burden on many. To those who have plenty of money such expenses are of little account. It might be as well to remark here that to the unhonored of '72 the consolation of an undrained purse is no small one.

But I have said, a *needless* expense. If the money thus scattered brought forth any fruit it might be considered all well enough. But the contrary is quite the case. Assembling round a card table at 10 o'clock Saturday night and an occasional play, are calculated to confer little benefit, if they do no harm. But they do

harm, for they in a way, and a serious way, disqualify a man for Junior societies, which mean work. Educated to the idea that a society is a place for playing cards, lounging and smoking, it takes a long time for the Junior societies to rid men of such an impression. In many cases, I am free to say, this impression is indelible. Thus it is easy to see that Junior societies are not what they might be if they took their men direct from the Freshman societies, free from these evil tendencies.

By this plan then, there would be a general saving of expense and a purging of the Junior societies from much of their laziness. But I may be met at this point with the question, why not have new, *working* Sophomore societies. Yankee-like I answer this question by another, why have them, and what reason is there to suppose that they would not soon tread in the steps of their predecessors? Why not extend Junior societies over two years, is the great question. I am content to let this poor plea go forth, satisfied that a thorough discussion will but show the wisdom of the plan. The great object of our society relations, as of all others here in college, is improvement. This object will be fully attained only when societies are reduced to a *thoroughly* working basis, and when they are filled by positive, able characters, instead of negative, harmless innocents.



De Forest Prize Oration :

JOHN MILTON, JEREMY TAYLOR AND JOHN
LOCKE AS ADVOCATES OF LIBERTY.

BY EDWARD P. WILDER.

GIBBON has said that "every man who rises above the common level has received two educations ; the first from his teachers, the second, more personal and important, from himself." Eminently such a man was Milton. The universities had acquainted him with the philosophy of the scholastics ; the sages and poets of antiquity had stored his mind with learning and tuned it to the melody of the muses ; society and travel, Europe

with her galleries, Italy with her studios had molded it into symmetry with the acquisitions of science and the inspirations of art ;—but nothing was at that time to be found, either in the training of the schools or in the influences of the world around him, which could have imbued him with that lofty spirit of liberty called Miltonian. That wonderful spiritual education, that moving power, which has made his name and his acts imperishable in connection with the English Commonwealth, seems to have been evolved from the depths of his own mind,—or taken, perhaps directly, a sequester from Liberty herself !

We need not now inquire whether the regicides of Charles were justified or not. How far, indeed, resistance to authority may ever rightfully be carried, is a problem we are scarcely qualified to solve. No sanctified and sceptered tyranny has ever crushed the limbs of our sectarian faith into the iron chambers of its pattern mold. We may call the republicans of England, if we please, unwise, fanatical, not versed in our philosophy. But what, after all, is our philosophy ?

Of one thing, however, we are sure. The motive that warmed Milton's breast, the power that drove his eloquent pen through the ranks of the enemy, was no mere partisan zeal. He hated not Charles but tyranny ; not the Church, but its intolerant spirit. He has been called an idealist, a blind enthusiast. But when Presbyterians sought to impose upon men's necks a yoke no less grievous than Prelates had done before them ; when Cromwell began reigning with that iron hand that dealt sword and prison while it reaped tithe and tax ; and when Parliament, imitating the very tyranny it had overthrown, sought to bind men's thoughts by chaining the printing press ;—does Milton stand quietly beholding the triumph of his party, rolling in satisfaction under his tongue the sweet morsel of revenge ? That would have been but human. Cromwell did it, and was called the Great Protector. But summon here the testimony of the *Areopagitica*, "a speech addressed to Parliament for the liberty of unlicensed printing." Let it shut forever the mouths of those who argue Milton a slave to enthusiasm, a frenzied leader of party ! It shows me that he worshipped liberty, not party,—that he made her foes his foes,—and that in vindicating her it mattered little to him whether he beheaded a king or lashed a parliament ! Oh ! was not that the

grandest spectacle of the English Commonwealth, when the Puritan poet of England, he upon whose brow the Graces sat, upon whose lips Persuasion, from whose afterwards darkened eyes the arrows of Apollo darted, stood up and charged a Puritan parliament with abusing his mistress—liberty ! Was that the act of a partisan ; was that mere blind enthusiasm, ungovernable and unreasoning zeal ? Peter the Great slew with his own sword two of his soldiers for plundering the inhabitants of a conquered town ; and in yonder gallery you may see how beautifully the fair hand of Art has perpetuated to this day the deed. Milton feared not to rebuke the intolerant parliament whom his own pen had led on to victory ; but his sole monument, prouder than polished marble or the eloquent canvas, is the self-reared *Areopagitica*.

Just here the statesman differs from the partisan. Here Milton differed from Cromwell. And here Taylor, the author of the *Liberty of Prophesying*,—Taylor, who had once so nobly spoken for the freedom of religious faith,—Taylor, from whose lips not only words like music flowed, but whose thoughts had power to prick men's consciences with truth,—Taylor, who, when the throne and mitre were again triumphant, enjoyed the influence, not of a bishop only, but of a privy councillor and a near relationship to the king,—Taylor, who might have stood Horatius-like to guard the bridge for England's liberties against whole armies of persecutors,—here Taylor failed ! When liberty cried for defenders, he, who when persecuted had so lustily cried for liberty, held his peace ! When a king who had solemnly promised amnesty was every day belying himself, paying a score of perjured vengeance upon his father's blood,—he, the apostle once of liberty and truth kept silent ! And when the now triumphant Church was seeking by a more iron rule than ever to knead men's consciences into a pliant paste, or rejoicing in the exile of Puritan patriots and the plundering of Presbyterian homes,—he, the eloquent author of the *Liberty of Prophesying*, protested no longer now against the "iniquity of persecuting different opinions," uttered no syllable now of expostulation or reproof,—but, gathering about him his comfortable priestly robes, preferred as Lord Bishop of Down and Connor to preach pious sermons to his attentive flock !

That Taylor had peculiar gifts for the gospel ministry no one

questions. Those sermons stored with the learning of the ancients, fairly glittering with an Asiatic richness of illustration, warming men's hearts with the breath of a fervent piety, show plainly a mind fitted rather to wrestle with spiritual foes in the sanctuary than with parliaments and cabinets. But does not the author of *Paradise Lost* also discover some powers of a gentler sort than to wage polemics? Why should Milton, more than Taylor, come down from the fair slopes of Helicon to join angry battle upon the plains for the liberties of his countrymen? Was England less free under Charles I. than under Charles' son? The charitable biographer of Taylor (Bishop Heber) would dispute this point, would persuade us that from the very fear of his opposition it was that the king offered him, instead of some living at court, that distant see in Ireland. But is it great evidence of a man's courage or staunch adherence to his principles, when great principles need strenuous advocacy, that he should give bonds to tyranny to keep the peace, or withdraw from the contest to accept from the enemy some royal gift?

Methinks I see the Puritan hero, him who had just rebuked his own victorious party for fettering the press, or had lashed Presbyterians for suffering "hirelings" in their pulpits,—methinks I see John Milton accepting from Parliament a flattering invitation to retire to the lakes of Westmoreland or the mountains of Wales, and there write sonnets and Comuses for the benefit of his countrymen! Where the foe was strongest, where the battle thickest, there was his post of duty, and there unflinchingly he stood; and so is it with every man who has at heart an end to gain, a cause to fight for, or a grand principle to vindicate! No more could liberty have spared Milton then, than France have spared her Richelieu!

Yet this was the poet of *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, the sweet singer of Arcades and the plaintive mourner of Lycidas. Had ever fairer flower been plucked from the gardens of poetry to be cast into the dusty arena of political strife? Behind him he left all the bright congenial spirits of the age, all those gifted minds around whose social board the muses loved to gather, in whose literary circles he had been the favored guest. Susceptible as Burke to the attractions of a storied chivalry, of a church bathed in old martyrdoms and installed in dark cathedrals, upon

whose walls hung legends of the past like ancient tapestries,—he yet could forsake all these for the stern simplicity of the Puritan's faith, for the angry polemic and the reeking conventicle.

Very different, however, from Taylor's advocacy of liberty was that of a churchman and royalist who followed some years after him, under the reign of the mild and gracious William. John Locke may best be described as that uncompromising philosopher whose whole life was wrapped in the motto, "to love and seek truth for truth's sake." By the way of truth it was that he arrived at liberty; as a corollary of truth it was that he defended liberty; and with the same terrible intellectual consistency would he strike hard-fisted blows for liberty as for truth. With Locke the field of battle was the intellect; war was the clash of ideas; triumph the conclusion of a syllogism!

When, therefore, he beheld a Calvinist king on the one hand compelled to take oath that he would maintain an Episcopal Church, and on the other pushing through Parliament an Act of Toleration for the benefit of Non-conformists, the subtle thinker could not be made to suppose that there was tolerance in England! When one class of religionists is secure only in a paper pledge of "establishment," and the other only in the secret favor of the king, is that liberty? Can any *principles* of freedom be there discovered?

It was this semblance of liberty, this shadow of the thing, that he most dreaded. The people must not accept this gilded mockery, this delusive substitute. And, that they may not accept it, their eyes must be enlightened; they must be taught to think, to weigh, compare, discriminate, to look behind facts for principles, to draw out of experience theories; they must learn to lay aside prejudice and wage calm, intellectual warfare with reason.

This was the task to which the practical philosopher bent himself. To instruct his countrymen in the true principles of government, to point out to them the majesty of the will of the governed,—this was the purpose for which he composed the two treatises on Government. To lay deep in their understandings the foundations of "an absolute liberty, just and true liberty, equal and impartial liberty,"—this was the purpose for which he wrote the four letters on Toleration.

There then, they stand, the Puritan, the divine, the philosopher. What, now, was the labor they accomplished? Each had indeed a different task to perform. Milton found a people restless, impatient, grinding the teeth under an imperious tyranny, waiting only for some unquestionable authority to lend them encouragement, to give them its sanction, to lead them to do desperate deeds. He saw the emergency, he knew his power, he felt that then was the time to strike for liberty a blow,—he struck it.

Taylor found a people doing desperate deeds. He found in turn a popular tyranny more galling because more absolute than the tyranny of a king, a headlong partisan policy, which, borrowing its inspiration from no school of philosophy, burdening itself with naught but bitter memories of the past, shouted only the cry of "kill! kill!" which its enemies themselves had taught it, and tearing from the crown its jewels, from the throne its purple, bowed the royal head to the stroke of the executioner. That at such a time he should fling aside all other thoughts for peace, for harmony, for soft conciliation of the deadly heat, is not unpardonably strange. We can excuse the lukewarm lover of liberty in the fervent preacher of peace.

But Locke's was the more grateful task to find a people weary of war, exhausted with strife, and, like contestants who have long and vainly fought, ready to parley a peace. That was the rare moment for reason! Then was the time for the triumph of philosophy! Then it was that with passion spent, the frenzy past, for the first time the people heard calmly and embraced those maxims of liberty in which their children are honored. Then was it that the great philosopher, like a sower who scatters his seed among the fine lumps of a ploughed and harrowed soil, planted in breasts that had borne bitterness and suffered hard experience, the never-dying germs of true liberty.

So was it that each of these earnest laborers supplemented the labors of the other. Who shall estimate the value of their toil? Who will trace, through the tortuous courses of these hundred and fifty years that have passed since the last of them was laid to his rest, the gradual development of that liberty which they planted with their hands and watered with the sweat of their brows?

THE CHEMIST'S GLASS.

THAT the following narrative will be discredited by all who may read it, I have not a particle of doubt. The nature of the facts presented is altogether too singular and wild to permit me to hope for an instant that they will call forth from any one anything more than an incredulous smile. Yet that they did actually occur, I solemnly affirm. And I have framed a theory which, with me, accounts satisfactorily for the phenomena I shall describe, however inexplicable they may seem at first sight to others. To present this theory here, however, would be out of place; for it is long and dry. I will pass at once, therefore, to my narrative.

It was at Schuyler, N. Y., in the autumn of 1866, that I made, under rather peculiar circumstances, the acquaintance of Louis Rembrandt. By degrees, what was at first a mere bowing acquaintance passed into mutual esteem; which, in turn, ripened into an unusually warm friendship.

My friend, while he was not eccentric, certainly had a character which was peculiar in many respects. What was most noticeable in his constitution was an inordinate fondness for the study of chemistry. To the active pursuit of this one branch of science his whole life seemed to be devoted. In his lodgings, which extended through the whole second story of a medium-sized frame house, he had fitted up one room for a chemical laboratory. From all four walls projected shelves that were loaded down with an immense number of phials, bottles and bowls of all kinds. Along one side ran a working bench, strewn with various chemical utensils; and always, whenever I entered the room, sat bending over it the form of Rembrandt. So zealous was he in his studies, so regardless of the volumes of vicious smoke that poured into his nostrils, and so careless of the impregnation of the air of the apartment with foul vapors, that I began to have serious fears for my friend's health. However, he did not fall ill and the usual cheerfulness of his disposition suffered no perceptible loss.

Our friendship went on as most friendships do for nearly eight months ; and during the latter half of this period I used to call upon Rembrandt every morning in his laboratory, passing an hour or more in the discussion of some abstruse principle in chemistry.

One morning, upon entering his room rather more quietly than usual and looking round, I perceived that my entrance had been unnoticed by my friend, who was sitting bolt upright in his accustomed chair, his head bowed upon his chest, and his hands apparently crossed in his lap. I at once conjectured, that, wearied out with night studies, his brain had refused to perform its customary functions, and that he was now fast asleep. Fearing to disturb him, but wishing to assure myself that he really was sleeping, I stepped up softly almost beside him, and there saw, to my surprise, that his eyes were wide open and intently fixed on some object he held between his hands. This object was a flat, circular piece of glass, which was in no way remarkable except in having a dingy, yellowish color, not confined to the surface, but seeming to pervade the whole interior of the glass. This appearance is, to be sure, not unusual in some kinds of glass ; but there was a lack-lustre, a deadness about this piece such as I had never seen in any other. It took only a second to make these observations, when I tapped Rembrandt lightly on the shoulder. He started as if fire had touched him. Stuffing the glass in his pocket, leaping to his feet, and shaking all over, he fixed on me a glance so perfectly fiendish that I immediately fell into a violent tremor. We must have stood thus a full minute. Then he, raising his arm and pointing his forefinger straight at my head, half hissed, half gasped "Did you see it?" Instinctively I inferred that "it" was the glass. Unable to speak I merely nodded "yes." Again he gasped out with a solemnity that makes me shudder even now, "*You saw it!*" He seemed after this to recover from his queer fit of mixed passion and fright, and at last conversed with me as composedly as ever. But with all his composure a kind of gloom seemed to have settled on him. On the subject of the glass he maintained a strict silence all that morning ; nor, indeed, did he ever after allude to it. I, on my part, did not venture to hint even very remotely at his strange conduct ; and doubtless the whole matter would in time have been forgotten by me, but for the extremely singular events that happened afterward.

I said that all through that morning's visit my friend appeared very gloomy. This melancholy did not wear off. At my next visit his face wore a look of extreme sadness, and his whole demeanor was that of a man oppressed by some terrible doubt. It was the same the next day and the next. In fact, his gloom was visibly growing upon him. Of course it was impossible that this sad state of things should long remain unknown to his relatives, and the knowledge of his deplorable condition filled them with anxiety. In a few weeks his malady became so grave as to make it necessary to take at once some vigorous measures to check it. And after a long consultation of physicians and friends it was agreed that Rembrandt and I should proceed to a large country mansion belonging to my uncle and distant about ten miles from Schuyler, and should there pass the summer, consuming our time in agreeable out-of-door occupations.

This plan I was myself to unfold to him. For it was thought if the proposal to spend this vacation in my company should come from some other person than myself, he might suspect it to be, what it really was, a mere sanitary measure in his behalf; and as is often the case with persons in his condition, might refuse to do anything which would imply that his mind was diseased.

Before mentioning the subject to him, however, and on the same day that the consultation was held, I rode out to my uncle's house to make the necessary arrangements for our stay. I remained there over night. And on returning to town the next day, I went straightway to Rembrandt's lodgings to invite him to spend the summer with me at the place we had selected. It was about noon when I called, but he was not in. Nor did I find him at home when I came again in the evening on my way to a party. I did not think much of this absence until, sitting alone in my room that night, I suddenly recollected that the hours at which I had found my friend out were precisely the hours at which he had always before made it a point to be in.

While I was wondering at this circumstance, my eyes fell for the first time upon an oblong parcel lying on my table. Removing the paper that enveloped it, I found in my hands an oblong brass box, not more than three inches in length, and very highly polished. Curious old carvings ran along its edges, and its whole appearance was that of some ancient treasure box. In

the center of the lid had been recently pasted a bit of paper, on which was written, in a hand that I immediately recognized as Rembrandt's, "To my friend, J—— C——." As I regarded the irregular lines and thought how shattered must be his nerves who wrote so very unsteadily, a chill ran through my frame, that could not have come *merely* from the cold metal I held in my hands. With an undefined dread that made my hands tremble, I now opened the box.

Whatever I had imagined the contents of the box might be, I certainly had not fancied them to be such as they were. Indeed, I could not have been more surprised had I found in it nothing at all. In one corner lay what appeared to be a bunch of brown paper, and in the other a folded piece of white paper. The latter I unfolded; and read in my friend's handwriting the following words. "A dark pool—the boulder S. by W. from the center—at midnight—the glass to the eye——." Not waiting to ponder over the meaning of this broken sentence, I took up the bunch of brown paper and proceeded to undo it. If I was puzzled at the contents of the white paper, I was altogether dumbfounded at what I found in the brown. It contained the identical circular glass which I had seen in Rembrandt's hand on the morning of his great nervous fright.

I marveled much that my friend had sent me these articles, for I could not imagine any possible use for them. My curiosity being excited, therefore, I resolved, late as the hour was, to call my landlady and ascertain if she knew anything about the package. But all she could tell me was that Rembrandt himself had delivered it at the door early that morning, with particular directions that I should not fail to get it. The only conclusion I could arrive at in regard to the matter was, that the donation of these articles to me by my friend was a mere freak of his sadly disordered intellect. Dismissing the subject with this thought, I retired; determining however, to probe the matter deeper on the morrow.

Early the next morning, hastening to my friend's lodgings, I was a third time disappointed in finding him out. Making now particular inquiries of the rest of the lodgers, I learned that he had not been seen by them since the morning before,—the same on which he had left the little box at my own room.

Several days now passed, and still Rembrandt was missing, while his relatives, together with myself were sorely grieved and alarmed at his prolonged absence. But I will venture to say that my grief was far deeper, and my alarm far more disquieting than theirs. For they were hoping that ere long he might return, weary with his comfortless wandering. But as for me, a wild suspicion had been creeping slowly into my soul, chilling me as it came (but what made it come, I cannot tell) that Rembrandt, my friend Rembrandt, would *never* return! I have said that I could not tell whence this suspicion came. Nor can I now. As the tide comes from—we know not where, and steals up slowly but surely over the sloping beach, just so mysteriously came that awful thought, just so slowly and steadily it spread itself over my soul until it covered it all, and I could think of nothing but that Rembrandt was *dead*.

It was on the fifth day after my friend's disappearance, when I took the first of a series of measures resulting in an event whose strangeness I have hinted at before. I have remarked already that on the night I found the brass box in my room, I attributed the sending of it to the diseased state of my companion's mind. Now, however, upon more mature deliberation, I saw the fallacy of such a conclusion; and was forced to believe that he had had some motive in sending it to me. For I reflected that if the glass had been presented to me without any ulterior design, the strange nature of the present argued not merely for the dejectedness of the donor, but more than that, for his positive insanity. If there had been no motive in sending it, it was certainly the gift of a crazy, rather than of a merely melancholy man. Now there is a marked distinction between insanity and melancholy. And the two diseases rarely, if ever, run into each other. But, evidently, Rembrandt's ailment had been melancholy rather than insanity. It was clear, therefore, that in all probability the glass had been sent to me by my friend for some definite use.

This conclusion was strengthened by the note which I found in the box with the glass. It will be remembered that the last clause was —“*the glass to the eye.*” Of course under the circumstances, the glass referred to could be none other than the circular glass in the box. This clause of the note, therefore, stated directly that this piece of glass was to be applied to the eye. It was impossible, then, to regard the note otherwise than

as a simple direction how to use the glass. And the full directions as given by the note were that some person, being at or near a certain boulder at a certain spot on the edge of a certain dark pool, should, at midnight, apply the glass in question to his eye. The fact, therefore, that the note was nothing else than a brief set of instructions for the use of the glass strengthened, as I said before, my opinion that my friend had sent me the box with the intention that I should make some use of its contents.

What was to come of employing the glass thus, I could not possibly conjecture. But a strong feeling that I ought, for friendship's sake, to comply with this last mute request of my departed friend, and a faint hope that it might somehow clear up the mystery attending his departure, induced me to make an effort to put the glass to the use he wished.

To this end I was first to discover the dark pool referred to in the note, namely, such a pool as had a boulder lying on its edge in a direction S. W. from its center. As to the general locality of this pool, I judged, of course, that it must be somewhere in the vicinity of Schuyler. For Rembrandt had not, to my certain knowledge, been more than five miles from the town since I had known him. But the exact location of the pool it was not so easy to decide upon. Indeed, after trying in vain for two full hours to think of any such pool in the neighborhood, I gave up the attempt in despair, resolving to make a search over the surrounding country the next morning. My thoughts, now left to themselves, began—as usual since my friend's disappearance—to brood over death, and wandered at last to the cemetery, which lay about two miles from the city. But no sooner did the picture of the burial ground rise up before me, than I distinctly recollected that a dark, a very dark, pool was situated right in the midst of it. I chided severely my excessive stupidity in not remembering the place before, for I had seen it often.

Early the next day, carrying with me a pocket compass,—in order to identify the pool by the bearing of the boulder, if there was any—I took my way to the cemetery. Going straight to the spot, I beheld *two* huge stones lying on the bank. Taking the bearings of them both by my compass from the center of the water, I found the larger one to be precisely in the direction indicated in the note. I was now sure that I had discovered the particular pool.

The place was one of deep gloom. The whole body of water was nearly circular, and was not more than fifteen yards across in any place. The water itself was perfectly black and stagnant, and emitted a most disagreeable odor. The bank, which was of soft earth, rose in a plane almost vertical all around. On what little inclination the sides afforded, grew many willow saplings,—weeping willows, they were, whose trailing branches lay in perfect repose on the surface of the thick water. Above and behind the willows stood some beech trees, which had so mingled their foliage as to form a dense covering over the basin below. So numerous were their boughs that only a feeble twilight pervaded the spot, even in the middle of the forenoon. Between the trees, here and there, gravestones were to be seen.

Having satisfied myself as to the identity of the pond, I returned home, with the intention of coming back that night, and trying the experiment with the glass according to the directions contained in the note. Throughout the remainder of that day and during the evening I was in a state of great unrest. For the idea, that the glass my friend had deposited with me had already been and was still to be instrumental in deciding his fate, had gained a fast hold on my mind. It was with an unusual degree of excitement and impatience, therefore, that I awaited the approaching midnight.

The strange fancy, that somehow this glass was connected with my friend's demise, was an idea peculiarly my own. For, as yet, I had told no one even of the existence of the glass, much less of any conjectures I might have formed concerning it. It was alone, therefore, that a little after eleven o'clock I left my lodgings, and, with the glass safely stowed in my overcoat pocket, started for the pool.

A half hour's walk brought me before the graveyard gates. They were massive and fastened with a huge iron bolt. As I slid it back, and it rattled loudly along its casings, the sound struck a chord in my soul as dissonant and harsh as the clangor of the metal itself. A hundred phantasms whirled through my brain. The reality of my situation now, for the first time stood out before me. I saw, and I feared as I saw, how unnatural must have been my thoughts to have led me to this spot at such an hour,—how very extraordinary was this errand on which I had

come. I stood irresolute, and perhaps would have returned ; but that dreadful thing—the glass—had me now well in its power ! Involuntarily I clutched it, a re-assurance diffused itself over me, and with a firm step I ascended the path to the pool.

It was with difficulty that I clambered down its steep bank and seated myself on the damp boulder. The atmosphere of the spot was more gloomy even than in the day-time. The night was clear, but there was no moon in the sky. And the starlight, while it faintly illumined the region beyond the beeches, left the whole space inside of them, the basin and the air above it up to the beech leaves, in deep darkness. I could not even distinguish the surface of the water, distant, as I knew it must be, not two feet from my eyes. From the stagnant liquid was sluggishly rising a noxious vapor, which I felt but could not see, exhaling, as it rose, a stench most noisome. Apparently the spot was too gloomy even for the night insects ; for no chirp or hum fell on my ears, and a deep silence held all this lonely place.

My time had been ample enough for me to make these observations, and I was now sitting, waiting for the midnight. The quietude of the spot was favorable for meditation. And although I was in a perfect fever of curiosity and excitement as to what would be the upshot of my expedition, the local influence was too strong for me and I was speedily buried in reflection. My thoughts again turned into the channel in which they had been running at the iron gates. Again I seemed fully to realize the absolute *strangeness* of my situation ; the thought, how wild my schemes were, how like the pet plans of monomaniacs of whom I had read, preyed upon me, until the horrid suspicion began to come over me that *I* was insane ! A dread, as undefinable as it was unwelcome, was, I could feel, rapidly getting the better of my usual self-possession.

In this condition of mind I labored, when I was startled from my meditation by the distant city clock, striking the hour of night. At my sequestered seat the strokes fell faintly. But I counted them. They numbered twelve. With a trembling hand, as of one in nervous expectancy, I seized the glass, lifted it and placed it before my eye.

I had been expecting a rather unusual issue from the use of the glass, owing to the singular character of all the preceding

events that were connected with it. But for what really did occur it was quite impossible that I could have been, in any measure, prepared. By some chance (was it chance?) the glass had been directed straight to the center of the pool. Down on the very bottom of the tarn, in a lidless coffin, his body dressed in black, his arms dangling over the sides of the casket, his head slightly raised, his hair streaming out *on* the dense water, his face bloated and blue, his lips shrivelled disgustingly back from his teeth, his eyes wide open and staring right at *me*, lay the form of—Rembrandt! As I gazed, stupefied and sickened at the spectacle, the coffin, with the body maintaining the same posture, began slowly to rise. At this moment a nervous twitch of my arm displaced the circular glass from before my eye. In an instant the sight was gone and all was dark again. I divined at once that the glass was the instrument of this horrible revelation. Instinctively I replaced it before my eye. The effect was instantaneous. The coffin and corpse together had now risen so that just the head of the body was to be seen above the water, while all below the head—which, as I said, was slightly elevated—lay just under the surface. The floating mass had no sooner ceased to move than the shrunken lips writhed further back, the teeth slowly parted, and from out the throat a voice, hollow, harsh, yet stifled withal, a voice such as I had often guessed the dead might have, grated out one by one the words,——“I——am——dead——dead——dead, ——I——have——drowned——myself——here——here, I——am——dead,——down——down.” The lips resumed their former position, the teeth closed, and the horrid thing sank slowly down to the bottom whence it had arisen. For a moment I was riveted to the rock. But then a second convulsive movement loosened my hold on the glass. It fell, struck the water with a splash, and sank. The splash was not loud, but it was enough to remove the paralysis that held me. With a yell of terror I scrambled up the bank, darted through the clanging gates, and, never daring to stop or look behind me, but with that ghastly corpse still staring at my head and its crazing voice rolling in my ears, I at last cowered, shivering, between my sheets.

* * * * *

My friends will tell you that they one morning found me in a high delirium, that I raved about a dark pool, a dingy glass, and

my friend Rembrandt lying in the pool ; that at last they dragged the gloomy piece of water, and that the day after they did so Rembrandt was buried by them decently in a grave of earth.

That dreadful glass has done its work with me as well as with my friend. A gloom has fallen over my life, which is steadily deepening. What alarms me most is the fact that it is so nearly like his fatal melancholy.

J. E. C.

Cotonsend Prize Essay :

JOHN MILTON, JEREMY TAYLOR AND JOHN
LOCKE AS ADVOCATES OF LIBERTY.

BY M. STUART PHELPS.

THE seventeenth century in England, was one long crisis of transition. The night of absolutism, deepened by superstition, was slowly passing away ; and upon the chaos of social and political convulsions, the dawn of civil and religious liberty was breaking. The crisis demanded statesmen, warriors, martyrs. The emergency created its own heroes. Prominent among them, stood the Chrysostom of the English pulpit, Jeremy Taylor.

His intellect was a museum of extremes. Occasionally he exhibits a wonderful ingenuity in argument ; but in a breath, his reasoning faculty seems to be paralyzed. His conceptions are as original as his illustrations, but his imagination seems to dread being surprised into logical precision. A chain of reasoning, in itself consecutive, is weakened by a superfluity of adjuncts ; these two thrown together in recklessness of the laws of logical thinking. Arguments which are questionable, are sometimes flanked by conjectures which are fanciful and absurd. Yet such defects are partially redeemed by his subtlety, wit, and vividness of painting. His pictures are often equivalent, in expression, to arguments.

In politics, Taylor was a Tory, and of course a Royalist. His political creed began and ended in the person of the King. The absolutism of the French despot, who could exclaim, "I am

the State," seemed to Taylor the perfection of government. With sympathetic pity he watched the downfall of the great and gifted minister ; with eagerness he flew to arms, in defence of the royal standard ; with indignant horror he witnessed the sacrilege committed by an infatuated people, who, their hands red with sacred blood dared to seek God's blessing upon murder. Though a bishop of the Church of England, he earnestly attacked its arbitrary and sectarian exclusiveness.

His "Liberty of Prophesying" is the most logical, as well as the most famous of his writings. The substance of his argument here is, that the apostolic creed, alone, is sufficient and necessary ; that the Church, the Popes, the Fathers, councils, traditions, are fallible, incompetent, contradictory ; that punishments for religious convictions are allowable only when justified by political necessity.

Bold sentiments these to be promulgated in the midst of a revolution, headed by religious fanatics. Yet, how strange that a man of such intuitions should have seen no more. By what principle can we account for the fact that he should have come so near to the great truth of *universal* toleration and yet fail to grasp it ?

His mistakes were those of the founder of a school. His imaginative temperament confused him ; his education obscured his vision ; his social and political surroundings hampered him ; and he was compelled to relinquish to others the development of those noble theories which he had caught in glimpses. Others perfected, popularized, and established them. But the preacher at Golden Grove will live in history as the original seer, and first great champion of the liberty of conscience.

The principles so boldly, yet blindly proclaimed by Taylor, found an echo in the heart of one who was better fitted to do battle in their defence. The theologian and the metaphysician possessed many qualities in common. Both were bold in their convictions ; often reckless in their utterances. Both were firm as adamant when conscience was assailed. Yet the father of modern metaphysics was the more *consistent* thinker. His genius was of double nature, fitted alike for speculation and for practice. Theorizing was his delight. Yet he possessed that virtue so rare in a philosopher, of practical adaptation to existing facts.

His intellect in spite of its versatility, was distinguished, not so much for its depth, as for its clearness. Great simplicity of argument, was his most striking excellence as a thinker; great artlessness of expression his chief virtue as a writer. Freeing himself from the technicalities of science, he "*cuts*, by his strong common sense, the Gordian knot, which his dialectical skill cannot untie." His style exhibits no striving after poetical gloss; no loss of thought by giving it wings. Taylor reveled in the exercise of his imagination, for his own entertainment. Locke, less of a poet, but more of an orator, sought to interest, only that he might instruct; to prove only that he might convince.

The more evenly balanced mind of the philosopher placed him one stage in advance of the preacher in his political belief. He "deified Liberty under the form of wealth." "The sole aim of Government," he tells us, "is the preservation of property." His system then was an aristocracy, not of education, but of riches; this aristocracy through and for itself, should govern the world. A King was but their representative; their agent, for the transaction of public business.

Like Taylor, he was restless under the restraint of the Church, and a zealous advocate of toleration. His controversy with an Oxford divine, upon this subject, is especially interesting, as illustrative of the further development and solidification of those theories, which Taylor had proclaimed so boldly. Taylor understood them but partially, and defended them insufficiently. Locke comprehended, remolded and expanded them. Taylor dwelt upon the incompetency of any human tribunal to become an infallible dictator, in matters of conscience. Locke attacks directly the legitimacy of such assumption on the part of any magistrate however capable. To Taylor, persecution is unjust, because a true standard of belief is unattainable. To Locke it is unjust, because untrue to the purposes of the Creator, in the very constitution of society. Taylor insists upon a full and hearty support of the Apostles' Creed. Locke would coerce no one who believes in the existence of a God. Taylor's success was suggestive of that which Locke realized. The theologian convinced the philosopher. The philosopher convinced the legislature, and his belief grew into the Act of Toleration.

Yet not to Taylor alone was Locke indebted for the material

and the inspiration of his beliefs. He owed more to his study of the writings of one, who seemed fanatical to his contemporaries but who, to us appears to have been inspired.

John Milton, more than either Taylor or Locke, was the child of the times in which he lived. Yet more than either was he the worker for *all* time. Not for him the pleasant dream-life of the Irish Bishop, nor the luxurious ease of the Court-philosopher. *His* life was one prolonged series of disappointments. He lived to see his ideal of government destroyed, his religion the laughing-stock of a licentious Court. So far as immediate success is concerned, the whole career of the poet-statesman, was a failure. His victory was posthumous. Posterity pays the adoration his own generation denied him.

His character was one we love to contemplate. He was as impetuous as Locke was calculating. Consequences were to him a secondary consideration. Never moderate, ignorant of caution, spurning compromise, he rushed to the extreme of his convictions. In his political writings, he displayed an audacity, hardly surpassed, even by himself, when he threw off the shackles of Time and Space, and soaring into the vast realms of the Infinite, dared to conceive of the wrath of an indignant God. His enthusiasm in his work, was whole-souled. His self-sacrifice, heroic. At the approach of inevitable blindness, he redoubled his toils. The thought that his eyes had been

"Overplied in Liberty's defence,
Lead him through this world's vain mask, content
Though blind."

He was a man of profounder insight, of greater breadth of culture, of more enduring fame, than either Locke or Taylor. He brought to the discussion, and to the conflict a force of inspiration, which neither of them wielded. His convictions were the simple *thoughts* of an imperial mind; his logic was the vision of an *illuminated soul*.

His political theory was, in substance, though not in form, that of the advocates of liberty at the present day. So comprehensive and exhaustive was his defence of domestic, civil, literary and religious freedom, that, in the words of De Quincey, he "began and closed the argument." In the face of a nation, grown old under hereditary monarchy, he advocated their inalien-

able right to *self-government* ; under the frown of the superstitions of centuries, he sought to hurl back the shackles of tyranny from the individual conscience.

Milton's reputation as a poet, has been tributary to his influence as a defender of Liberty. His very name has given impetus to the cause, in the souls of multitudes, who know nothing of him but his name. The simple fact, that England's great poet was also Freedom's great champion, has been of more service, in commanding the respect of mankind, than all the logic of Locke, or the eloquence of Taylor.

Taylor liberalized the English Church. Locke wrought toleration into English politics ; but Milton has reached the whole English-speaking world.

Taylor and Locke themselves saw the culmination of their work. It has been a march of two centuries, in which the world has climbed up to the height of *Milton's* utterances. His work is not yet complete. It widens and deepens with the ages. All later struggles for Freedom have drawn inspiration from *his* writings. Time does not diminish their verity, nor impair their vitality.

Taylor and Locke were master-spirits of their own age. They were an honor to the generation which honored them. But him, whose soul "was like a star and dwelt apart," posterity claims as its own. He belongs not to the people, nor to the century which could not appreciate him. He is the possession of that Future in which, and for which he lived. Well might the Laureate of England, a hundred years and more after Milton was in his grave, apostrophize him, in one of his country's great emergencies :

"Milton, thou shouldst be living at this hour.
 England hath need of thee ; she is a fen
 Of stagnant waters * * *
 * * * and we are selfish men.
 Oh ! Raise us up ! Return to us again,
 And give us virtue, manners, freedom, power.

FADED.

[AN IMITATION.]

Never again in the ball-room
To shine as the reigning belle,
Never to listen with rapture
To words of homage and praise,
Never to conquer lovers
With power that none can tell,
Never again to lend a light
To the splendor of beauty's maze.

Suitors, whose name was legion,
No more at the bidding come,
The magical spell has vanished—
Their oft-uttered vows decline—
In the temple of vaunting Fashion
From another missal they hum,
And they turn to other idols,
Forgetting their former shrine.

Never again in fancy
Ethereal castles to build,
Never again in blissful silence
With sentiment to commune,
Never again to waken
Affections already chilled,
Never to nourish with autumn smiles
The blossoms of blushing June.

Sadly the days are dying,
Dimly the shadows fall,
Tearfully memory wanders
To visions of other hours,
Mournfully droops the curtain
That shrouds, like a sombre pall,
The garden of youthful glory
Divested of all its flowers.

Never again in the ball-room
To shine as the reigning belle,
Never to listen with rapture
To vows of lovers forlorn,
Never to echo the music,
That once in a harmony fell.
The rose of a life has faded
And leaves but a painful thorn.

THE CLASS OF 'SIXTY-NINE.

The Class of 1869 is one of the three largest classes that ever left Yale College; '47 having 123, '63 122, and '69 117 graduates. The total membership of the class has been 185; 68 having given up the chase for various reasons and at various times during the four years' course. These are the names of the graduates: W. G. Alger, E. P. Arvine, W. W. Audenreid, A. E. Austin, A. H. Averill, L. H. Bagg, H. C. Bannard, C. W. Bardeen, A. Bartow, H. A. Beers, W. L. Bennett, W. S. Bissell, S. Blagden, W. S. Braddock, A. L. Brown, S. F. Bucklin, F. S. Buell, C. H. Bullis, H. H. Burnham, E. J. Burrell, A. Cameron, C. F. Canedy, N. G. Carman, F. R. Childs, W. C. Clarke, L. E. Condict, F. G. Conkling, A. J. Copp, W. A. Copp, E. G. Coy, A. M. Cunningham, S. H. Dana, E. R. De Grove, F. B. Denton, C. T. Driscoll, H. J. Dutton, L. R. Ehrich, J. Eliason, J. C. Eno, A. W. Evarts, A. H. Ewing, J. P. C. Foster, H. V. Freeman, J. H. Gilbert, S. D. Gilbert, S. D. Goodwin, J. C. Grant, C. E. Gross, W. K. Hall, F. H. Hamlin, G. E. Hand, G. T. Harrison, F. S. Hayden, E. Heaton, E. Hedges, C. B. Herrick, J. T. Hillhouse, W. H. Hinkle, J. M. Holcomb, T. Hooker, W. H. Hotchkiss, C. A. Hull, E. I. Hutchinson, J. B. Isham, B. Jones, J. Joy, H. H. Kerr, G. Lathrop, G. H. Lawrence, H. Lear, W. H. L. Lee, A. V. Lindsley, W. L. McLane, C. D. McNaughton, D. A. McQuillin, D. Manning, H. C. Missimer, J. E. Moore, J. L. Moss, J. Olendorf, B. Perrin, M. S. Phelps, F. Porter, T. P. Prudden, H. W. Raymond, R. L. Reade, M. D. Rhame, R. B. Richardson, T. J. Ritch, H. W. Robert, A. H. B. Robeson, T. H. Russell, F. A. Scott, G. S. Sedgwick, E. C. Seward, R. K. Sheldon, A. Shirley, C. H. Smith, W. G. Sperry, C. Sullivan, T. W. Swan, F. P. Terry, H. T. Terry, J. M. Thayer, J. R. Thayer, A. S. Thomas, J. H. Traynham, E. T. Waite, S. P. Warren, W. P. Watson, C. T. Weitzel, T. F. Welch, E. Whitney, E. P. Wilder, F. S. Williams, O. M. Williams, W. H. Workman. These are the names of those who failed to graduate: J. E. Abbott, C. D. Alton, T. C. Anderson, F. Atwood, J. K.

Averill, E. O. Babcock, D. B. Barclay, F. V. Barnes, D. Beach, C. C. Beard, L. S. Bemis, W. J. Betts, A. H. Bissell, F. H. Buhl, J. B. Camp, J. C. Calhoun, H. S. Carhart, H. Childs, W. Cook, N. B. Coy, J. Day, A. W. Durley, J. H. Durston, L. L. Hicks, H. P. Fellows, D. J. Griffith, F. H. Hoadley, A. B. D. Holstein, F. M. Horton, F. J. Huntington, E. Jewell, C. R. Johnson, M. O. Jones, C. W. Kelly, C. H. Kidder, J. Lillie G. F. Lincoln, G. R. Lincoln, E. D. Loring, W. McClintock, C. E. Mason, Z. S. Mastin, G. D. Miller, W. D. Mills, M. B. Newton, F. Palmer, G. S. Peet, C. L. Pendleton, J. H. Perry C. Phelps, I. G. Reed, J. B. Rich, J. M. Russell, O. G. Scott, H. A. Starks, J. M. Stevenson, R. M. Terrell, R. Terry, F. H. Van Cleeve, A. W. Van Winkle, T. P. Van Wyck, H. F. Walling, H. W. Warner, A. H. Warren, H. P. Warren, I. O. Woodruff, J. H. Young.

Of these 185 men 61 were born in New York, 32 in Connecticut, 23 in Massachusetts, 14 in Pennsylvania, 9 in Ohio, 6 in Rhode Island, 5 each in Michigan and Illinois, 4 in Maine, 3 each in Wisconsin and New Jersey, 2 each in Indiana, Kentucky, Tennessee, Maryland and District of Columbia, and one each in Iowa, Missouri, Georgia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Mississippi, Louisiana, Ireland, Germany and India. Their residences do not vary greatly from their birthplaces, 56 claiming New York as their abode, 42 Connecticut, 21 Massachusetts, 14 Pennsylvania, 7 Ohio, and a like number Illinois, 6 Michigan, 4 Maine, and a like number New Jersey, 3 Rhode Island, and likewise 3 Kentucky, 2 Maryland, Tennessee, Indiana, Wisconsin, Missouri, and California, while New Hampshire, Vermont, Iowa, North Carolina, Texas and India are content with each a single representative. Thus thirty different localities are represented, either as birthplaces or residences. August was the favorite month for births, 36 taking that occasion to start out for themselves; 21 were born in March, 17 in December, 15 in May, 14 in September, and the same number in October, a dozen each in February, June, July, and November, while January and April each lay claim to only 10. The time of these births ranges through a period of ten years,—the oldest man (Z. S. M.) being born September 16, 1841, and the youngest (H. P. F.) August 4, 1850. Neither of these are among the graduates, of whom

the oldest (E. H.) was born September 29, 1842, and the youngest (G. L.) February 16, 1850. By an odd coincidence a non-graduate of similar initials was born upon the same day as this last. The births by years are as follows: 2 in 1841, 3 in '42, 2 in '43, 8 in '44, 20 in '45, 37 in '46, 52 in '47, 38 in '48, 18 in '49, and 3 in '50. At Commencement, 37 only are under 21 years of age,—22 of whom are among those graduating. From the *Courant* of June 12 (whose interesting statistical report of the class was carefully compiled but related to graduates only) we learn that "The total age of the class up to Presentation Day is 2576 years and 8 months. The average age is 22 years and 8 days. The average age of '66 was 22 years, 3 months and 26 days; of '67, 22 years, 2 months and 28 days; of '68, 22 years, 4 months and 7 days. 'Sixty-nine is therefore younger than either of the three preceding classes, and is 3 months and 16 days younger than the average age.

"The total height of our 117 men is 667 feet, 1 inch. Our tallest man is C. D. McN., who measures 6 ft. 5 in., and as far as we can discover from past statistics does his class the honor of being the tallest man who has ever graduated at Yale. W. S. B., A. H. E., J. E. M., are each 6 ft. 2 in., while we have 10 others who are 6 ft. or over. The tallest man in '68 was 6 ft. 1 in.; in '67, 6 ft. 1 in.; in '66, 6 ft. 2½ in. Our average height is 5 ft. 8¾ in., which is a trifle less than that of '68 and '66, but more than that of '67. Our shortest man is D. M., 5 ft. 3⅞ in.; '68's short man was 5 ft. 3⅞ in.; '67's, 5 ft. 2 in.; '66's, 5 ft. 1½ in.

"The weight of the class ranges from 208 (W. S. B.) and 206 (G. E. H.), to 116 (J. O.) and 114 (S. D. G.) The total weight is 17,172 pounds, which divided among 117 men gives an average of 146.76 pounds. 'Sixty-nine is therefore heavier than the average of the three classes before her. 'Sixty-six weighed on the average 147.86; '67 weighed 143.4; the average man in '68 turned the scales at 142.95. The average then of these three classes is 144.74 pounds, and '69 allows her average man 2.02 more. The heaviest man in '66 balanced 203 pounds. The heaviest man in '67 weighed 187 pounds, while '68's heaviest weighed only 182. The lightest man in '66 weighed 115; in '67, 115; in '68 he weighed 109. We have the statistics of but few of the preceding classes, but as those do not contradict us, we are led

to believe that as our class is possessed of the tallest, so she may also lay claim to the heaviest man that ever graduated at Yale."

Of names Henry is the favorite, as it occurs 24 times; John we find 18 times, William 16, Edward 15, Charles and Frank each 14, James 9, George 7, Frederic 6, Thomas 5, Arthur, Theodore and Alexander 4, Lewis and Cornelius 3, Sylvester, Dennis, Albert, Alfred, Walter, Ogden, Isaac, Samuel and David, twice; and only single examples of Aaron, Abel, Amasa, Benjamin, Daniel, Eli, Israel, Jabez, Jesse, Jonathan, Joseph, Joshua, Moses, Nathan, Orin, Seth and Zimri; Adrian, Augustus, Augustin, Aurelius, Edgar, Edwin, Cassius, Herbert, Oliver, Richard, Robert, Roderic, Rufus and Willard. William Henry is thrice repeated, and Charles Henry twice; Charles William and Henry William, Charles Edward, John Edward and George Edward also occur. Of evident namesakes we have, Thomas Corwin, William Wallace, Alfred Ely, James Knox, Henry Clay (2), Wilson Shannon, Winfield Scott, Henry Harrison, William Chalmers, Alexander Hamilton, John Marshall, Robert Livingston, and Thomas Jefferson. Of family names or outre appellations, we have, Gaul, Earlliss Porter, Hoyt (2), De Lancey, Lyman Hotchkiss, Baird, Vaughan, Everette Meredith, Curtis, Lyon, Silliman, Lardner, Foristall, Sheder, Clarkson (2), Bronson, Fobes, Smith (4), Nelson Garrison, Russell (2), Gray, Gustin, Brown, Montague, Howard, Ritzema, Williamson, Hurst, R (2), Chester, Allen Wardner, Parker, Pierrepont Codrington, Varnum, Horn, Dutton, Jones, Scott DuMont, Cowles, King, Harwood, Torrence, Loren Leland, Ten Broeck, Hodges, Alois Bachman De Stael, Munn, Beach, Beverly, Carlton Rogers, Mahlon, Holland, Hamilton, Gardiner (3), Lawrence (2), Van Sinderin, Day, Washington, Douglas (2), Dolsen, Lathrop, Marquis Barnes, Bernadotte, Stuart, Philander, Gilead, Leonard, Carrington, Warren, Davison, Byam, Bartlett, Howell Williams, Bellows, Matson, Talcott Huntington, Austin, Orchard Gould, Stanley (2), Knowlson, Alanson, McAllister, Rollin Monroe, Peet, Taylor, Mowry, Hendrick, Houston, Waldron, Polhemus, Tinker, Pitt, Perkins, Parsons, Frelinghuysen, Payson, Sherman, Merwin, Hunter, and Hudson. In the matter of surname initials B of course takes the lead, and is 25 times repeated; H occurs 20 times, W 15 and S 12; I, N, O, and Y occur but

once, and Q, X and Z do not appear. The majority of the class are gifted with three names, 29 have only two, 4 have four, though 10 additional ones have four initials, and one of the four has five initials. The longest name is made up of 30 letters, the shortest of 4. The initials W. S. B., S. D. G., W. H. H., E. H., F. P., and H. W. R. are twice repeated, as also some thirteen names, three of which represent pairs of brothers, though the Copps are the only brothers in the graduating class. Abbreviated and corrupted names have always been popular in the class, as witness Balger, 'Vine, Fatwood, Auden, Bart, Biss, Blag, Lard, Buck, Burney, Cam and Cammy, Conk, Cunny, Dent, Dris, Durst, Dut, Ev, Grif, Ham, Hutch, Johns, Bev, Link, Lin, Mac, Mase, Millerite, Miss, 'Dorf, Pen, Mose, Rich, Robe, Sedge and Wick, Stevy, F. Petery, H. Tetery, Artery and 'Ric, Tom, Trany, Van, Polly and Wat. Of regular nicknames also there have been an abundance: Uncle Snort, Composish, Small Bones, Fatty, Æcupalius alias Wooden Man alias Woodster, Sardeen, John, Squire, Bruiser, Skinny, Beast, Bijou alias Spotless alias Dutch, Runt, Tot, Skipper, Snolligoster alias Gosling, Frisby, Angel, Yer Pastor, Bob alias Crom, Beard, Ulysses, Dan, Manus alias Cheir alias Active, Scutt alias Baron de Balsam, Cupid, Deacon alias Major, Pete alias Punt, Sis, Joe, Corollary, Bijou, Stag, Bob, Duke de Beverly, Orpheus, King, Dod, Lately alias Yawp, Baby, Wretch, 'Ite alias Slave alias Doulos, Nestor alias Professor alias Moonsmeller, Gigs, Bondholder, Chip, Shiftless, Smintheus, Marm, Wild Irishman, Runt alias Ass, Texican alias Guerilla alias Camanche alias Yellowbelly, Proposition, Pill, Om, Vampire, and Poeticus.

Turning again to the *Courant's* statistics, and confining our attention to the 117 graduates, we find that exclusive of admittance examinations, 51 have divided between themselves some 162 "conditions," 19 have been suspended, and 3 have been "dropped" outright,—the names of which latter, personal modesty alone prevents our printing in full. Of Junior appointments there were 61, against 74 in '68, 59 in '67 and 49 in '66. Of Commencement appointments there were 56, against 75 in '68, 63 in '67 and 45 in '66. "Of the minor immoralities of life, we are pained to state that 72 smoke, 27 of whom also chew; but we are glad to say that no one chews, that does not smoke.

The card players number 104, and as far as we know whist is the favorite game ; 66 play billiards, though many of them only occasionally, and 53 ride the velocipede. The morals of the class have been about on the average. There are 58 church members, of whom 41 have been engaged in Sunday-schools during their course. In religious preferences, not necessarily by membership, the class is divided as follows : Congregationalist 45, Episcopalian 26, Presbyterian 25, Methodist 7, Baptist 5, Catholic 3, Unitarian and Universalist 2 each, Dutch Reformed and Israelite one each." There are no red heads in the class ; 60 have brown hair, 33 black or very dark, and 24 yellowish or very light hair. About half the class are habitually smooth faced, while the rest make more or less successful displays of whiskers and moustaches. Eye glasses or spectacles are worn by 13. Some 15 can play the piano and a like number the flute, while the organ and guitar have each but four votaries. "One can play the b flat cornet ; one the ' Russian March ' only, on piano ; one ' Yankee Doodle ' on fingers ; one disgraces class by playing the melodeon. Besides these, a number desire to have it stated, that they are familiar with the drum, jews-harp, comb, music-box, and other minor instruments of less importance." Some 23 are engaged to be married, and 5 of the non-graduates are married already. A dozen served in the Union army during the late war, and one in the ranks of the rebels. As to politics, there are 83 Republicans and 16 Democrats, and 18 who refuse to acknowledge either party.

As the open societies may be said to have terminated their existence since the class entered college, it may be well to quote the words of the *Courant* on this point. "The class has in literary preferences always inclined to Linonia. It would be difficult to say whether her choice was due to the 17 years by which Linonia is superior in age to Brothers, or whether her taste for the fine arts induced a majority of '69 to join themselves to the same society of which Demosthenes and Phidias were members (images of whom may be seen in the upper story of Alumni Hall by those in '69 who have never visited the hall). Certain it is that 'that carpet' did not have its wonted influence. 'Sixty-nine was the last class electioneered by the campaign officers. Freshman year were catalogued 85 Linonians, 72 Brothers ; Sophomore year the figures were 65 and 64 ; Junior year 69 and 61 ; Senior year 60 and 57."

Thirty members of the faculty in all have at various times "instructed" the class. The intended pursuits of those who graduate are thus indicated: Law 47, Theology 11, Medicine 5, Journalism 4, Civil engineering 4, Manufacturing 3, Teaching 2, Farming 1, "Business" 20; while 20 are "undecided," and 26 express intentions of shortly visiting Europe, either for study, pleasure or travel. Of those who left the class 22 are or have been members of '70, and 2 of '71. Harvard graduates 2 of them this year, Wesleyan 3, and different law schools, a half dozen more. Many of them are actively engaged in business; two or three are abroad. Four are dead: Walling, who died Jan. 14, 1867; Terrell, September, 1867; Atwood, Oct. 17, 1867, and Johnson, Oct. 16, 1868. There were 7 '68 men among the non-graduates, and 6 of the graduates also were members of that class. Andover has had 32 representatives, Easthampton and Hopkins grammar school each a dozen, and over 50 different fitting schools have sent one or more men to the class. At the July examination 35 were admitted, and 51 in September, including in each case conditioned ones who subsequently "made up"; and 90 were "matriculated" at the first opportunity, May, 1866. Of the 156 names in the Freshman catalogue 17 only were accredited rooms in the college buildings; of the 132 Sophomores 54, of the 128 Juniors 93, and of the 115 Seniors 104 occupied college rooms. Of the 117 graduates all but 12 figured in the catalogue of Freshman year.

"Sixty-nine can claim the honor of having inaugurated base-ball at Yale," and has "been represented in every University match that has ever taken place." It has not been quite as prominent in boating matters, though its interest here has been fully up to the average, and it has the unique distinction of being the only class ever represented in four successive University races. It has not "moved" much "in society," but in societies it has been preëminent, and probably leaves each one better than it found it,—and some certainly it found badly enough off! That no scurrilous print of any kind has ever emanated from the class, and that the neutrals of senior year have had the self-respect to behave themselves decently, are facts as praiseworthy as (of late years at least) unprecedented. The "moral sense" of the class, judged by the strictly orthodox standard, has perhaps tended

somewhat toward obliquity ; at least public sentiment has favored all approved means of circumventing those in authority. And public sentiment has always been honest enough to admit its proclivities. In scholastic abilities, judged by "stand" simply, the class has hardly distinguished itself. In purely literary achievement it has been at its best, and has done well. This, and the incongruity of its members, are perhaps its two most distinctive marks. Few classes have contained bitterer enemies and by consequence sincerer friends than the present. Few have shown more versatility, and more strong points at unlooked-for places. The Wooden-Spoon exhibition, the De Forest speaking, the Presentation Day exercises, very unlike in their nature, were all quite pronounced successes. The two latter in particular were especially meritorious in the opinion of the powers that be, and induced them to admit that "though 'Sixty-nine had hardly been a favorite with the Faculty in the past, it certainly deserved and received their best wishes when it at last went down in a final blaze of glory."

MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

Our Record

Commences with June 19th and closes with July 10th, comprising the most interesting period in the college calendar. June this year showed its supreme contempt for all the pretty things poets have sung of the month, by affording an unusual amount of most disagreeable weather. The "drawing" in the faculty's grand lottery for the occupancy of the college rooms the following year came off, with the usual amount of speculation, toward the close of the month, and the selection of future abodes for several days engrossed the attention of a majority of the students. "Fine Day," insinuating and persuasive as ever, has again turned up, despite the elaborate obituary dedicated to his memory by the *Courant* last winter. The "glorious Fourth" falling on Sunday this year, the "National birthday" was duly observed on Monday with the usual amount of din and confusion. Turning from these minor matters, we commence our recital of the important events which we have to notice. First, in order of time, come the elections to the

Senior Societies,

Which were given out to members of '70 on Thursday evening, the 24th ult., the new members being initiated at the close of the Spoon Exhibition the next Tuesday evening. Skull and Bones offered membership to twenty-one men before securing the following fifteen, who will uphold the honor of the society during the thirty-eighth year of its existence:—J. W. Andrews, W. C. Gulliver, R. Johnston, D. W. Learned, J. G. K. McClure, S. St. J. McCutchen, H. B. Mason, G. D. Miller, J. H. Perry, E. G. Selden, J. W. Shattuck, E. R. Stearns, C. H. Strong, T. J. Tilney, W. H. Welch. The six following gentlemen refused elections to "Bones":—C. S. Belford, H. A. Cleveland, E. S. Dana, R. Kelly, J. A. Ross, J. M. Russell. Five of the above are found in the list of Scroll and Key, whose twenty-seventh annual elections were accepted by the following gentlemen:—C. S. Belford, J. E. Curran, E. S. Dana, R. W. DeForest, G. E. Dodge, H. J. Faulkner, G. B. Grinnell, G. L. Huntress, R. Kelly, E. A. Lewis, J. A. Ross, J. M. Russell, F. R. Schell, B. Silliman, R. Terry. Crown and Sceptre, alias Spade and Grave, met with less success than its older associates in its efforts at self-perpetuation. Three or four prominent men were interviewed, and the strongest possible arguments employed to induce them to "pack a crowd," but without any avail. To all appearances the society has now terminated its sickly existence of a half dozen years, and fulfilled its motto: "In the grave which I have digged, there shalt thou bury me." We leave the melancholy theme to say a few words of the

Boat Race,

Which came off in the harbor on the afternoon of Saturday, the 26th ult. Not far from a dozen crews had at different times proposed to enter the usual "spring races," but, as the day for the contest drew near, one boat after another was withdrawn, so that at last not a single class crew, except '72's Worcester crew, remained. Under these circumstances an informal race was arranged between the last-mentioned crew, the University, and a six from Gen. Russell's school. The course rowed over was that recently measured from Tomlinson's bridge out to Oyster Point, and is a square three mile course. At about half-past four the crews got into position, the Freshmen having drawn the inside, the University the middle, and the Russellites the outside position. The University took the lead at the start, and came in first, having made the course in 19m. 48s. The Russell crew gradually rowed away from the Freshmen, but were fouled by the latter while turning the stake. Both boats were injured by the collision, the Freshmen's very badly. Notwithstanding this, the Rus-

sellites came in only a couple of minutes behind the University, having rowed unexpectedly well. The Freshmen did not make their appearance until several minutes afterward, their boat being almost filled with water when they reached the float. The three crews were constituted as follows: UNIVERSITY, Drew (stroke), Copp, Bone, Lee, Coonley, Terry (bow); FRESHMAN, Studley (stroke), Jenkins, Swayne, Cushing, Hubbard, Boomer (bow); RUSSELL, Webb (stroke), Badger, Stocking, Smith, Wakeman, Boyce (bow). The race was witnessed by a respectable crowd, although one very different in numbers and character from the audience which gathered to hear the

De Forest Speaking

In the College Chapel on the afternoon of Monday, the 28th ult. The subjects and speakers on this occasion were as follows:—"John Milton, Jeremy Taylor and John Locke, as Advocates of Liberty,"—Edward Heaton, Cincinnati, Ohio; Moses S. Phelps, Andover, Mass.; Edward P. Wilder, Kolapoor, India. "The Law of Benevolence and the Law of Trade Coincident." Henry C. Bannard, McGregor, Iowa; Henry V. Freeman, Rockford, Ill. "Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford," George S. Sedgwick, Great Barrington, Mass. The speaking was universally acknowledged to be of a very superior character, and has been pronounced by the President the best to which he has ever listened, since contests for the De Forest began. While all the participants were highly praised, especial applause was bestowed upon the efforts of Messrs. Wilder and Phelps, the former of whom received several floral compliments. The speaking commenced at three o'clock, and at half-past four the Faculty retired to the President's room to make up their decision. They remained with closed doors for nearly an hour, at the end of which time it was announced that the eighteenth De Forest medal had been awarded to EDWARD PAYSON WILDER. Mr. Wilder was a member of the LIT. Board of '69, and his is the fourth De Forest on the prize list of Chi Delta Theta. His oration, as well as that of Mr. Phelps, appears in the present Number. The decision appeared to give universal satisfaction, and the crowd, which had lingered about to hear it, soon dispersed to prepare for the

Wooden Spoon Promenade,

Which took place at Music Hall in the evening, under the auspices of the Cochleareati of '70:—D. McC. Bone, H. A. Cleveland, H. J. Faulkner, R. Johnston, J. G. K. McClure, S. St. J. McCutchen, E. G. Selden, J. W. Shattuck, R. Terry. These gentlemen were eminently successful in their preparations for the occasion, and we have yet to hear a single com-

plaint of the management of the entertainment. The hall was beautifully decorated, and the music, being furnished by Theo. Thomas' Orchestra from New York, was, of course, perfect. At an early hour in the evening there was observable a general movement of hacks toward Crown Street from all parts of the city, conveying the beauty and the "style" of New Haven, as well as numerous representatives of New York and other cities, and by eleven o'clock the scene presented in Music Hall was perhaps the most brilliant which that edifice has ever witnessed. Fearing that we may not properly distribute the adjectives appropriate to the occasion, we will not attempt a description, but content ourselves with saying that the Spoon Promenade of '70 is universally acknowledged to have outshone in glory all its predecessors, and will long be handed down among the fair sex of this city as *the* Promenade. It was pretty well into the morning of Tuesday when the enthusiastic devotees of Terpsichore had disposed of the last dance on the list, but whatever fatigue they may have experienced was not sufficient to prevent their joining the throng which the

Wooden Spoon Exhibition

Attracted to the same place in the evening of that day. The hall was, as usual, crowded to its utmost capacity, with an audience, too, such as fills it but one night in the year. The weather was most oppressively warm, and the hall poorly ventilated, but notwithstanding these drawbacks, hardly any left until they had heard the last exercise on the programme for the evening which read as follows: 1. Overture, "Poet and Peasant," *Suppe*. 2. Opening Load, "The Perfect Brick." 3. Latin Salutatory, Samuel St. John McCutchen, Plainfield, N. J. 4. Wooden Spoon Song. 5. Music, "William Tell," *Rossini*. Spoon Addresses—6. Presentation, James G. K. McClure, Albany, N. Y. 7. Reception, Henry Augustus Cleveland, New Haven, Conn.—8. Music, "Visions in a Dream," Lumbye. 9. College Drama, (in 4 acts,) "His Little Game, and How it Worked." 10. Music, "Scene de Ballet," Prophet, *Meyerbeer*. 11. The Long and the Short of It. 12. The College Fence, Saturday, 7 p. m. 13. Music, "Genevieve de Brabant," *Offenbach*. 14. Lecture on Philosophy, with practical experiments. There was the customary delay in commencing the performances, so that it was nearly half-past eight when Mr. Thomas waved his baton and started the orchestra on the overture. Meanwhile everyone was busied in conjecturing the character of the "opening load," which was revealed to the audience at the close of the music. The eight Cochs were discovered standing about several supposed bricks of very large size, the middle one of which opened and disclosed HENRY AUGUSTUS CLEVELAND, the Spoon-man of '70.

The idea of the "load" was quite a happy one, but its execution was hardly so successful, as it required quite a stretch of the imagination to transform the objects which were presented into what are commonly known as bricks. However, the "load" was original and novel, and as well appreciated by the audience as this part of the performance is ever apt to be. McCutchen's "Salutatory" was quite a model of its kind, the Latin and the vernacular being mixed in about the right proportions to be enjoyed by his listeners. The Spoon Song, which followed, was written by W. R. Beach, and sung to a German tune selected by Siegwart Spier of '66. It was very well rendered by thirteen voices, and repeated in response to an enthusiastic encore. The "Spoon Addresses" this year were of much more than average excellence. McClure, in his "Presentation," gave the true significance of the custom which the Exhibition celebrates, and only expressed the feelings of every member of the class in the high terms in which he addressed the recipient of the honor. Mr. Cleveland's "Reception" speech was happily written and well delivered. Then came the dramatic part of the entertainment. "His Little Game and How it Worked," written by G. L. Huntress, aimed to give the audience an insight into the ways of college politics. Entering a hitherto untried field, the author produced a play of considerable merit, the leading parts of which were well sustained by the Cochs, the acting of Mr. Faulkner being especially praised. "The Long and the Short of It" presented Selden, the tallest, and McCutchen, the shortest man on the Committee standing side by side, and the contrast was well appreciated by the house. The next exercise on the programme was one which is always popular with Spoon audiences. In addition to a number of student songs on "The College Fence," the sweet-voiced chimney-sweep of New Haven, and a couple of African musicians were introduced with good effect. The "Lecture on Philosophy" was a most successful close of the evening's performances, and sent every one away in the best of good humor. The appearance, manners, and diction of a certain very learned Professor, were portrayed to the life by H. J. Faulkner, while the "practical experiments" were extremely lucid exhibitions of the manner in which the powers of nature act.

The only unfavorable criticism we have heard upon the Exhibition is, that the exercises were too long, as the curtain did not fall for the last time until very nearly midnight. It is noticeable, by the way, in reading accounts of previous Exhibitions, how uniformly this criticism has been made. When we first saw the programme this year, we thought there would be no complaint on this score, nor need there have been. There were none too many exercises, and, had the performances followed one another without such prolonged intervals between them, the hall might

have been closed by 11 o'clock. We hope future Committees will especially exert themselves to remove this defect. The audience, however, bore all the delays good-naturedly, and went away full of praises to the Cochleureati of '70 for the very successful Spoon Exhibition which they had set before them. The minor appointments of the entertainment corresponded well with the excellence of the performances on the programme, and reflected great credit on the managers. The hall was tastefully decorated with a profusion of flowers and evergreens. Above the stage were crossed the flags which two members of the Committee had helped to win in the class race with Harvard '70 at Worcester, July 19, 1867. The music which interspersed the exercises, it is needless to praise. But the printing and engraving were so good as to deserve special mention. The monogram upon the "Invitations" was the device of B. Silliman, and was particularly neat and tasteful. The design upon the admission tickets to the Exhibition was novel and appropriate. The representation of a boat-crew called to mind the facts that two of the Cochs, Cleveland and Terry, had rowed in the Class race when Harvard was beaten, two years ago, and that two, Bone and Terry, are also on the present University. The ball-player most fittingly occupied a place, as six of the Committee, Cleveland, Faulkner, McClure, McCutchen, Selden and Shattuck, have at different times been members of the class and University nines. The velocipede rider recalled the short-lived glory which several of the Cochs gained last term upon the "fiery, untamed steed." All the engraving was most excellently performed by D. L. Davies.

Despite the late hour at which the Music Hall show closed, everyone was stirring next morning in season to hear the

Poem and Oration,

Which were delivered before the Class of '69 in the College Chapel. At about 10 o'clock the Seniors assembled in the President's lecture-room, and, after some remarks from Prof. Porter, marched in procession to the chapel, and took for the last time their accustomed seats in the center aisle. Meanwhile, notwithstanding the rain, a large and fine looking audience had filled the remainder of the house. To the satisfaction of all the President dispensed with the Latin speech which he has usually read on similar occasions, and at once introduced the poet of the occasion, Lyman H. Bagg, of West Springfield, Mass. The poem claimed and received the close attention of the audience, and was heartily applauded. The oration by Henry A. Beers, of Hartford, Conn., followed, upon the subject, "Self-made Men and School-made Men." The subject was one of interest to his hearers, and its treatment such as

to secure the highest encomiums, as well from the Faculty as from the rest of the audience. The speaker instituted a very commendable innovation by omitting the customary farewell addresses to the President, Faculty and College, and, after a brief valedictory to his class, closed a most sensible and thoughtful oration. The usual announcement of prizes was then made by the President, and the chapel exercises closed with the singing of the Parting Ode, which was written by L. E. Condict, of Newark, N. J. After dinner in Alumni Hall, the Seniors assembled about half-past two in the afternoon to listen to the

Class Histories

Of the four divisions, presented by L. H. Bagg, E. Heaton, R. B. Richardson and Charles H. Smith. Although the clouds threatened rain, the raised seats which had been erected in front of South Middle were well filled with ladies and their escorts, while the class occupied the center of the ring, provided with the traditional pipes and lemonade. Hardly had the first history been read, however, before the rain began to pour down, and a hasty adjournment was made to the chapel. Seldom has this aged pile been so crowded as it was while the remaining histories were read, and never has it presented a more picturesque scene. The historians read their productions from a table in the center aisle, while every seat above and below was filled, and even the pulpit stairs were occupied, and the professors' pews for once filled with youth and beauty. The histories this year were unusually good, not a weak one being included in the number, and were apparently much enjoyed by the audience. Shortly before six the last man was disposed of by Mr. Smith, and the class proceeded to the rear of the Library, planted the Class Ivy and sung the Ivy Ode, composed by H. A. Beers. They then went to South Middle, cheered the three remaining classes, and then cheered each of the buildings in the row up to Divinity. Headed by Felsburg's Band, which furnished the music during the day, they then called upon the President and several of the older professors, and about eight o'clock repaired to Alumni Hall to say good-bye. A most sensible reform in this matter was instituted by '69, which future classes will doubtless follow. Instead of having the parting take place in front of the Hall, as in previous years, open to the gaze of all spectators, they shut themselves within the Hall and went through the sad scene in private.

Thus closed a Presentation Week, which, taken all in all, may well challenge comparison with any of its predecessors. The one criticism which we have to make upon the performances of the week, is their uniform excellence; there was not a really inferior exercise among them all. The audiences attracted to the various entertainments have never been

surpassed for numbers, brilliancy or character—thus giving a new proof of the higher place in the popular esteem which this gala week is annually winning. A large number of graduates of recent classes were in the city during the week, among whom we noticed D. J. Burrell, DeForest man of '67, I. T. Beckwith DeForest man of '68, C. B. Brewster and W. A. Linn of '68,—the former Class Orator, the latter Lrr. Editor and Class Poet, and now on the editorial corps of the *N. Y. Tribune*,—and C. H. Adams of '66, who represented the *Hartford Courant*. The two latter gentlemen, by the way, wrote the most readable and truthful accounts of the exercises which we have noticed—the blunders of some reporters being quite ludicrous. The Seniors finished their last examination on the Friday preceding Presentation, and on Thursday, the 1st inst., the

Appointments for Commencement

Were announced as follows:—the names standing in the order given, brackets denoting that the names they enclose stood on an equality, and those who are to speak on the 22d inst. being indicated by italics:—

VALEDICTORY—*A. Shirley*; SALUTATORY—*G. Lathrop*; PHILOSOPHICAL ORATIONS—*E. P. Wilder, B. Perrin*; HIGH ORATIONS—*Beers, Bannard, (Heaton, Isham, Hooker), (Lear, Welch)*; ORATIONS—*F. S. Williams, Richardson, Eliason, Coy, (Gross, Hillhouse, Workman), Manning, Hayden, Joy*; DISSERTATIONS—*H. T. Terry, (Bartow, Olen-dorf), Grant, Hutchinson, Hedges*; FIRST DISPUTES—*Austin, Scott, Braddock, Condict, McNaughton, Thomas, Bucklin, Russell*; SECOND DISPUTES—*Cameron, Conkling, Kerr, Hamlin, Ewing*; COLLOQUIES—*McLane, Sheldon, Arvine, Lindsley, Robert, Goodwin, Prudden, Driscoll, Lee, Averill*. Several other men have examinations not yet completed, so that probably about half of the 117 members of the class will finally have received some kind of appointment. The "stands" of the valedictorian and salutorian are respectively 3.58 and 3.52, as against 3.71 and 3.67 in '68. The salutorian joined the class at the commencement of Junior year, having previously received the degree of A. B. from the University of Missouri. At present, the three remaining classes in college are doing much to decide their future appointments in the

Examinations,

Which, as we write, are in full blast. The Juniors went in to their first on Tuesday afternoon, July 6th, and finish on the morning of Wednesday, the 14th. The Sophomore examinations began on the 7th and end on the 14th, while the corresponding dates for the Freshmen are July 7th and 15th. The latter class "swung out" on Presentation Day with the usual Oxford hats, which had been provided by a committee consisting of

W. C. Beecher, L. S. Boomer, H. G. Chapin, F. S. Dennis, F. T. DuBois, J. A. Graves, F. A. Langworthy, L. B. Bond, J. Prendergast. We are informed, however, that the "Annual Supper" will probably not come off this year. This last committee we extract from

The Yale Index,

A new college publication which made its appearance on Presentation Day. Its object as stated by its editor, R. W. DeForest of '70, is "to supply the long felt want of a third term Society Catalogue." The *Index* is a pamphlet of 28 pages, is finely printed on a good quality of tinted paper, and has no advertisements. It contains lists of all the secret societies, literary societies and "miscellaneous organizations," with all changes up to the last of June, and is remarkably full and accurate. It would certainly seem as if there were room for such a publication, and we hope it may become a permanent institution. Its value would, however, be somewhat increased if arrangements could be made with the faculty, whereby it might publish the

Prizes

Which are annually read by the President on Presentation Day, and which this year stood as follows:—*For Mathematical Problems*—Senior Class, *first prize*, C. D. McNaughton; *second*, F. G. Conkling. *For Classical Essay*—Junior Class, *first prize*, M. F. Tyler; *second*, D. W. Learned. *For English Composition*—Sophomore Class, *first prizes*, J. A. Burr, H. Mansfield and W. R. Sperry; *second prizes*, J. G. Blanding, C. E. Cuddeback and C. H. Hamlin; *third prizes*, O. J. Bliss, C. B. Dudley and A. B. Mason. *For Scholarship*—Freshman Class, Woolsey Scholarship, B. Hoppin; Hurlbut Scholarship, J. H. Hincks; Runk Scholarship, D. J. H. Willcox. *For Latin Composition*, Berkeley Prize, C. B. White; *For Excellence in Mathematics*, Clark Prize, E. E. Case. The Woolsey man this year had to contend against twenty-four opponents, and the men who received the Hurlbut and Runk Scholarships stood on an equality in the examination. No prize was offered the Sophomores this year for a poem, in consequence we suppose of the little competition for the "honor" among the last few classes. We dare not affirm, however, that the cause of American poetry will greatly suffer from the omission of this award in future society catalogues. The sensible arrangement introduced last winter in the matter of compositions was followed this term. Three prizes of each order were awarded, without any reference to the divisions. Of the subjects proposed, Messrs. Burr, Hamlin and Dudley wrote upon "The Marble Faun"; Mansfield,

Blanding and Cuddeback, upon "The Statesmanship of Burke"; Sperry and Mason, upon "Sir Roger de Coverly"; and Bliss, upon "A Successful Life." Although the prizes were open to the whole class, seven of the nine fell to the first division in scholarship, two to the second, and not a solitary one to the third. The latter division was even less successful than Yale's representatives in

Base Ball,

Who during the last month have won three or four trophies, although defeated in the most important contest of all. On Wednesday, the 23d ult., the University nine visited New York, and wore their new uniforms for the first time in the return game with the Mutuels. Although beaten by a score of 15 to 5, the playing of Yale on this occasion has been highly praised. On Monday, the 28th ult., the Williams college nine, who were announced on the posters as "at present the Champion Nine of American Colleges," visited this city and were defeated, 26 to 8. Neither nine was fully represented, and the game was quite uninteresting. The Freshman nine of Brown University was defeated here, 55 to 14, on Friday, July 2d, by Yale '72, as were the Harvard Freshmen, 28 to 19, at Providence, Tuesday, July 6th. On the afternoon of Monday, the 5th inst., the University played the annual game with Harvard, on the Union Grounds in Brooklyn, and were badly beaten, as the following score will show:

HARVARD.					YALE.				
				R. O.					R. O.
Smith, '69, p.,	-	-	5	2	McClintock, '70, 3d b.,	-	2	3	
Rawle, '69, l. f.	-	-	5	3	Deming, '71, l. f.,	-	2	5	
Bush, '71, c.,	-	-	6	3	Hooker, '69, p.,	-	4	2	
Willard, '69, s. s.,	-	-	6	1	McCutchen, '70, s. s.,	-	4	1	
Wells '71, c. f.,	-	-	4	4	French, '72, 1st b.,	-	2	2	
Austin, '71, 2d b.,	-	-	4	4	Condict, '69, c. f.,	-	1	4	
Eustis, '71, r. f.,	-	-	4	1	Richards, '72, c.,	-	2	4	
Perrin, '70, 1st b.,	-	-	4	4	Wheeler, '72, 2d b.,	-	2	5	
Reynolds, '71, 3d b.,	-	-	3	5	Lewis, '70, r. f.,	-	5	1	
				<hr/>				<hr/>	
				41 27				24 27	

Innings, 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th.

Harvard,	7,	6,	12,	2,	1,	4,	0,	1,	8,—41.
Yale,	5,	3,	2,	3,	2,	0,	5,	3,	1,—24.

The umpire was J. VanCott, of the Una Club, and the scorers were, J. J. Meyers for Harvard, and W. L. McLane for Yale. The game lasted three hours and a quarter, and was not nearly so enjoyable as some of the

Town Shows

Of the month, which, though few, have been of good quality. On June 21st and 22d, we were visited by one of the best companies which has ever occupied Music Hall, containing Miss Emma Stewart, a young and very promising actress, Jas. F. Cathcart, the English tragedian, and other actors of good reputation. It is to be regretted that their really excellent performances were witnessed by such scanty houses—the weather being very forbidding on both nights. On June 23d, the “Tyrolean Vocalists” gave a unique and very pleasant entertainment, their national dress, manners and musical instruments forming a decided contrast to the usual style of concerts given by traveling troupes. On Wednesday, the 30th ult., Sharpley’s minstrels held forth, while on Saturday, the 3d inst., and Monday, the 5th, “Horn and Bloodgood’s Combination” gave a couple of good variety shows. The latter company, by the way, is the last to perform in the Music Hall of the past, as thorough repairs are now in progress, which it is hoped will transform it into a comfortable and respectable place for public amusement.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Come in, kind friends, to our sanctum, and sit for a quiet chat before the last retiring wave of humanity rolls away from old Yale. The term is ended. Examinations are passed, and from our window we can watch the hacks as they roll away, bearing off their joyous, homeward-bound charge. In that mythical place—our office—everything looks as if the last few days ~~had been busy ones~~, and this time looks tell no falsehoods. Our table is strewn with books and papers, which, if you are willing, we will sort over and put away for the long holiday. Here is

The Laws of Business. By Theophilus Parsons. Hartford, Conn : S. S. Scranton & Co. Pp. 703.

This is a valuable book. Recommendations which come from us on such a book as this may not bear comparison with those of older critics, but we are confident that this work is calculated to meet a long felt want. We have lawyers enough who are ready for their two dollars to tell you how much it will cost to indulge in a friendly thrashing of your neighbor, but there is a want which they do not meet. There is a general lack of information on the most common points of law. There prevails the idea that nothing can be known about it unless great study is given to it. But this is a great mistake. There are a few great principles and a few general rules or axioms which everybody ought to know and which scarcely anybody passes through life without needing. Here are brought within a convenient compass the principles which are most needed, and needed too by the farmer, the mechanic, the merchant as well as by the professional

man. It is, too, a valuable book for students. In fact we can not see how any library without it can be complete. There must be a vacant notch in every library which this book is just fitted to fill.

We should never have thought that so much valuable information could be condensed into six hundred and fifty pages. Somehow we had been educated to think the laws which pertained to business could be found only in the perusal of a whole book—case of ponderous volumes and despairingly gave up ever becoming possessed of such an amount of erudition. When, however, we saw the completeness of this volume and its size, we revived and now feel as if we might know a little how to conduct ourselves, so as not to be cheated out of all we possess.

There is another good feature about this book. It is the ease with which it can be understood. Many people have the idea that anything of a legal nature must necessarily be full of technicalities. In this book they will be disappointed, for hardly anything could be simpler. In binding it is all that could be desired, neat and substantial, while the wide reputation of its author is sufficient vouch for its reliability. We consider it a valuable addition to our library and heartily recommend its purchase to others.

The Haber-Meister, a Novel. Translated from the German of Herman Schmid. New York : Leypoldt & Holt. Pp. 379.

We have in this volume so prettily gotten up, a tale whose locality is placed among "the Bavarian Mountains." Being a translation it in all probability does not do one of the greatest German novelists the full credit that it ought. Yet it is interesting. Its plot is very simple but there is a something which carries us with it and keeps us to the end. It finds its origin in the use of the "Haber-court" which has long since, the preface states, become a part of the good old past. For some reason or other we have been much interested in it. The characters are well drawn, being unlike most works of fiction—the types of consummate virtue or vice. They are natural men and women similar to those we meet in the world. The story itself carries us into the midst of the "Bavarian Mountains" and we seem to see the people as they are. It tells how a young woman was injured by this Haber-Court but in time right had its course and she came out acquitted of her charge. The story is prettily told and the book is well calculated to while away some leisure time this vacation. We can cordially recommend it to our readers. They cannot fail of being interested. Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt are revealing, as it were, a new and rich mine by giving us such translations of the best German authors.

Stretton. A Novel. By Henry Kingsley. New York : Leypoldt & Holt. Paper Covers. Pp. 250.

Stretton hardly maintains the author's previous reputation, but is heartily welcome. In these days when an army of fiction writers are flooding the land with their senseless trash, the appearance of a really good novel is an occurrence worth mentioning. Such is the book before us. It is the history of two of England's country families from the time of Waterloo to the end of the Indian mutiny. The author holds up in its true light the foolish pride of some of these country families and the consequent evils. He leads us through the "preparatory" and University life of the young men and imbues us with his own enthusiasm in their athletic sports. We follow the St. Paul's boat with as much anxiety as if it were our own university,—perhaps with more, since alternating defeat and victory renders this case a matter of doubt. The river and the excited crowd remind us very forcibly of the coming struggle on Lake Quinsigamond, and when St. Paul's distances the famous London crew, we startle our chum with a cheer. Nor is

the author less happy in following our friends through after life, making us sympathize in their misfortunes and rejoice at their success. Nor are we less appreciative of aunt Eleanor and Squire Mordaunt. We like the quaintness of the one and the cleverness of the other and the good sense of both. We were interested in it to the end and are sure all who read it will be so too.

Letitia Lisle. A Novel. Boston: Littell & Gay. Pp. 94. Paper Cover.

This is a story first issued in America in Littell's *Living Age*. We have had time to give this book only a hasty reading but have laid it aside for our spare time that is to come. The glances that we have cast here and there among the pages render us confident that it will be at least good.

Life of Jefferson Davis, with a Secret History of the Southern Confederacy. Philadelphia: National Publishing Company. Pp. 536.

This came too late for any extended notice in this number of our Magazine and we are compelled to lay it over until our next number. It is to be sold only by subscriptions and the publishers tell us that an agent is wanted in every county. We should think this would be a profitable book for agents. If its contents are as good as the binding is neat and substantial, they can be well recommended.

The following exchanges have been received:—

COLLEGE MAGAZINES:—*Beloit College Monthly*, *Brunonian*, *Denison Collegian*, *Griswold Collegian*, *Hamilton Literary Monthly*, *Index Universitatis*, *Michigan University Magazine*, *Nassau Literary Magazine*, *Packer Quarterly*, *Union College Magazine*, *William's Quarterly*.

COLLEGE PAPERS:—*Amherst Student*, *Yang Lang*, *Columbia Cap and Gown*, *Cornell Era*, *Delaware Western Collegian*, *Hamilton Campus*, *Harvard Advocate*, *Iowa University Reporter*, *Madisonensis*, *Miami Student*, *Monmouth College Courier*, *Notre Dame Scholastic Year*, *Racine College Mercury*, *Rutger's Targum*, *Trinity Tablet*, *Washington Collegian*, *Williams Vidette*, *Willoughby Collegian*, *Wesleyan College Argus*, *University Chronicle*.

OUTSIDE MAGAZINES:—*Arthur's Home Magazine*, *Atlantic Monthly*, *Brooklyn Monthly*, *Children's Hour*, *Christian World*, *Littell's Living Age*, *Manufacturer and Builder*, *Michigan Teacher*, *Once A Month*, *Overland Monthly*, *Packard's Monthly*, *Sabbath at Home*.

OUTSIDE PAPERS:—*Advertisers' Gazette*, *American Journal of Philately*, *American Literary Gazette*, *American Presbyterian*, *Appleton's Journal*, *Baltimore Southern Metropolis*, *Baltimore Statesman*, *Catalian*, *Chicagoan*, *Christian Banner*, *College Courant*, *Hearth and Home*, *Imperialist*, *Living Church*, *Loomis' Musical Journal*, *New England Postal Record*, *People's Journal*, *Round Table*, *St. Louis Journal of Education*, *Western Collegian*.

We have also received:—*Circular to Advertisers and Publishers*, *Monthly Agricultural Report*, *People's Library*, *Reformer's League*, *Steiger's Literarischer Monatsbericht*, *Watson's Art Journal*.

From our foregoing list it will be seen that, for a modest college magazine, we have a goodly number of exchanges, varying in their nature from the "Child at Home" to the "Nation" and "Journal of Science." To be frank, some of them we read and a few we don't. As a natural result of the singular laws of Yale College we have been rather at a loss to know what to do with those juvenile books and papers, whose frontispiece aggravatingly exhibits a family of children clambering on a fond parent's knee. We have followed the advice of a foreseeing chum and laid them by for future reference. It is quite a change to turn from these to our

College Exchanges,

Which we value very highly. We miss some of them this month, and their number is not as large as we wish it was. And yet, in a way, we think they bear evidence of the too great number of small colleges scattered through the land. We feel when we pick up one of these small, poorly printed sheets that if several of them could be put into one, how much better it would be. But although it is so very evident that it would be a great deal better for a dozen or so of these twenty-student colleges to combine in one, they clearly will never do it, and as each college must have its paper and magazine, we must be satisfied with them as they are. It seems strange that so nearly all, at the close of their year, report financial success "beyond what could have been expected." We do not see why some of these colleges that can offer but a meagre support to a paper and magazine, do not give it all to one. Surely, too much ability cannot be centred on either. We are anxious to see them all flourish, but we would much prefer to see one excellent periodical from a college than two even ordinary ones. It is but justice to our statement that we should add, that there is doubtless a great improvement in the character and dress of our college periodicals. Some of them present a very creditable appearance indeed. The *Nassau Lit.* and *Trinity Tablet* being especially attractive in appearance, and the circular accompanying the former shows that the editors mean to improve it still more. If we may be allowed to criticise, we would say that for ourselves we do not like to see a college magazine with articles from graduates, professors or presidents. When we take up such a magazine we do not look for, nor want to see, articles written by the mature and learned. When we want such reading we prefer to go to our first-class magazines, which make worth their first criterion. But in our college magazines let us have the thoughts and wants of men of our own age and situation.

There is one paper whose success we have hoped for but rather doubted, that brings this month the tidings of its success. It is the *Yang Lang* of Brown. It was rather a venturesome genius that essayed to tread in that path which but very few have found themselves capable of walking in. Yet it has a place to fill, and so far it has filled that place well, and we are glad to know that in a pecuniary point of view it has paid for itself. We are glad to see that so many of our college periodicals are self-paying.

Exchanges from outside, too, come to us in constantly increasing numbers, and we have come to look for some of them with a degree of eagerness. For some reason or other, during this last month we have been impressed with the growing practicality of our papers and magazines. The great question in many of them at present is "Woman's Rights," and our box at the office has more than once contained their documents. Why such a shower of female indignation should be poured on our devoted heads is more than we can imagine. One would think that the rigor of a New Haven boarding school had been applied to them all their life. Especially are they vigorous in their clamors for admission to higher academic privileges. We would be glad to help them if we could, but potent as the *Lit.* is, she is not strong enough for this. The best we can do is to "refer the matter to the Faculty." But to return to the point of practicality whence by a strange centrifugal force we were hurled off at a tangent. We are glad to see our press speaking so plainly upon threatening social evils, and we like the utilitarian standard to which many periodicals are being reduced. The *Nation*, *Round Table*, and *Hearth and Home* are examples in point. There has always been a great complaint among the common class of people that they could derive no very great benefit from their paper, and this was true to a great extent. The daily was content to give merely "the news," the weekly brought some sensational story, and there were only a few which contained the

useful knowledge, and for this one had to dig as in dry, hard earth. But now we can have papers that can combine the useful, the amusing and the novel in one periodical. The *Hearth and Home* is admirably adapted to this purpose. The laboring man who reads this need not want for something to think about and talk about. It is not so much what it says as what it suggests. It meets, too, the wants of the whole family, and some of its writing for the young is hardly equaled in any of our periodicals. Fit to be placed by the side of this is *Appletons' Journal* which, considerably different in character is almost, if not quite as indispensable. With such an array of attractive literature we should expect to find intelligence wherever we go. The engravings that accompany this journal enhance considerably its attractiveness,—yes and its worth too.

The great topic that seems to trouble most of our educational exchanges (and some that we should judge that weren't educational) seems to be

Female Education,

And it is something of a topic we grant. We cannot, however, see the need of much of that bitterness that seems to flow from the pens of some of the stronger of the fair sex. They seem to be surprised that Yale and Harvard do not at once throw doors wide open to them. My dear creatures, be not surprised. It would be a very difficult thing for so old an institution to "re-sex" itself, and even then you would not like its conservatism, and more than all you would not like the old buildings and even some of the tutors. No, you would never want to come to Yale. Its chapel, its laboratory, its recitation room would never do for you. Perhaps our Medical Department would take you in, however, for in its present condition we hardly think it would be difficult for it to change almost anything of its own, and you know there is a great desire felt among the ladies to be physicians now. They are praying for admission to all the medical institutions. But this idea of a lady physician would not be so bad. Just think of a timid young doctress visiting you, feeling your pulse for one whole minute. Oh! my! Colds and slight indispositions would get to be quite common then. How delightful it would be to have a tooth pulled by such a dentist (ess.) Then think, too, of having a wife a doctress. But we are transgressing "the laws" to harbor such thoughts, and so we will merely content ourselves with advising some of these Western colleges which find but scanty support under their present *regimé*, to change their constitution and become female colleges. There is such a desire for education among the fair sex that even if the college faculty did have to create Terpsichorean and Tonsorial chairs of professorships, they could make it pay. At all events such a course could not be less profitable than the present one is, to some of them at least. If this be nonsense we are of the opinion that some of these Western colleges should be given over to female students. There are more of them now than can be supported. If all the students twenty of them contain were grouped together they would hardly make an ordinary class at Yale, and such twenties could be grouped a number of times before the catalogue of "six-student colleges" would be exhausted. Now these will not consolidate. There is then but one road to prosperity left open to them. It is to become "female colleges." There are thousands of young ladies anxious for a higher education, and only ready for such a chance. Thus and only thus, my little parvum of a Western college, can you become prosperous. Then, may be, you will be heard of and we shall know where you are. We dislike to do, as we are now obliged to, whenever we get a paper from some college whose native place is not on the map nor its name in the Cyclopædia, we dislike to go we say, to "Fine Day" to get our intelligence. And even he often doubtfully shakes his head. But this has little to do with the

Religious Journals,

Which are multiplying fast. We must say we do not like them. They are too sectarian, many of them, and we do not like anything sectarian, at least, strongly so. Yet it is to be allowed that, deprived of this sectarianism their sphere of influence would be much smaller than it is now. Their sectarianism is what recommends them to the man who cares little for such a kind of paper any way, and takes it only because he belongs to such a denomination. We are very doubtful about the good done in such a way. These papers are continually abusing one another, and crying-down the other sects. They disseminate this spirit of antagonism far and wide. We see its results everywhere, and especially in the country towns where the people are not educated with that spirit of liberality which is gained from intercourse and "general" papers. We do not deny that the high-toned morality which they breathe, has a great beneficial result, but we do think that this is made subordinate to the progress and glory of the church which they extol. There are some of them however that make "a healthy moral tone in society" the object of their greatest strife. The *Congregationalist*, the *Advance* and the *Independent* are good examples of religious newspapers. The first-named of these has devoted itself most strenuously to reforms, especially in its own locality, but more distant places have not been overlooked. It is the most thoroughly wide awake paper we know of. We cannot always agree with its views, but we can most heartily endorse the enthusiasm with which it enters into the discussion of reforms, and above all do we admire the spirit of purity which it struggles to breathe into the politics of the day. It seems to us that this is one of the great ends of a religious newspaper—to counterbalance the selfish worldliness of the daily. In such a way it has a great influence, for the daily or weekly newspaper and the religious journals are, as a general thing, the only ones which find their way into the farm-house and the cottage. Thus the one seems to supplement the other. Now, if these religious journals devote themselves to sectarian bitterness, they but further develop that narrow-mindedness which the "daily" tends to create. The tendency of mankind is to narrow-mindedness, and it should not be the object of the religious journal to strengthen this tendency, but to weaken it. This is imperative since these two forms of periodicals, together with a few books, comprise the library of the greater part of our people. Among these we sometimes find a few magazines, but none better than the

Overland Monthly,

Which comes to us from the Pacific coast, just linked to us by a tie that draws us very close together. We had heard so much about this magazine that it was one of our first thoughts when we became entitled to the "exchanges." We need not say that we found all our expectations realized. We found a magazine "not only worthy of thorough perusal by the best minds of the Pacific slope, but indeed of the whole continent." There is something very attractive that comes from the far West, whither, like magnetized particles, the atoms of humanity are drawn. Anything that comes from the West has about it something of interest to everybody, for such a multitude is looking forward to that as its future home, that there is an interest which cannot be allayed. And every one, if he hopes not to go himself, has near friends or relatives who have gone there, and he feels in all things theirs, an interest as in his own. Then, too, there is an air of freshness about the new things of the West,—a newness that will not be shaken off. It is this characteristic feature that pleases us most. Not that there is want of

talent or culture, but a newness, a freshness, in the range of subjects. So far is there from being any want of culture or ability in it, that our Eastern magazines must look to their laurels or the *Overland* will out-do them. Without any disrespect to the *Atlantic* and *Harper's* we are inclined to think, it already successfully vies with them. Even this has noted

The Changes

With which both our college and outside exchanges are now filled. Reports of Commencement, (and by the way we wish every newspaper that wrote the word "commencement" in this connection would explain its meaning) are the order of the day. These remind us that our time is coming, and with a few days another milestone in our college course will have been passed. Most of us consider it as already *past*. 'Sixty-nine has completed its work and but waits the receipt of the diplomas before she is off. 'Seventy has made her first bow (and a very awkward one) to the President, and the Freshmen have grown so as to be able to perch on the fence. These changes do not come upon us without causing some reflection. We shall miss 'Sixty-nine from their accustomed places and are reluctant to take upon ourselves their mantle. But we cannot stay time nor resist change. We must, therefore, accept the situation. Yet it is with regret that we part, especially with some of 'Sixty-nine. We have respected them, some for their worth, some for their ability, some for both, and although they were very often inclined not to know us, we yet knew them. In many respects their place can hardly be filled, in a few it is better that it should not be. It is then with a feeling that we have lost something, that the Lrr. says farewell to the Class of 'Sixty-nine,—a class that has supported it so well and made it so much what it is. It will follow her with interest and rejoice at her success. And may it be good for them all that their strength has been developed, their armor fitted, in old Yale. There is a hard struggle awaiting them outside, but we expect that they will prove themselves worthy of the Alma Mater that sends them forth. Our common mother once more opens her arms and sends forth another of her classes into the arena of life. And in the orator's voice, in the poet's song, even in the sighing of the elms is heard her last "*macte et vale.*" Speaking of departing classes reminds us of the praiseworthy action of the editors of the *Harvard Advocate*. They have given the profits of their year's work—some two hundred dollars—to the college library. This is a good move and worthy of imitation. Unfortunately, however, the financial success of most college journalism is not such as to enable the editors to imitate. If they come out "square" they may consider themselves fortunate. There was an old custom, of which this generosity reminds us, of a gift to the library from each graduating class. The *Nation* claims this honor for Harvard, but if we are not mistaken, the same was once the custom here. This, though fallen into disuse, was lately revived and directs its munificence in another direction. The class of 'Sixty-nine have given to the "Cabinet" instead of the library. If they have not followed the ideas of the utilitarian and given where it would be of the most use, they have certainly given to that department which most needs gifts.

With the departure of 'Sixty-nine,

'Seventy

Assumes her senioric dignity. Does it seem possible? Three years have flown rapidly, and yet the last has gone the quickest and been the happiest, at least to us. The Wooden

Spoon, that far-distant, mysterious future of our Freshman year has come and gone. 'Seventy has honored her chosen man, and honored herself, too, in honoring him. Political warfare of our college days is passed, and we involuntarily give a sigh of relief. Some have attained their aims and some have not. It is difficult to tell who are the more fortunate. But, however this may be, we feel that now we can settle down for a quiet, happy year. The past year has not been all that we could have wished it to be, as regards that unity which ought to characterize a class. But we are glad to see that these differences of opinion are dying away, and, that in the estimation of some at least, the Junior societies, which are supposed to have been the cause of all, are not quite so contemptible as they once tried to make them out. Whatever else may have been wanting it is certain that we have had a term of hard work. There have been but few breathing spells and then hardly long enough to relieve us from the steady strain. But the work has been a pleasure. We have felt as if we were being instructed as well as that we were reciting. It is the unanimous verdict that it would be difficult to find a corps of instructors to excel ours of this term. These are through now, however, and we have put on the far-famed dignity. And though it does n't sit well we must wear it and get used to it—those of us who do not get the privilege of enjoying Junior ease for one year longer. This examination has come very near being too much for some of us, but being hopeful for the result we are glad to turn away for

Vacation,

Between which and now there is but a brief space. We have only to wait patiently for the issue of the great boat-race, for of course we are all going to that. We strongly believe that our crew will not so thoroughly "come back on us" as the ball nine did. The members of the University crew have shown by their work that they feel some desire to win. The nine with three or four exceptions did n't seem to care. It seems a shame that when the match comes off with Harvard—the only one we care anything about—we cannot see as good a game as when some professionals visit us. If the men in the nine have no interest in the game let them give up their places to those who have, and not make us a laughing-stock for those little colleges who can hardly find a nine. We rely on our University crew to retrieve our fortunes and wipe out the disgrace the nine have caused. Yet we cannot be too expectant, for the recent Brooklyn contest has taught us the frailty of human hopes. But let us proudly wear the blue, yet confident in our muscle.

But we have lingered already too long, for the sound of yonder depot bell warns us that the next train will bear us homeward. In fancy we are there now. We sit beneath the shady trees; where come not the dread and work of annuals. Our pony is waiting at the gate. The "Bonny Blue" is moored at the lakeside. Fond hearts are calling; in our ears we hear their gentle whispering "come." How gladly we respond, let answer, the light step with which we leave, the echo that shall soon ring through the woods, and more than all the happy hours—how happy none may tell—hours that are like pivots to our college days to which we look forward with eager anticipation, and upon which we may look back with a fond regret.

But we must go. A pleasant vacation and a happy time to all.

YALE LIT. ADVERTISER.

Supplement to]

JULY, 1869.

[*No. CCCIII.*

LIST OF ADVERTISERS.

Benjamin & Ford, - - -	8	Mansfield & Kimberly, - -	6
Berkele & Curtiss, - - -	9	Mason & Co., - - -	8
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TO UNDERGRADUATES.

In accordance with the annual custom, the Board of Editors hereby offer for competition, the Yale Literary Prize, a Gold Medal, valued at twenty-five dollars, each contestant must comply with the following conditions: he must be a member of the academical department and a subscriber to the *Lrr.*; his essay must be a prose article, and must not exceed in length ten pages of the Magazine; it must be signed by an assumed name, and accompanied by a sealed envelope containing the real name of the writer; and must be sent to the undersigned on or before Saturday, October 16th. The Committee of Award will consist of two resident graduates and the Chairman of the Board, who will keep secret the names of the unsuccessful competitors.

WM. C. GULLIVER,

Chairman Board of Editors.

SUBSCRIBERS who have not yet called for the back numbers of the present volume, are requested to obtain them at once, at the College Bookstore. If they neglect to do so, we will not be held responsible, if unable to supply them at the close of the year. Holders of "Index" checks must also hand them in before the close of the term, if they would make sure of their acceptance.

For Numbers 3 and 4 (December and February) of the present Vol., full price will be paid at the Bookstore; or any two other numbers of the Volume, or the present number of the *Lrr.*, will be given in exchange for either one of them. Seniors who do not desire those two numbers, take notice.

BLAIR & DUDLEY occupy their post of honor this month with a new host of gentlemen's articles.—Smith Merwin & Co. offer a long list of "novelties," no less tempting than those displayed in their beautiful show-window on Chapel Street.—Thill, with his perfect darling of a dress suit, Mason and Hurle, vieing in new Spring Goods, have each "something to say."—In the Jewelry line, Smith & Bartram (successors to Streeter & Co.) offer their services in the way of making some of the society pins. Out of the three or four hundred made every year, Brown has had a good share of their making, and from his always patronizing the Lrr., he always will have a good share.—Benjamin & Ford have a goodly lot of those gold seal rings, which are seen on the finger of many a one now-a-days.—The Tremont House is the only place to put up at during vacations, so say all the men who were there last April.—The Yale Hat Store of Mansfield & Kimberly is bound to be ahead of everything this year.—Davies needs no encomium from us; Junior tickets, Spoon tickets, Society invitations, speak volumes in his praise.—SARONY is just furnishing the class of '69 with their pictures to their entire satisfaction, and, of course, merits the praises reprinted from the *Tribune* on page 10—Gilbert Smith's on Church Street, is the place to go for Soda Water, as we suppose most college men have discovered by this time.—A. G. Scranton, 2d door from the P. O., is commencing to receive the patronage of all Yale men who desire anything in the newspaper or stationery line—he deserves it from his assistance to college institutions.—Who is not going to step down to Brooks & Thatcher's, and take a row in one of their Troy paper boats?

THERE is a word or two we would like to add about our Advertisers. Apart from the task of hunting them up, which is not one of the pleasantest, we are frequently met with the remark, "What's the good in our advertising, we are well enough known in College." This is the very reason why such men should insert in our columns—they are largely patronized by students, and it is but fair that they should value such patronage enough to contribute a mite towards the support of a College magazine. We know some of our readers do, and we hope *all* will, take the pains, after having searched through these dozen pages given up to advertisements, to notice those who patronize us, and in turn give such men a chance. We find that those tradesmen who hold the biggest monopoly of student custom, are not always the politest and the readiest to oblige us. There are two cases especially, which if it were right for us to mention, we should mention with pretty strong emphasis, we have lately come across, of men whose chief support is from students, who repelled us with the rejoinder that "it did no good." We hope they may be equally certain that it does no harm. If justice be done, it certainly will "do some good" to another class, who deserve our patronage. Let them have a trial.

WE desire to urge the fact upon advertisers and subscribers, that each editor is furnished with printed receipts, which they should in all cases demand as a proof of their settling. No little trouble will be thus saved for them.

BLAIR & DUDLEY,

328 Chapel Street.

We beg to remind our friends who are leaving the city that nowhere in the country can they find an assortment of

First Class Furnishing Goods

at as low prices as we offer. This is particularly the case with

FINE SHIRTS.

We make the best qualities of Shirts to measure, and warrant the fit, for the lowest prices possible, and very much lower than the same qualities are usually sold. In

Summer Under Clothing,

Jean and Linen Drawers,

Gloves, Linen Handkerchiefs,

SCARFS, BOWS AND TIES,

our assortment is unequalled, and our prices the lowest.

BLAIR & DUDLEY,
328 Chapel Street.

DAVID L. DAVIES, Engraver & Printer to Colleges,

OFFICE : { IN KIRBY'S JEWELRY STORE, } NEW HAVEN, CONN.
316 CHAPEL STREET,

Diplomas, Posters, Coats-of-Arms, Monograms, &c., &c., Designed and
Engraved on Steel or Copper, and printed on Parchment,
Parchment Paper, Board, &c.

BOATS TO LET.

WE still keep up our Boat-letting business, at the old stand, 92 East
Water Street, where we can show as good Row Boats as are any-
where to be found, including one of the celebrated

Paper Shells, from Troy.

 Boats always afloat Wednesday and Saturday afternoons.

BROOKS & THATCHER.

GEORGE BROWN, No. 274 Chapel Street,

Gives particular attention to the manufacture of COLLEGE
SOCIETY PINS of every description. A long experience in
this department enables him to offer superior inducements both as
regards workmanship and price. Pins of the various Societies
constantly on hand, or made to order at short notice, and in the
very best manner. Also keeps on hand a splendid assortment of


English, Swiss and American Watches,
CLOCKS, of every description,
DIAMONDS, FINE JEWELRY,
SILVER AND PLATED WARE,
GOLD PENS, OPERA GLASSES,
AND GAS FIXTURES.

Watches and Jewelry repaired by experienced workmen

1869 Summer, 1869

A. THILL,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
AND
GENTS' FURNISHER,
436 CHAPEL STREET,

Offers his fine assortment of SUMMER GOODS at greatly reduced prices. Also, great inducements offered to Cash buyers.

 Call early, and secure Bargains!

Men's Furnishing Goods, in great variety,

Novelties in Neck Wear,

Square Silk Handkerchiefs—only a few left,

Lace and Gauze Scarfs,

Gloves, Hosiery, Under-Clothing,

Suspenders, Canes, Umbrellas,

Dressing Gowns, Smoking Jackets,

Dusters, Patent Pantaloon Drawers,

And an endless variety of other goods.

 All styles of SHIRTS made to order,
and a perfect fit guaranteed.

SMITH & BARTRAM,

(Successors to Geo. L. Streeter,)

266 Chapel Street.

—Dealers in—

American and Foreign Watches, Clocks,
Jewelry, Silver and Plated Ware,

—Manufacturers of—

Gold and Silver Spectacles, Rings, &c.

COLLEGE SOCIETY & MASONIC PINS

Made to order, by experienced workmen,

WATCHES AND JEWELRY REPAIRED.

Engraving neatly done.

A. G. SCRANTON, NEWS AGENT & STATIONER,

72 Church Street, 2d door North of Post Office,

Has constantly on hand a full supply of

Daily and Weekly Newspapers and Monthly Magazines,

French Note Paper and Envelopes, and Stationery of every description.

Initial Paper Stamped to order. Give him a call.

YALE HAT STORE!

STUDENTS!

Always buy your Hats, Caps, Canes, Bags, Umbrellas, &c., at the

YALE HAT STORE, corner Church and Chapel Streets,
where you can find the largest assortment of fashionable goods in the City.

MANSFIELD & KIMBERLY, Proprietors.

GILBERT SMITH, JR. & CO.,
 Druggists & Pharmacutists,
 89 CHURCH STREET,
 NEW HAVEN.

 OPEN ALL NIGHT.

Pure French, German, English and American

Drugs & Medicines.

Choice Foreign and Domestic

Toilet Articles and Fancy Goods.

Imported Perfumes, Soaps, Brushes, and
 Druggists' Sundries.

 Physicians' Prescriptions compounded from *Pure and Choice Materials.*


SODA WATER. SYRUPS.

SARSAPARILLA,	CREAM,	PEACH,
LEMON,	GINGER.	AMBROSIA,
PINE APPLE,	BOSTON,	PEAR,
VANILLA,	NECTAR,	MAPLE,
STRAWBERRY,	JARGONELLE,	CHOCOLATE,
BANANA,	ORGEAT,	COFFEE,
WILD CHERRY,	RASPBERRY,	BIRCH,
SPICE,	ORANGE,	ROSE,
		SIMPLE.

Thirteen Tickets for \$1.00.

HOCK and SODA, CLARET and SODA, "I LIKE
 IT," CATAWBA and SODA, 20 cents.

TREMONT HOUSE,
NEW HAVEN, CONN.,
ENOS FOOT, Proprietor.

 The only Hotel in the State where all the rooms are furnished with Hot and Cold Water, lighted with Gas, and Heated by the Low Pressure Steam Heating Apparatus.

BENJAMIN & FORD,
JEWELERS AND SILVERSMITHS,
222 and 224 Chapel Street.

THE FINEST GOODS IN THE MARKET.
THE RAREST STOCK IN THE STATE.

MASON & CO.,
Merchant Tailors.

OUR USUAL CHOICE STOCK OF
Spring and Summer WOOLENS
is now in store.

N. B.—Fine Shirts made to order.

NEW TAILOR,
New Goods! New Prices!!

L. FELDMAN,
Merchant Tailor and dealer in Fashionable
READY-MADE CLOTHING.

Come and judge for yourselves of our stock and prices. If you want a suit made to order, or ready-made, we will give it to you as well made, and twenty per cent. cheaper than any other place in town.

Students are especially invited to give us a call at our elegant new store,

No. 202 STATE STREET,

Second door North of Chapel St., Yale National Bank Building,
NEW HAVEN, CONN.

BERKELE & CURTISS,

DEALERS IN FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC

Fruits and Nuts,

Fine Wines, Liquors and Cigars,

No. 211 Chapel Street, Adelphi Building.

LOUIS H. BERKELE, }
W. D. CURTISS }

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

G. GARDNER,
COSTUMER,

And Ornamental Hair Manufacturer of Wigs, Curls, Frizetts,
Bands, Bracelets, Watch, Guard, Rings, Crosses, and all manner
of Devices in Hair Work.

No. 251 Chapel Street.

SARONY & CO.,

ARTISTIC PHOTOGRAPHERS,

680 Broadway, New York.

NAPOLEON SARONY.

ALFRED S. CAMPBELL.

Photographers to Classes of '69 at Yale College and
Military Academy, West Point.

"Sarony's secret lies in his artistic sense; in his own thorough enjoyment of a good thing, and his understanding of it. He has a wonderfully acute power of seeing just what his sitter is good for. And he never makes the mistake of belittling a fine man or woman, or trying to exalt a so-so subject into something grand. With a quick glance he seizes all the good in the sitter's face, or, if there be but one good point, seizes that, and then swiftly but surely puts him in a position which will but enable

"Those to know who never knew before,
And those who always know, to know the more."

Then he has the most delightful talent for costume and drapery. * * * * Running over, months ago, a pile of photographs in his room, we came to one figure of a lady, almost perfect in grace, standing with her back to the spectator, showing nothing of her face but that subtle line of brow and cheek, and chin, which is so attractive, and yet so difficult for the artist to seize. This line was so lovely, and the hair that covered the head, * * * * was so beautiful and fine, that we longed to see the face. "There isn't any face," said Sarony, laughing; "she had n't a good nose, and knew it; but, by Jove, sir, is n't she splendid, there?" * * * * We think many of our readers will be glad to know of Sarony, who may assuredly be praised in this unstinted way—seeing that his work so fully deserves it for force, for delicacy, and for the artistic sense revealed in it.—*New York Tribune*.

Visitors to New York are invited to call at
the above address and inspect our
specimens of work.

!! HURLE, !! Fashionable Tailor.

Our stock of

SUMMER GOODS

NOW COMPLETE.

SCOTCH SUITS

Gotten up in style, and at a LOW FIGURE.

Those in want of a

FINE BLACK DRESS SUIT,

will do well to call and examine our stock.

A PERFECT FIT GUARANTEED.

Fine Shirts made to order.

448 CHAPEL STREET,

Opposite the Colleges.

